

MUSEUM

OF

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DECEMBER, 1828.

From the Athenæum.

THE ENGLISH PERIODICAL PRESS.

[A Fragment from the Travels of Theodore Elbert, a young Swede.]

THE English Press is the most powerful literary engine in Europe, as it is also the freest. It has absorbed nine-tenths of the minds of this country. The being of an Englishman has no great cycle which it would accomplish between the cradle and the grave; but its longest revolution is performed between the quarterly publications of a review, and this comprises various minor periods, each complete in itself,—monthly, weekly, tri-diurnal, and daily. Pamphlets find no sale in the land of Swift and Steele. Metaphysics, political economy, and cookery, are discussed in the reviews and magazines, and all the thinking of the country has become a matter of shreds and patches. Truth and science are things of trimes-trial immortality; the noblest subjects “which the gods love,” “die young” in monthly magazines; and the mind of the nation is amused and kept awake by a succession of little excitements, a constant buzz, and a petty titillation. Great libraries sleep amid their dust, while newspapers are worn to bits by the successive fingers of a hundred readers. These flying sheets, the true pinions of rumour, are borne upon the breeze to every corner and outskirts of society; and myriads who have never dreamed of any principles to which to refer facts, and by which to interpret them, are saturated and overwhelmed with details, and opinions, and thoughts, not born of reason, and feelings which are fancies, the produce, and stock in trade of the present hour. We live not in the duration of time, but amid a succession of moments. There is no continuous movement, but a repetition of ephemeral impulses: and England has become a mighty stock-broker, to whom ages past and future are nothing, and whose sole purpose and taste is to watch the news. I will make some observations about each of the individual literary ministers to this propensity. And first of those which are least so,—the Quarterly Reviews.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW has for many years received contributions from several of the most celebrated men in England. There seems, however, to be in the mind of the editor a great want of any connecting or fusing power which might have given unity to the work. It

is full, from beginning to end, of gross inconsistencies and contradictions, and, above all, of discrepancies in principles. Its grounds, however, are generally fair and just; and, on the whole, it would probably give a more accurate notion of modern English literature, and a higher standard of ability and knowledge, than any of its contemporaries. The wit of Sidney Smith, the fancy of Jeffrey, the grave sense and large acquirements of Mackintosh, the manly plainness and zeal for education of Brougham, and the cultivated acuteness of the lamented Mr. Horner, render its former numbers both agreeable and permanently instructive; yet we can now but ill conceive the impression it must have produced, when the glitter of its rapier, and the sound of its trumpet, first scared the infant senses of the nineteenth century. It is now a changed book. An article on German literature appeared not long ago in its pages, which regularly attacked half the doctrines its editor has been promulgating for a quarter of a century. It is now devoted, almost exclusively, to politics. Its speculations on these subjects are a fair and flourishing tree, but with little root beneath, and hollowness at the core. For their opinions are entirely drawn from the outward phenomena, which it is desired to change and remedy, as if they believed that there were really some truth in the old remedy of the *crinis canis rabidi*. Though their politics be on the whole far wiser than those of any other of the great reviews, they have scarcely ever shown a disposition to establish, in the first place, what is the *idea* which the nation they address should think to realise; and it is not wonderful that they err with regard to details and expedients which they have no standard to measure, and no light to guide.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW is a more various, a more amusing, and a far more mischievous book. I do not mean on account of its political lucubrations, which, but for the disgusting malignity which has marked them until lately, would be merely absurd and contemptible; but because a good deal of miscellaneous reading, and agreeable composition, is made use of for the purpose of discrediting all attempts at human improvement, of oppressing free inquiry, of supporting class and sectarian prejudices and monopolies, of teaching the world that the business of life is hatred and persecution, of repressing all the feelings that would make us

love man because he is our brother, and God because he is our father, of looking with the angry strictness of inquisitors whether the nature of other men has precisely the same form as our own, whether they worship God after another fashion from ourselves. Yet it is curious that even this work has been considerably improved of late years; and, though Mr. Southey still raves in defence of Laud, as if a Poet Laureate were a bedlamite or a bishop, the modern politics of "The Review" are exceedingly ameliorated, and some of the critical articles commonly attributed to Mr. Lockhart, are more valuable contributions to critical science—to a Catholic philosophy of literature—than have ever before appeared in an English periodical. If this gentleman will but go on, having with him, as he has talents, time, reputation, and such an engine to make these available, as is "The Quarterly Review," he may be one of the greatest benefactors to his native country that its literature has ever known.

The third of the Reviews is, indeed, in public estimation, little more than a kind of unmeaning *tertium quid*: something that does very well to "redress the balance" of Quarterly criticism, but without any value of its own. In fact, it can be interesting only to politicians and economists of one sect; one whose doctrines are as difficult for the crowd as they are disagreeable to the most distinguished thinkers of our, and of every, age. Their system is a pure theory,—that is, it makes the ordinary convictions of mankind go for absolutely nothing; and, at the same time, it only emancipates itself from fact for the sake of depraving philosophy. It takes but a fragment of humanity, and substitutes it for the whole; and the part which it selects to be crowned with glory and honour, is precisely the very dregs. It melts the ore, not to extract the metal, but the dross, and then pretends that it supplies us with a perfect specimen of the native mineral. Some men of pure and sublime affections have vainly endeavoured to see in man only the breath of the nostrils of God, and have turned away their eyes from the clay it animates. Some, a few, the wisest, and generally, if not always, the best, have comprehended the whole of our being, and have weighed with an impartial hand the higher faculties of humanity, without omitting the dust in the balance. But it is reserved for the philosophy of sensation and "utility" to omit in its estimate of man whatever is nobler, and more consoling, to measure only our baser propensities, to study the earth of which we are compounded, and the blood and tears with which it is kneaded; but to deny the existence of that diviner spirit, which is the life and essence of the whole, but which escapes their bungling tools and awkward processes.

Of the magazines, the NEW MONTHLY is edited by a man of perhaps more peculiarly delicate taste than any other in England. If his mind fail at all, it is in want of strength and decided character; and the magazine reflects the man. There are in it no bold views, and, except in a few papers of Mr. Campbell's own, no extensive acquirements; but letters

and journals of travellers in Greece, Italy, or Switzerland, lives of French barristers, and sketches of society—very sketchy, indeed—together with, now and then, some pretty verses of Mrs. Hemans's, make up the miscellany. It is a curious symptom of the spirit of the times, that such a book should have so large a popularity. Every one, however, can understand the whole of it, and it seldom contains an opinion that any one could dissent from. The appearance in its pages of vulgarisms of feeling about high life and about low, is not an objection for those who, from their being expressed with no vulgarism of language, never perceive their existence. There are many moments, however, in the life of all men, even of wise ones, when a page or two of "The New Monthly Magazine" would be a relief from lassitude, or from graver thoughts. But I would hint to its accomplished Editor, that if he would trust more to the bent of his own mind, and less to the opinions of his publisher,—if he would diversify his work with serious and eloquent criticism on other books besides those which are the property of Mr. Colburn,—with philosophical and creative compositions, instead of furnishing a whole feast of side-dishes,—his book would contain enough for the mere sofa readers, and would interest many persons who now treat it with utter disregard. The bias of its politics is certainly in favour of the improvement of the world; and it should not be forgotten, that in these pages appeared, from the pen of Mr. Campbell, the first suggestions of a London University,—the germ from which has proceeded an institution likely to do more towards strengthening and widening English education than any thing that has been heard of for a century.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE is a book of a bolder nature, with more of good and more of evil than can be attributed to its London rival. Nearly the most powerful papers that have ever appeared in any English magazine, are to be found in its volumes; and these in great numbers, and on a large range of subjects. It deals almost always in exaggerated expression; but this has been in its literary articles the vestment of much high truth. There is certainly no English periodical work, the criticism in which is, on the whole, so original, profound, and eloquent, as that of "Blackwood's Magazine;" while there is no political work in Europe so entirely and shamelessly bad, except, perhaps, the "Lisbon Gazette." The latter department procures them popularity with all the classes and parties of the empire, which have any interest in the continuance of abuses. The former obtains the respect of the wise; and in both cases men turn away their eyes from the portion of the work which is not intended for them, and make but little account of it, either for or against the book. If Dr. Philpotts cared about or could comprehend philosophical criticism, he would be sorely puzzled by the articles on Shelley; and, if Charles Lamb were to dip for an instant into that compound of Styx and Phlegethon, of mud and milk-and-water, which Mr. Blackwood entitles a political article, he would certainly be both frightened and hurt in a way sufficiently agitating to the nerves of "Elia."

The gross abuse of some individuals whom some writer in the magazine happens to dislike, is also exceedingly disagreeable. Mr. Hazlitt and Mr. Leigh Hunt have to answer unquestionably for enow of faults and follies, but they are both men of talent in their own line, and the latter appears to be an earnest, if not a successful, lover of truth. Keats, whose memory they persevered only a few months back, in spitting upon, was, as every one knows who has read him, among the most intense and delightful English poets of our day. But a certain portion of dirt and slander seems necessary in England to make the public endure any degree of philosophy even in criticism; and it will be charitable to refer to the same policy the swinish cleverness of the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*."

The LONDON MAGAZINE has had three avatars. In the first, it was a book which, on the whole, would have been more pleasing to a lover of mankind and of truth, than any similar English publication. It contained many admirable critical and speculative papers, which are still well worth being referred to, and there was in it but little of that individual calumny and political corruption which eat into and weaken our respect for "*Blackwood*." It was here that the exquisite essays of Elia were published, and gained, as they merited, an almost universal admiration, by the gentle but perfect humour, the picturesque liveliness, the graceful and kindly affection for men and nature, which never were more beautifully or simply exhibited. "*The London*" next fell into the hands of persons who one would guess were a set of indolent scoffers, too prudent to state their opinions plainly, too lazy to take much trouble in insinuating them cunningly, and yet too clever not to furnish some amusement in the midst of their restrained discussions and careless gibes. But they filled three-fourths of their work with extracts, and most of the talent was in the single paper called "*The Diary of the Month*." One sometimes encountered a sarcasm worthy of Bayle or Voltaire; but the writer had neither the omnigenous learning of the former, nor the self-supplying industry of the latter. The only point on which they spoke out with effect, was the law abuses; and, large, and sometimes ludicrous, as they are, they will not supply amusing matter for a monthly volume. The Magazine is now a strange undigested mass—in some papers excellent, in some very trivial, in many very foolish. The last number contained a valuable paper on "*The Small-Note Bill*;" and it has had several curious and able papers on the literary men of France.

The MONTHLY MAGAZINE is less known than it deserves to be. It is very various, and full of talent; and some sketches and tales on Italian subjects, which have appeared in its later Numbers, exhibit a lighter and more lively touch than almost any writing of the day.

Of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, who shall speak who does not wear spectacles, and is not as ancient as one of its own antiquities? A repertory of all things lost or mislaid between the Flood and the Conquest,—a strange museum of obsolete knick-nacks,—a withered flower, which may have graced the bosom of

my great-grandmother,—a feather from the wing of Old Time, worn to the stump by inditing a hundred volumes,—a cypress branch, a lifeless, but respectable and well dressed mummy;—if not to these things, whereunto shall I liken "*The Gentleman's Magazine*?" Good heavens! as if one of that singular and fastidious breed called Gentlemen ever read a line of its prim and dusty pages!

THEODORE ELBERT.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE FORSAKEN HEARTH.

"And still the green is bright with flowers;
And dancing through the sunny hours,
Like blossoms from enchanted bowers

On a sudden wafted by,
Obedient to the changeful air,
And proudly feeling they are fair,
Glide bird and butterfly;

But where is the tiny hunter-root,
That revelled on with dance and shout,
Against their airy prey?"—*Wilson*.

THE HEARTH, the HEARTH is desolate—the fire is quenched and gone,

That into happy children's eyes once brightly laughing shone;

The place where mirth and music met is hush'd through day and night:

Oh! for one kind, one sunny face, of all that here made light!

But scattered are those pleasant smiles afar by mount and shore,

Like gleaming waters from one spring dispersed to meet no more;

Those kindred eyes reflect not now each other's grief or mirth,

Unbound is that sweet wreath of home—alas! the lonely HEARTH!

The voices that have mingled here now speak another tongue,

Or breathe, perchance, to alien ears the songs their mother sung;

Sad, strangely sad, in stranger lands, must sound each household tone—

The HEARTH, the HEARTH is desolate—the bright fire quenched and gone!

But are they speaking, singing yet, as in their days of glee?

Those voices, are they lovely still? still sweet on land or sea?

Oh! some are hushed, and some are changed—and never shall one strain

Blend their fraternal cadences triumphantly again!

And of the hearts that here were linked by long remembered years,

Alas! the brother knows not now where fall the sister's tears!

One haply revels at the feast, while one may droop alone;

For broken is the household chain—the bright fire quenched and gone!

Not so!—'tis not a broken chain—thy memory binds them still,

Thou holy HEARTH of other days, though silent now and chill!

The smiles, the tears, the rites beheld by thine
attesting stone,
Have yet a living power to mark thy children
for thine own.

The father's voice—the mother's prayer—
though called from earth away—
With music rising from the dead, their spirits
yet shall sway;
And by the past, and by the grave, the parted
yet are one,
Though the loved Hearth be desolate, the
bright fire quenched and gone.

F. H.

From the *Athenaeum*.

ON FEMALE AUTHORSHIP.

WE sit down, determined not to dogmatise upon a subject, where to dogmatise has been so easy and so common. Not only shall we not revive the prudish inquiry, whether authorship of any kind be perfectly consistent with that delicate retirement in which the female character is caged by some *proprietary* theorists; but we shall not even nibble, with more popular censors, at the nature of the subjects which are chosen by female authors, or suggest improvements either in these or in their treatment. All we shall attempt is an outline of the more prominent distinctive marks of female authorship. If any gentle reader find a lack of conclusions from our premises, let him draw them for himself; or, if any one, still gentler, mislike the freedom of our sketch, let her remember the unanswerable and justifying axiom, that "Whatever is, is."

Apparent contradictions attend at every step an endeavour to characterise the creations of the female mind, or to trace to their true origin in the sexual character some striking peculiarities in female compositions. Inconsistencies even perplex us in our labour to make out what those peculiar features are. We find intimate acquaintance with society and manners contrasted with gross ignorance of human life and nature; all the graces of writing chequered far too frequently with pedantry and bad taste; evidence of deep feeling mingled most incongruously with careless unconcern for the first interests of humanity; delicacy and depth of moral principle on some points, combined with utter recklessness and deadness on others.

One solitary principle is brought forward to account for all these various and apparently contradictory phenomena: one element of female character, utterly inadequate to the explanation of any single peculiarity of female authorship, has by many been considered as the origin of all. One tyrant passion is supposed to take full mastery of the heart and mind of every born woman, to form the business of her life, to fix the object of her earliest, undefined ambition, and to diffuse its rosy light, or deep shadows, on her whole domain of thought and sentiment. Fine words, marvellous fine pyret words; very good essay-stuff, and very great nonsense.

It is not from the predominance of any one of the component parts of female character,

but from the posture and direction which are given to all, that female authorship derives its most irregular features, which we have cursorily touched on in the foregoing passages. Of these, one of the most remarkable is constantly to be met with in the works of lady-novelists. In such productions, we have often been introduced to fictitious personages, who, while we have enjoyed their conversation in the drawing-room, have astonishingly succeeded in carrying us away with them, and convincing us of their real and substantial existence—so true to life the whole personation. But follow these same persons into more serious incidents and situations—the entire illusion vanishes, and the lively accuracy of description is exchanged for timid vagueness or ridiculous exaggeration. All probability of action and incident is sacrificed, absurdly sacrificed, to the interest of the plot or the moral of the story; all consistency of character lost; and all the reader's earlier impressions of the book effaced by that most uneasy of all novel engendered feelings, frustration of one's reasonable hopes and expectations from the promise of the first chapter. All this is easily enough to be accounted for, if we remember how much of society is seen by women, but how little of the world; how much of convention, but how little of nature; how much of human character with fur drawn over its claws, but how little of that character in excitement and energy, in active selfishness and straining emulation. Hence the elegance of female epistles, and the feebleness of female dramatic writing, eloquence, and poetry.

We have hinted at the pedantry which occasionally disfigures the productions of female pens, which appears both in the choice of words of learned length or rarity, and in the needless dwelling on those more severe studies with which acquaintance on their part is little called for, and is seldom possessed with any degree of accuracy. This blemish is the more remarkable, as the most attractive quality of female conversation which thence must necessarily pass into their writings, and which, although we know not how to name it, flings a charm about the most ordinary remark of narrative, depends upon, and holds its empire by, the exclusion of every thing which bears the least resemblance to pedantry. The truth appears to be, that woman, whose education excludes those branches of attainment which, were they good for either sex, might perhaps be good for both, have naturally contracted an excessive admiration and unchastened longing for such fruits of knowledge as destiny forbids them to taste.

Within their range, the feelings of women have a character of intensity superior far to masculine impulses, which, generally speaking, are perfectly amenable to the calculations of egotism or prudence. These are often manifested in their writings, but still oftener half suppressed as insecure of sympathy, and their existence rather indicated than exposed to the world. But their region is extremely limited. So far as imagination supplies them with nourishment, they live in no lofty dreams of unembodied existence; and, so far as they find food for themselves in real objects, they em-

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brace no wide circle of communion and fellowship. How should it be otherwise? Excluded from striking in with or promoting the grand interests of humanity, dependant on a few individuals for all that constitutes their happiness, is it wonderful that women should in general circumscribe their affections almost within the bounds of domesticity, and that the force of their emotions should be narrowed in extent, as much as it is increased in concentration? How fix a woman's interest upon subjects of which her mind has never learned to realise the importance? What to her can be the fate of generations or of continents, in comparison with the little spot to which a strong necessity has chained down her every sentiment, and hope, and affection?

In examining the morality of female writings, it may be difficult to adhere to our rule of avoiding dogmatism, and at the same time to express, with any tolerable clearness, our impressions of the sort of contradiction which in this, as in other portions of the subject before us, is presented by the phenomena which we have to explain. We must here advert to an influence, the effects of which are visible over the whole of female authorship, and indeed the whole of female conduct. This is the unmitigated despotism of opinion, which is brought to bear upon every female word and action, and which dictates every serious thought in female writing. We shall enter into no controversy, whether the injunctions of this oracle are always infallible, and whether all the precepts it inculcates on women are necessarily "wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best." It is quite sufficient for our purpose, that the opinion of others is imposed, and by very high authority, as an intellectual and moral strait-waistcoat, on that fair half of the creation which we are not such orthodox Turks as to consider in any degree less rational than the other; and it is not necessary that any doubt should be thrown on the propriety of the modes of thought and feeling recommended by the prevalent opinion, in order to make it evident to those acquainted with human nature that the very circumstance of such modes being compulsorily adopted on that recommendation, is sufficient to render their influence on the moral frame as opposite as can be conceived, or exerted, to that of the very same modes spontaneously chosen: and no less opposite to that innate fund of pure moral feeling which, mistake, insult, debase it as we may do, and have done, often stamps more true authority on the counsel of woman than on the precepts of philosophy, or priestly exhortations. Is it not deplorable that the free and unsophisticated promptings which in actual life afford so much of consolation, and support, and assistance, should be stifled and adulterated in all the more authentic channels of communication betwixt mind and mind; that woman, in whose lips there is so much of instruction, should ever task her head and hand to falsify the uncorrupted lessons of her heart, and deliver, instead of the living results of consciousness and experience, a cold hypocritical jargon of morality learnt by rote?

Casting our eyes back on the foregoing observations, we find that, whatever manifesto of

indifference and candour we might place in their front, they bear a very visible impress of dislike, not indeed for female authorship in general, far less for the productions of any celebrated woman, but for certain qualities springing from the ordinary modes of education, society, and opinion, which, in different degrees, we have observed to display themselves in the literary creations of the gentler sex. We must shelter ourselves from probable misconstruction under the humblest deprecation of being looked on as deficient in respect for female talent, notwithstanding the disadvantages which, we think impede its exercise, and of which we wish and confidently hope, for the removal. But to those uncandid censurers who may be apt to accuse us of intending to demolish all distinctions of sex in literature, as in feeling or action, our answer is denial, and contempt, and defiance. We laugh at their displeasure—we retort their charge. Not *we*, who wish the character of women to unfold itself in freedom, but *they* would ruin its distinctive graces, who would retain it in those fetters which yet impede it struggling upward from that slavish inferiority, to which physical want of strength condemned the sex in a more barbarous age, to that equal moral station with our own, which is the grand and ultimate triumph of civilization. If such reasoners held their proper situation in an Indian or Caffrarian wigwam, they might apply their mode of argument, *mutatis mutandis*, to the corporal, instead of the mental, servitude of women; and, as they now prate of interesting helplessness, amiable diffidence, and deference to authority, they might philosophise, with the aid of a sufficient cudgel, on the admirable fitness of the female back for burdens, and the happy superiority of vigour which empowered the nobler sex to impose them.

From the Athenæum.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE OF ROVIGO.*

WE left M. Savary at the conclusion of his second volume, just commencing those arduous duties as Minister of Police which have procured him the immortality—such as it is—that he is destined to enjoy. He was then, as our readers will perhaps recollect, contrasting his own character and his official proceedings with those of his predecessor; and, whatever opinion they may have formed of his conduct when considered in itself, we think they will not have failed to admire the modesty which led him to select M. Fouché as his foil. As the narrative proceeds, however, he waxes bolder; and, in the commencement of the third volume, we find him asserting the abstract and intrinsic merit of his administration. Still, however, his candour has induced him to furnish us with the standard of morality to which he refers his own actions, by accompanying his commentary on them with a running panegyric upon those of his Imperial Master. The

* Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo. Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 276. Colburn. London, 1828.

whole first part of this volume, indeed, may be considered a parallel between M. Savary, Duc de Rovigo, as Intendant of Police, and Napoleon Buonaparte as Emperor of Europe—and a most happy, consistent, and instructive parallel it is.

In French comedies, the valet of the hero, and the soubrette of the heroine, generally enact the same love scenes, quarrels, and reconciliations, as their master and mistress, only that their tokens of affection are steel penknives, instead of gold watches, and that they write notes upon the outsides of *Maintenon cotelettes*, instead of upon embroidered paper.—Even so is it with these two distinguished persons. The same set of speeches, letters, and apologies, might, it seems to us, with a few verbal alterations, suit the Emperor or the Minister equally well. The one writes to his generals—the other to his spies; the one gives directions for a siege—the other for an arrest; the one has to account for sublime meannesses—the other for paltry, potty meannesses; and they both write, direct, and explain away, according to their respective occasions, with nearly equal ingenuity.

So was it while Napoleon Buonaparte was Emperor of France, and the Duke of Rovigo Minister of Police; but there was a time in which no such comparison could have been drawn! Between M. Savary and the youthful Corsican, there was no point of resemblance: even to draw a contrast between them would have been ridiculous. It was the possession of power, earned by evil means, for an evil purpose, which, by taking away, from the possessor of greatness, all those high, self-mastering qualities that had enabled him to achieve greatness, brought them to a level, and converted Napoleon into a more powerful Fouché—a bigger Savary. And it is this same power which stripped his character of all there was in it of original greatness, and changed him into a vulgar, ordinary being—it is this power for which enlightened men by their own confession, and fools without confessing it, worship Buonaparte.

One of the first official proceedings connected with the police of which M. Savary takes notice, was the exile of Madame de Stael, an account of which our readers will remember is prefixed to the London edition of "*L'Allemagne*." That Madame de Stael made the most of her martyrdom, we can easily believe; but the following passage substantially confirms her statements, which, if we do not mistake, were somewhat stoutly contradicted by the principal in the affair, in a reported conversation with Mr. O'Meara.

"Madame de Stael had not been banished; but she was ordered to a distance from the capital, in consequence of an intrigue in which some rivals had involved her. A woman of so much celebrity is often exposed to the consequences of letters pouring in upon her.

"Such was her situation when I entered the ministry. She had, no doubt, been told that the Emperor had, of his own accord, ordered her banishment; but this was by no means the case. I know in what manner the circumstance originated, and can safely assert, that, when he forced her from her attachment to

the world, and ordered her to retire into the country, he only yielded to the repeated entreaties and the unfavourable reports made to him; for it must be acknowledged that he paid far too much deference to her notions of self-consequence, and to her work upon Germany. Attempts were at first made to render her more circumspect, but all in vain. She could neither be silenced nor prevented from meddling in, and finding fault with, every thing. She assumed the right to advise, foresee, and control, in matters in which the Emperor felt himself fully qualified to act upon his own judgment. He grew tired of receiving letters direct from Madame de Stael, and of finding the same subjects discussed in those which she wrote to her friends, who regularly sent them for the Emperor's perusal; and, to get rid of the annoyance, he sent her to distribute her advice at a distance from him.

"She soon regretted the capital, and often wrote to me to obtain her recall, under a variety of pretexts. She at last feigned the determination of going to America, but was betrayed by one of her friends, to whom she had divulged her real plan. I am aware that it was, first of all, her intention to come to Paris; and that, with respect to the voyage to America, she would afterwards consider of it; that is to say, she would take time to make up her mind on the subject.

"Personally speaking, I was rather disposed to yield to her request than refuse it. I had, in fact, no motive for opposing it, because it must have been a desirable object for Madame de Stael to be on good terms with the Minister of Police. Such an arrangement, therefore, might have been suitable to both; but, in order to acquire her good opinion, which I was by no means certain of obtaining, I should have begun by making myself many enemies amongst her immediate friends, whose hostility I was not at all disposed to excite. She could not have gained any thing, and I must have lost by the bargain. I was afraid to run the risk of improving her situation; and, although I pitied her for having created in our men of wit a feeling of jealousy towards each other, my mind was made up in respect to her by the passport she had asked for America; and I took care not to be the dupe of her cunning, or, in other words, that she should not place me under the necessity of recurring to measures which were repugnant to my feelings."

—pp. 3—5.

As if to apologize for this treatment of the greatest ornament of French literature, M. Savary proceeds to remark upon the great consideration with which men of letters in general were treated by the Emperor. His remarks upon this subject are written with a *naïveté* so very singular in a Minister of Police, that were it not for the melancholy facts which they disclose, we should consider them the most amusing parts of his book. After describing at length the contrivances by which he obtained the election of different *gens de lettres* into the Academy, who were sincerely devoted to the Imperial Government, and mentioning, moreover, the methods by which he further attached these persons to himself and his master, he says,

"The Government was secure in its own strength; its theory was of a truly national character; all minds and all parties were united in its support. Any person who might have attempted to sow the seeds of discord would have been considered as a madman: however great the freedom with which any opinion might be expressed, it gave us no uneasiness. I challenged those writers to point out a single instance of my having invited or authorized them to resort to subterfuge or deception in order to turn the public mind into any particular channel. Feeling strong in my own innocence, I am also fully convinced that they never would have consented to any degrading act of subservience, so great was their innate spirit of independence; and the Emperor has perhaps never heard on certain subjects such severe truths as I occasionally collected from their conversations, *which were carried on with perhaps much less restraint than any where else in Paris*, though not one of them ever had cause to apprehend any evil consequences from it."—p. 17.

We have no doubt that the conversations were carried on much more freely at the house of M. Savary than any where else! But to imagine that men of sense, (for some of those he mentions were men of sense, although academicians,) could be induced by such artifices to believe that "their innate spirit of independence" was not enduring any constraint, because, forsooth, they were allowed to utter their opinions in the house of the Minister of Police! One can fancy with what an inward chuckle M. Savary must have listened to his half-dozen liberal friends uttering bold truths into his private ear about Codrus and Brutus, and tyranny, and the human race, well knowing as he did that each of these same liberal persons would go forth into the salons of Paris publishing what an excellent Government they lived under, and what very strong words they dare speak even in the presence of the Members of the Administration.

M. Savary's descriptions of the Police Administration are some of them very amusing, and constitute, unquestionably, the most original part of his book. The Administration in general, it seems, did not at all understand how to manage public opinion. M. Savary says, that at first they meddled too much with it, and that the Parisians, discovering they derived all their news indirectly from the Government, began to look out for foreign intelligence:

"I no sooner discovered this general tendency to seek for foreign information, than it became my duty to watch the sources from whence any favourable intelligence, as well as that of a contrary description, emanated; and then began to direct my attention to the circle of foreign ambassadors. On the day following that of the arrival of any courier, I caused questions to be put to such courier, in order to sound the state of the public mind in the country from whence he had been sent, and at the moment of his departure from it. If he was unable to answer the questions, the succeeding courier was generally better informed. Many intelligent men are to be found amongst cabinet-messengers, who can write a journal of

their travels with as much accuracy as the most clear-sighted staff-officer.

"When the ambassadors of great Powers received several couriers at one time, and in regular succession, there was less facility in obtaining in that quarter any important information, than from the envoys of lesser Powers; the correctness of whose intelligence was to them an object of incalculable advantage, as it gave them additional weight at their own courts.

"Each of the envoys of these lesser Powers moves round the orbit of a greater Power, renders it the tribute of his homage, affords it such information as there are means of obtaining, and is allowed in return the privilege of sending his despatches by the couriers of the former; a necessity imposed upon him by the want of a sufficient pecuniary allowance, to afford him the means of sending a special messenger of his own.

"The envoy avails himself likewise of the patronage created by this mode of communication to inquire for any intelligence from his own court, of which the courier last arrived may have been the bearer. The ambassador is never very open in his communications: few of them, however, are found to transact their business in person: this duty generally devolves upon the individuals attached to their respective missions. The whole secret consists in ascertaining who is most likely to be well acquainted with the facts which it is desirable to discover; and, as this particular inquiry does not appear to conceal any latent object, no one ever shows any reluctance to state the truth: which is no sooner known, than it naturally becomes an easy task to find out the private habits of the individuals holding those subaltern employments, who are generally found to frequent the middling classes rather than the more elevated ranks of society.

"The particular tastes or habits of a man are no sooner known, than he becomes the tool of whosoever can pander to them. I have known agents who were so dexterous in this system of corruption, that they would make a gambler of any man who resisted their attacks; would win all his money; involve him, besides, in debt; and, after placing him in this dilemma, would enter into composition with him; and, be it said to the disgrace of human nature, seldom failed of complete success. Those men for whom gambling had no attractions were mostly found to be accessible through the artifices of women, in many of whom so much skill and experience were combined, that they very seldom encountered any difficulties which they had it not in their power to overcome.

"When foreign couriers arrived in Paris, the news which they brought was generally known a few days afterwards; and the same channel of information also furnished me with an abstract of the answers they were directed to take back to their respective courts. I have even occasionally been put in possession of complete copies of their despatches."—pp. 31—33.

With still greater dexterity M. Savary became acquainted with the clandestine correspondences that were carried on with England; and he stops his narrative, to remark the great moral advantage which resulted from his perus-

ing the letters of individuals, as they were often saved thereby from many calumnious imputations, which had been cast upon them, as disaffected to the Government. Improving gradually in a knowledge of his profession, he at last reached the refinement of favouring, instead of obstructing, the transmission of letters. The method of turning this arrangement to account he shall explain himself:

"I sent on an excursion along the coast of England two agents of great dexterity, and of respectable appearance, who were afterwards to return clandestinely to France. These agents, thus disguised, were not likely to create any mistrust on the British coast. They were accordingly well received, and even assisted. They each carried a small parcel of contraband goods, which tended to increase the number of their friends; and an intercourse was eventually opened for the one who was to embark at Gravesend, with the fishermen from Ostend and its vicinity, who carried on a petty traffic with England. He saw them approach the coast of England, land their passengers, not one of whom was in rule, and deliver up the letters intrusted to their care; and he entered into an agreement with one of them to take him back to France, and land him in safety, so as to enable him to reach Belgium. By this means he returned to Ostend, and was from thence conducted, from one station to another, until he reached the dépôt of English prisoners at Valenciennes, who always proceeded on the same road, on their way to the place of embarkation, whenever they succeeded in effecting their escape. On this occasion I killed two birds with one stone: first, by deranging this line of communication, and afterwards establishing another, in imitation of it, for the purpose of favouring the escape of our prisoners from England: but the discovery of a boat which clandestinely proceeded from the coast to Gravesend, became, at a later period, a mine for my ingenuity to explore.

"I caused arrangements to be entered into with the master of the boat; promised never to arrest him, but, on the contrary, to allow of his passing to and fro, if he took proper care to conceal his movements; but on condition, that, when he should have conveyed any Frenchman across, whether from one shore or the other, he would faithfully apprise me of the circumstance. Those in England, who saw him bringing over French passengers, felt no difficulty in embarking with him; but the passengers whom he was conveying there were only taken there on their return, because they were generally the bearers of many letters with regular addresses upon them; whereas, on their departure for England, they usually took letters without any signature, and were ignorant of the sources from whence they emanated. As soon as any one was arrested by these means, his letters were put into circulation, after copies had been taken of their contents and directions. A regular correspondence was thereby set on foot in a very short time; as, in consequence of a police agent having spread the report of his knowing a secure channel through which any thing might be forwarded to England, every one intrusted him with letters and commissions. This was productive of a lucra-

tive income to the agent, who was faithful to my trust, and useful to the inhabitants. I even gained the further object, that this proprietor of boats, unwilling to submit to the competition of his rivals in the contraband traffic, gave information respecting every Dutch or Blankenberg boat which he met at Gravesend; and he was the means of making me acquainted with the line of communications established between Longwy and Blankenberg, to which latter place the English prisoners were guided through the forest of Ardennes, Liege, and Belgium. He also furnished me with demonstrative evidence that I was occasionally imposed upon by my own agents, an imposition of which I took no notice, as it had no other effect than to promote their trifling pecuniary profits. My sport along this coast was very successful. This traffic had existed for many years; and the public service seemed to require that a stop should be put to it. I allowed the cry of tyranny to be raised against me, but insisted upon being obeyed.

"I was furnished with no less important information by the other agent, who returned by the coast of Picardy. He had proceeded as far as London, and established in that capital a means of correspondence, which was so carefully kept up by my superior agents on the coast, that they procured me regular intelligence from London in the space of seventy-two hours; and, as often as an extraordinary cabinet-council was held, or any important intelligence was received from Spain, an extraordinary courier was sent to me, by which means the Emperor was as quickly informed of the news as if the courier had come from no greater distance than Mentz."—pp. 35—37.

Some of the mere John Bull enemies of Napoleon will be anxious to disprove the following anecdote. For ourselves, without caring much for M. Savary's testimony, we see no reason whatever to doubt its truth—still less do we wish to doubt it. Those persons must have a very imperfect feeling of the real atrocity of Napoleon's character—must have very little sense of the wickedness of mere naked tyranny—stripped of all accessories—who find it necessary to prop up the indignation against him, by supposing him to have been destitute of every human instinct.

"We were at the beginning of the autumn of 1810; the Emperor had, at this time, on his hands the affairs to be arranged with the Pope, and the management of the campaign in Portugal. Our army had entered Andalusia, and even marched upon Cadiz. The sieges of the towns in Catalonia were pushed on with great activity: the administration of the Illyrian provinces was organized into a distinct Government; that is to say, they had their special budget of receipts and expenditure; and their resources and wants were no longer mixed up with those of other provinces, a proof that they were not destined to remain in our possession, whenever a favourable opportunity might offer for exchanging them.

"Marshal Marmont had the government of this small state, of which Laybach was the chief town.

"A circumstance happened to him, which

would appear quite incredible if we had not both been eye-witnesses of the occurrence.

"A Sicilian brig of war hove in sight of one of the small ports of Dalmatia, under pretence of avoiding the Neapolitan coast, where it was apprehensive of being betrayed, and landed an officer belonging to the Sicilian navy, who was in the confidential employment of the late Queen of Naples and Sicily. She sent him officially to the principal officer in command, from whom he was the bearer of a most extraordinary commission.

"Marshal Marmont having sent him to me, I interrogated him, and received his written declaration, to which he affixed his signature. It related that the Queen of Sicily, who was impatient to shake off the English yoke, had resolved to attempt it by renewing against them the Sicilian Vespers, as soon as she might feel satisfied that, in the event of failure, she might rely upon finding an asylum, not in the kingdom of Naples, but in some other part of Italy under the French dominion.

"The officer added that every thing was in readiness for the execution of this project, which was to take place immediately after his return to Sicily. He laid open all the means of success which the queen had at her command; and there is no doubt, in fact, that, unless this guilty attempt, should fully answer the object in view, it would have doomed many an unfortunate wretch to certain destruction.

"After receiving the declaration of the Sicilian officer, it became my duty to communicate it to the Emperor. He read the whole proposal, and could not repress his indignation at the presumption that he could have lent his assistance to such a cowardly massacre. He ordered me to detain, for an indefinite period, that is to say, until the conclusion of the war, the Sicilian officer, who was in consequence lodged in the castle of Vincennes, where he was still confined when the Allies entered Paris. He has since died. His name was Amelia, and must still be found inserted in the registers of the court of that dungeon, where it may readily be seen.

"A few months after this event, the foreign newspapers alluded to the discovery made by the English in Sicily of a project for putting them to death; and several arrests took place, which were followed by a trial and a capital punishment. There is no doubt, that, if I had not detained the Sicilian officer, he might have found his way back to the Queen, and made her anticipate, by two months, the period for carrying the plan into effect, which would have happened previously to the English being apprized of it.

"It has been a very prevalent opinion that every means of destroying the English would find acceptance with the Emperor. In refutation of this I have just related a fact which is personal to him, and is still unknown in France, because he had ordered me not to divulge it to the world."—pp. 49—51.

The remainder of the first part of this volume is filled with accounts of the disputes between Napoleon and the Gallican Prelates—of the Spanish war and of the causes of the ruptures between France and Russia—and enlivened with occasional episodes illustrative of the Em-

peror's generals, the Empress's pregnancy, and the young Prince's christening. In these details there is not much novelty.

The second part of the third volume opens with an account of General Mallet's conspiracy. During Napoleon's absence in Russia, this singular man, whose head, according to M. Savary, had been turned by reading about Mucius and Cocles conceived the idea of overturning the Imperial Government.

The details of this enterprise are very curious; but, if we were to commence extracting it, we should not know where to stop. We commend it, therefore, to our readers, as a very striking instance of the length to which a conspiracy may be carried in the best-policed and best-garrisoned capital of Europe.

The particulars of the Russian campaign are so well known to our readers, through the medium of Count Segur's book, that the accounts of it which are furnished by a Parisian Police Minister, are not likely to be very novel or interesting. The same may be said of the Spanish campaign; and these subjects occupy the greatest part of the book. Our duty, therefore, is not very burdensome; we shall select at random the most entertaining passages. There is a great deal which is amusing and characteristic about Talleyrand.

The following interview between him and the Emperor, shortly after the battle of Leipzig, is very amusing. The idea of raising the Duke of Wellington to the throne of England was worthy of the first of European diplomatists and projectors. If the proposition had been made, it is curious to speculate on the terms in which the Duke's answer would have been couched. Would he have said that he should be a "madman" to entertain such a thought? by what stronger phrase would he have expressed his abhorrence of it?

"I perceived the danger on all sides so pressing, and at the same time so few efforts made to overcome it, that I determined to speak on the subject to the Emperor.

"He himself furnished me with an opportunity after a levy at St. Cloud. He asked my opinion on the state of affairs, I answered that they could not be worse, and what was more, that the intentions of the Allies were evident, that they could not be misunderstood, and that they had resolved upon his ruin. 'You believe so?' said he earnestly.—'I know it, Sir. Your Majesty is necessary to the repose of Europe; but the passions do not look to the future. Whatever gives them present gratification is good; provided they are satisfied, it matters little what happens after. Assuredly Austria ought not to take part in these plots; but Metternich knows on what conditions he has bargained with England, and he also knows that you cannot remain ignorant of the compact. It is, therefore, his own throne that he is defending, and for his own power that he is struggling. He will carry every thing to extremities, if your majesty do not hasten to prevent him.' The Emperor listened as if he expected that I should state some remedy. I added, 'There is but one, Sir. There is an assemblage of diplomatists with their conventional arguments and traditional forms. We must employ one of their own sort against

them.'—'M. de Talleyrand?'—'Yes, Sire. Then you will have the same logic, the same morals, the same religion; you cannot do better.'—'But the Duke de Bassano?'—'The Duke de Bassano is entirely devoted to you; but he belongs to another school.' Here the Emperor interrupted me, and proceeded to eulogise the good qualities of the Duke.—'I know,' said I, 'all that your majesty has done me the honour to tell me; and it is because I do know it that I advise the choice that I have suggested.' He now understood me clearly, and ordered me to go immediately to Paris, and bring M. de Talleyrand to him. I got into my carriage, and drove off to execute the commission with which I was charged; but apparently what I said to the Emperor had made a considerable impression on his mind: for, while I was with the Prince of Benevento, a page arrived bringing him an invitation to St. Cloud.

"I was persuaded that M. de Talleyrand was about to become minister; but, on my return to St. Cloud in the evening, I learned from the emperor himself the turn which the affair had taken. He had approved very much of all that M. de Talleyrand suggested, and, after a long conversation, proposed to him to take the direction of our foreign affairs, on condition, however, that he should resign his office of vice-grand-elect. M. de Talleyrand was willing to accept of the ministry of foreign affairs, but would not agree to the required resignation. He observed, that to diminish his consideration, on giving him a place to which he was recalled at a moment when it was more difficult than ever to discharge its duties, was to deprive him of a means of usefulness. He therefore hesitated, and the Emperor came to no conclusion.

"The conversation, however, continued. M. de Talleyrand, who knew the object which had been aimed at by all the preceding coalitions, was not deceived respecting the views of the present. He related to me that he said to the Emperor, 'Here is your work destroyed. Your allies, by successively abandoning you, have left you no other alternative but that of treating without loss of time; treating at their expense, and at hazards. A bad peace cannot be so fatal to us as the continuance of a war which must be unsuccessful. Time and means to recall fortune to your side are wanting, and your enemies will not allow you a moment to breathe.

"There are, however, among them different interests, which we should endeavour to bring in conflict. Private ambitions present means of which we might avail ourselves to prepare a diversion.'

"The Emperor asked him to explain himself, and M. de Talleyrand continued—'There is in England a family which has acquired a distinction favourable to the encouragement of every kind of ambition. It is natural to suppose that it possesses ambition, or at least, that, by showing a disposition to second its ambition, we may excite in it the desire of elevation; and also, that there are in England a sufficient number of adventurous men to run the chances of its fortune. At all events, such a proposition could do us no harm. On the contrary, if it were listened to, it might bring about changes

which would soon place us in a state in which we would have little to repair. Another consideration is, that your allies having failed you, you can now do nothing solid except with new men connected from the beginning with the conservation of your system.'

"The Emperor listened to M. de Talleyrand, but desired him to speak out more plainly, remarking that he was always the same, and that there was no knowing what he would be at. Thus pressed, Talleyrand mentioned the Wellesley family, and said, 'Look at Wellington, who may be supposed to have something in view. If he submit to live on his reputation, he will soon be forgotten. He has several examples before his eyes; and a talent such as his will not be stopped, so long as there is something to be desired.'

"The Emperor did not adopt these suggestions. He observed, that before helping the ambition of others, it was fit that he should be in a condition to make himself respected in his Government, and added that at the present moment he could give his attention to nothing else. M. de Talleyrand, however, told me that the Emperor appeared much impressed with what he had stated. He indeed expected that the Emperor would have again spoken to him on the subject.

M. de Talleyrand has been blamed for not making, on such an occasion, the sacrifices required of him. His having made conditions when the exertion of his talents was so much wanted, has been much condemned. It is always easy to blame; but in this case the blame was not merited. M. de Talleyrand knew his situation. He suspected that the same enmity which had long pursued him, would soon procure his removal. In that case, if also no longer vice-grand-elect, he would have been reduced to a very destitute situation; for he had suffered greatly by a bankruptcy which took place in the preceding year."—pp. 151–154.

Our readers will be pleased to hear La Harpe's opinion of Alexander. As that celebrated Frenchman appears to have been an honest man, we must try to forget that he wrote the worst book on literature extant in any language—even his own.

"M. de La Harpe called upon me, and we had a long conversation together respecting Russia and his pupil. I did not disguise from him my opinion that he would see him on his way through Troyes, where the Emperor would probably be on his arrival. I told him that the character of the war seemed to have reserved a splendid part for the Emperor Alexander to act, and presented him with an opportunity of offering peace, on terms as generous as those he had himself received at Tilsit, when his affairs were in a desperate condition. He could not be ignorant that peace was anxiously desired by the country he had inundated with his soldiers; and none but a madman could suppose the Emperor Napoleon to be indifferent to the termination of the war. He, no doubt, mistrusted the language which the hostile armies had sent forth previously to making their appearance; but I, who was well aware of the sincerity of his desire to make peace, could only draw the worst inference from the unfriendly reception given to the Duke of Vicozza, since Europe had not forgotten the manner

in which the Emperor acted towards Alexander, when the latter, having crossed the Niemen, after the battle of Friedland, found himself under the necessity of suing for peace.

"I told M. de La Harpe, amongst other things, that, although I sincerely hoped I was mistaken, I could not but think that the Emperor Alexander had banished all generosity from his heart; that he had again adopted the views he entertained in 1805, when he took the lead in the aggression of which we had well nigh been the victims; and although he appeared to me to have frankly renounced them after the peace of Tilsit, there was reason to apprehend his having again returned to them. I added, that, previously to engaging in the war of 1812, the Emperor Napoleon had never ceased to declare to the Emperor Alexander the desire which he felt of keeping up the harmony established between them; and, in the situation in which the course of events had now brought him, he would assuredly not be the person likely to throw any obstacle in the way of an accommodation.

"M. de La Harpe repelled the suspicion as derogatory to the Emperor Alexander's character. He frankly spoke his sentiments on the subject, and must have made some serious reflections on the conversation we had together after the events had verified my conjectures."—pp. 196, 197.

The following statement, relative to the feelings of the French in favour of the Bourbons, in January, 1814, needs no comment. It was in March that the restoration took place!

"Lord Castlereagh, the British Minister, had scarcely quitted England to repair to the allied army, when the Princes of the house of Bourbon began to set themselves in motion. The Count d'Artois followed the same road as Lord Castlereagh, and came as far as Vesoul in Franche-Comté; the Duke d'Angoulême, his eldest son, proceeded by sea to join the headquarters of the Marquis of Wellington, who was at St. Jean de Luz in the neighbourhood of Bayonne; and the Duke de Berry, his second son, came to the island of Jersey, which is near the coasts of Normandy and Brittany. The presence of these Princes on the French territory gave rise to profound meditations respecting the enemy's views, and afforded likewise a proof of the determination taken not to yield to the entreaties of our foes, by altering our Government at their bidding.

"Each of the Princes was attended by one or two French emigrants, who endeavoured to raise for them a party, and to rekindle in the mind of the French people their old attachment for the house of Bourbon; but their efforts were unsuccessful, as the following details will not fail to prove.

"They had so few partizans in France, that every one was secretly injuring their cause. M. de Talleyrand himself was one of the most eager to acquaint me with what information he had acquired on the subject of the individuals of the Count d'Artois's suite, and of the stir making by the Marquis de la Salle, who had been banished to Châtillon-sur-Seine; from whence he was overrunning the province of Burgundy with the view to create a general rising.

"I had succeeded in having an agent very near the person of the Duke d'Angoulême, and obtained correct information of every report he addressed to the king; they were by no means of a satisfactory nature, and held out very slender hopes of success to their cause. The Emperor was made acquainted with this state of things, and he no doubt caused explanation to be demanded at Châtillon respecting a conduct which was calculated to raise doubts on the expressions put forth of a desire to conclude peace. It appears that his demand was not unattended to; since he received for reply, that the Allies had signified to the Princes of the house of Bourbon the order to withdraw. These underhand practices proved detrimental to the cause of the Allies: their intentions were seen through; the confidence hitherto placed in their peaceful language vanished; and there is no doubt that if the Emperor had obtained the least success, had some longer time been allowed him, he would have roused the national energies now that the people began to see through the enemy's deceitful proceedings."—pp. 204, 205.

The volume ends with the meeting of the council to discuss the propriety of receiving Napoleon's abdication. Before the curtain falls, M. Savary brings forward that celebrated actor, M. Talleyrand, who makes the following excellent tragedy-speech:

"On quitting the palace of the Tuilleries, M. de Talleyrand came up and addressed me in these words—'Well,' said he, 'thus ends all this business. Are you not also of the opinion of the council? It must be owned we are losing the game with fine cards in our hands. Such is the consequence of the folly of some ignorant men, who persevere in exercising from day to day a fatal influence. The Emperor is really much to be pitied; and yet this will not be the case, for he is very unreasonable in so obstinately confiding in the people who beset him: it is a mere act of weakness, which is quite unaccountable in such a man. Consider, sir, what a downfall for the pages of history to record! He should have given his name to the age he lives in, instead of which it will only stand conspicuous in the catalogue of adventurers! I am deeply mortified at the bare idea. What course are we now to adopt? It is not the duty of every one to remain under this edifice now crumbling to ruins; however, we shall see what will happen. The Emperor would have done much better to spare me his insults, and to form a more correct estimate of those who instilled prejudices into his mind. He would have discovered that such friends as the latter are much more to be dreaded than open enemies. What would he have said of any one else who might have involved himself in the like difficulties?'"—pp. 256, 257.

From the *Athenæum*.

SONG.

THE pints and the pistols, the pike-staves and
pottles,
The trooper's fierce shout, and the toper's
bold song;

O! theirs is such friendship that battles and
bottles,
When going together, can never go wrong.
The wine of the vintner, the blood of the
round-head,
The cavalier taps them with equal delight;
And we are the boys, for whom always abound-
ed
Good casks for the table, good casques for
the fight.
Then thus do we drink to the flag and the
flagon,
The two stoutest allies the world ever saw;
For war without wine would so wearily drag
on,
That none but a blockhead the bilbo would
draw.
The can and the cannon sure never can bicker,
Full quarts and free quarters shall still be
our cry;
One hand draws the blade, and the other the
liquor,
And grapeshot is the best of all shot—when
we're dry.
Drink sack, and sack cities—whet swords, and
wet gullets,
Nor blush, jolly boys, when we make it our
boast,
That, friends as we are both to bowls and to
bullets,
We're not always fond of the charge of the
host.
Who like not both swilling and killing are
asses,
For Bacchus was surely the brother of Mars;
So shrink not to charge to the muzzles your
glasses,
And fire off a salvo for wine-cups and wars.

From the *Athenaeum*.

GUESSES AT TRUTH.*

THIS book is the offspring of good thoughts and good feelings, and inherits the excellence of its parents. Why, then, has it not become popular? It is not on account of difficulty or abstruseness, for it is made up of simple and often detached observations; nor of errors of style, for it is clearer, more elegant, and more vigorous English than three-fourths of the most admired works of the day; nor of any direct opposition to general belief, for the authors are both Christian and Constitutional, and have obviously endeavoured, as far as possible, to conciliate prejudice. But the truth is, that it does not fall in with the views of any party or sect; and, as even an honest party, or a liberal sect, cares more for the thread which separates it from mankind than for the cables which unite it to them, it will not do any thing towards spreading the popularity of a work which deals much in matters of universal concernment and agreement, and scarcely treats

at all of particular and accidental differences. No one can read these little volumes without feeling more sensibility to beauty, more reverence for truth, more love for man, more devotion towards God. But, as it is not one of its objects to enter into the question of infant baptism or episcopacy, it can never become the manual of those who, like the religious public of England, think such questions of more importance than the deepest principles of the human mind. When men coalesce into sects and parties, they club together the folly of all to establish a power which shall be stronger than the reason of any.

Another reason why the "Guesses at Truth" have not become more fashionable is, because they do not profess to be a system. The fault is not that they are "guesses," but that they do not *profess* to be any thing else. If you tell a man you are guessing, you leave him the labour of thinking whether you are right or wrong; and labour takes time and trouble, both of which are reserved by our generation for their counting-houses and dinner-tables. Write a system, and your readers have nothing to do but learn it by rote, and they are saved from thought, the curse of enjoyment, with regard to the whole subject of your book. If we had it in our choice to establish in London a School of Wisdom or a Delphic Oracle, a Socrates or a Sibyl, though we believe the one to be the means of arriving at truth and know the other to be an imposture, we should instantly choose the divination and reject the philosophy, because we may cheat ourselves into a persuasion that the dogmatism is right, and so avoid the trouble of examination, while thought can only address itself to thought, and truth be won only by those who will toil to gain her. If Mademoiselle Le Normand and Mr. Coleridge would each of them advertise to answer questions at the Egyptian Hall, we would wager that the lady would be as generally visited as if she had a pig-face or a Hottentot protuberance; and that, after the first three days, the teacher would be as completely deserted as if he were really inspired. Those who, like the authors of the "Guesses at Truth," make it their great object to set free their own minds and those of their fellow-men, to feel as deeply and think as earnestly as they can, and to teach others to do so,—who would bring us to truth, not by tumbling us into a stage-coach (none of which travel that road, and) which would certainly take us wrong, but by lending us a staff and a lantern, and setting us forward on our way for ourselves—such persons as these, whether in Rome, London, or Cambridge, are very certain to meet at first with but scanty audiences, jealous reception, and niggard entertainment.

We have said that this work has not found its due level, because it does not put forth opinions after the approved manner of sectarians and partisans, and because it does not pretend to be a code or a system. It is also comparatively unrenowned for two opposite, though not contrary, reasons. The authors do not chime in with the weary "ding-dong-bell" of class doctrines; but they have strong convictions of their own. They do not put forward a system, but they think systematically.

Society has a natural dislike to an earnest

* *Guesses at Truth*. By Two Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 702. Duncan. London, 1828.

belief of any kind on any subject. It has no such belief itself, and has an antipathy to all who have: for they rouse the slumbers, or interrupt the business, of the crowd, and in either case are equally disagreeable. If a man feel deeply the truth of that which is only held in words, only seen in shadows, by the mob, he will utter it by an energy which is as startling and painful to them, as if it were the expression of some dangerous heresy or evident falsehood. Where they are accustomed to mutter and lisp, he speaks with boldness and emphasis; where they dogmatise with indifference, he reasons with zeal and resolution; where they decide in their dreams, he inquires with all the best and most awakened faculties of his nature. This is worse to them than the curled rose-leaf to the Sybarite,—it is as if he had been transferred from his luxury to "Damien's bed of steel," or to the spiked couch of an Indian devotee. The world, till the innovator who dares to feel and to think has been justified by success, never forgives the disturbance he causes. The only excusable case is when some old-accustomed persuasion, which has been in the mind till it no longer breaks the rest thereof, has been brought into dispute, and some "air from heaven or blast from hell," has shaken the dulness of "the fat weed, that rots itself in ease on Lethæ's wharf," some mole, working beneath, has stirred its roots, or some lark from his airy poise has sunk upon its leaves and thrilled them with the tremblings of his song. Then, as a mere expedient for preserving as far as possible the previous insensibility, some momentary exertion is permitted till the invasion has been repelled. The Heathens combated Christianity by rationalising and spiritualizing Paganism. The Roman Catholic Church endured a small reform, to prevent the success of the great one, and permitted a feeble development of energy to keep off the impulse begun by Wickliffe and Luther; and, at this moment, in India, Brahminism is strengthened against the missionaries by a modification or interpretation of its doctrines, of which, about fifty years' ago, there was scarcely a glimmering to be discovered. Except in such circumstances as these, the bold and eager enforcement of any principle, the out-breaking of any powerful feeling, agitates and frightens the crowd; its nature is like that of the beasts who hate light, merely because it is light; and it never becomes reconciled to the torch which any philosopher has kindled, until time has rendered it such a feeble, fluttering, and dim illumination, as alone its weak and bat-like eyes can bear without annoyance. So fresh and bright a flame as burns over the pages of the "Guesses at Truth," is almost always sure to be made the mark, like the light held by the Duc d'Anghein, at which the bullets of the vulgar will be aimed.

Again, we have said that a great obstacle to the wide circulation of this book is the unhappy circumstance that its authors think systematically. This is an immense drawback from its chance of boudoir and circulating-library celebrity; for, though people like to have systems—no matter on what principles founded—meaning by systems things that entitle their

readers to pronounce opinions upon every point connected with a subject—works which none but men of the highest genius are fit to write,—yet they do not at all like, that in a book, not pretending to settle the *omne scibile* of dress or political economy, cookery, or Christianity, there should be evidence, of its writer having thought with fixed principles; and for this obvious reason, that a principle, like the flying horse of the "Arabian Nights," is an unmanageable power, which will not stop when it is bidden, or go when it is whipped. It is true that many a man who thinks that he is mounted upon a principle, and careering among the stars is in fact, seated, like Don Quixote, on a wooden hobby which does not stir an inch. But, on the other hand, no one is more unhappy than a vulgar man,—a man of moderation and compromise, and "sound practical sense," who has long ago "made up his mind" out of the parings of this orthodoxy, and that prejudice, and the dust shaken from the feet of the wise,—when he finds himself suddenly mounted on some master truth, which, instead of taking him a quiet amble along the turnpike-road he has been accustomed to all his life, dashes away through puddles which he has always believed to be an unfathomable abyss, and overleaps a hundred mounds and hedges which the unfortunate equestrian has been accustomed to consider as impassable as were the walls of Eden to fallen Adam. Now, such a John Gilpin in philosophy is one of those persons who are accustomed, by virtue of having read "The Spectator," and "The Book of the Church," to

"Give the nod,

The stamp of fate, and fiat of the god,"

in most English coteries, when he by accident falls in with some such truths as are scattered in scores through these volumes. They take their rise in admitted reasonings, or outward revelations, but however do not stop at the ordinary conclusions which most men of cultivated minds would perhaps agree with. They hold on their course desolating the after-dinner homily of the rector, and annulling the warrant-like dictum of the justice. They humble the pride of the attorney, and lay waste his shrubbery of quibbles, and teach the philosophy of the merchant to prop itself no more upon "The Westminster Review."

Some of the qualities which we would attribute to the "Guesses at Truth," may be inferred from the preceding observations. Besides their freedom from the spirit of party, and their inculcation of great universal principles, they are written throughout with a vividness of style which is now very rarely found in connexion with so little of conceit or affectation. We also meet in every page the touches of as picturesque a pencil as has ever been at work except in first-rate poetry. There is often an earnest, sometimes a quaint, conciseness, which gives exceeding character and strength to the style; but this quality frequently degenerates, especially in the shorter "Guesses," into obscurity and *far-fetchedness*. There is also in some instances evidence of a tendency to substitute a mere jingle of words for sense and wit. We must even be allowed

to say, that the book contains some sentences ludicrously and despicably trivial, and some in which, though one may trace the thought that the authors had in their minds, it is yet utterly worthless, and very ill expressed. We have made no catalogue of these "folies of the wise;" but, as we happen to remember a phrase which seems to us objectionable, and of which we think the fault might not perhaps be so obvious as in some other instances, to those most inclined to sympathise with the writers, we will take the liberty of suggesting that to us, such an expression as "Love" (meaning of course, not the love of Miss Landon's poems, but that of the New Testament) "is truth," appears either very unmeaning or very erroneous. For, though it be very true that the highest development of the reason, or truth-apprehending power, is impossible without a corresponding development of the affections; yet, as these developments are corresponding and not identical, we incline to believe that the authors would see cause for changing this, as well as several other such blemishes, in another edition. As to the particular acquisitions, tenets, and characters of the writers, we shall only say, that they are evidently scholars, gentlemen, and Christians, in no small degree conversant with literature, nature, and the human mind, among the best critics of our day, enthusiastic admirers of all things admirable, and profound reverers of Mr. Coleridge; in which last respect, (as our readers may before have had reason to "guess,") we avow ourselves of their opinion. We fancy that we can trace this difference between the two brothers to whom we are indebted for so much of gratification and of knowledge. The one who puts no mark to his contributions, appears to us to have had his mind a good deal influenced by his being surrounded with enemies to the improvement of mankind, whom he has secretly, if not openly, fought up against. The other who used the initial "U,"—and who has the higher genius,—has seen, we suspect, a good deal of pseudo-reformers, or of their writings, and has been disgusted with the folly of attempting to improve circumstances by expedients deduced from the very circumstances themselves of which it is necessary to remedy the corruption. It was, if we remember, with the *opposite* end (or, in the language of the dynamic philosophy, *pole*) of the lance, that the wound it had caused was cured.

We shall now make some extracts almost at random. The best things in the book—such as the inimitable essay on poetry and sculpture—are too long to be quoted, and too good to be curtailed.

"Some people would have us love, or rather obey God, chiefly because he outbids the devil.

"Johnson's mind may have been comprehensive, but it was the comprehensiveness of a narrow mind. Whatever he laid hand on, he squeezed out of shape. If he saw far, it was along a passage the walls of which shut out all light, above, below, on the right hand, and on the left."

The next seems to us very odd and amusing.

"Many nowadays write what may be called

a dashing style. Unable to put much meaning into their words, they try to eke it out by certain marks which they attach to them, something like pigtails sticking out at right angles to the body. The perfection of this style is found in the articles by the Editor of 'The Edinburgh Review,' and in Lord Byron's Poems, above all in 'The Corsair,' deservedly his most popular work, seeing that all his faults came to a head in it. A couplet from 'The Bride of Abydos,' may instance my meaning: "A thousand swords—thy Selim's heart and hand—

Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command!"

How much grander this is, than if there had been nothing between the words but commas! even as a pigtail is grander than a curl, or at least has been deemed so by many a German prince. Tacitus himself, when translated, is dressed after the same fashion, with a skewer jutting out of him here and there. The celebrated sentence of Galgacus becomes:

"He makes a solitude—and calls it—peace!"

The noble poet places a flourish after every second word, like a vulgar writing master. But perhaps they are only marks of admiration, standing prostrate, as Lord Castlereagh would have termed it. Nor are upright ones spared."

"Sophocles is the summit of Greek art; but one must have scaled many a steep, before one can estimate his height; it is because of his classical perfection that he has generally been the least admired of the great ancient poets: for little of his beauty is perceptible to a mind that is not thoroughly principled and imbued with the spirit of antiquity. Homer lived before the Greeks had cut themselves off so abruptly from other nations; his national peculiarities are not so distinctly marked; in many respects he nearly resembles such bards of other countries as have sung in a like state of society: hence he perhaps on the whole has been the chief favourite among the moderns, grossly as even he has often been misunderstood. Next to him in popularity, if I mistake not, come Euripides and Ovid, who have been fondled in consequence of their possessing several modern epidemic vices of style. They have nothing spiritual, nothing ideal, nothing mysterious; all that is valuable about them, is spread out on the surface: they are full of glittering points; some of the gems are true, and few have eyes to distinguish the false: they have great rhetorical pathos; and in poetry as in real life clamorous importunity will excite more feeling than silent distress; they are skilful in giving characteristic touches, rather than in delineating characters; and the former please every body, while only few take much thought about the latter: in fine, they are immoral, and they talk morality.

"The most heinous kind of blasphemy is persecution.

"How easy it is to pass sentence against a work! All we understand in it is commonplace: all we understand not, is nonsense.

"What are the books of philosophers? Mostly wind-falls from the tree of knowledge.

"It is said by Milton, that "we Englishmen, being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air, wide enough to grace a southern tongue, but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward." (*Of Education, Works, Vol. i., p. 278.*) To perceive the truth of this, you need only see an English and Italian singer side by side. The chief study of the former seems, to waste as little breath, and to distort her face as little as may be; while the latter unfolds the gates of her mouth, and lets the full torrent of sound stream forth. But the operation of the same cause is discernible throughout our language, which it has stripped of vowel after vowel, yearly taking from it something of its melody. To be sure, we gain compression; and this would be something, were our thoughts so copious that we could not house them except by squeezing them up closely: but it is not every thing: and even in speech it may be doubted whether ice do not take up more room than water, Seneca than Plato: not to mention that water finds readier admission. Sometimes the vowels are utterly got rid of; when one sees *λαμβάνω* doubled up *alms*, one can hardly help thinking of the picture where the Devil folds up and pockets Peter Schlemihl's shadow. But more commonly, although we retain the form of them, we throw away the substance, slurring them, and hurrying on to the next consonant. *Memori-a* with its four vowels, becomes *mem-ory*, or rather *mem'-ry*, with only the final short one: so *i-ma-gi-na-ri-us* is converted into *imag-in-ar-y*; and poor *knowledge* goes shipshod as *knollledge* that it may rhyme, I suppose, with its favourite abode. The like process of en-vowelling words goes on daily; one hears people beginning to call *le-gend* *lej-end*, and *ten-tem-ot*. So that in time we shall perhaps adopt the practice of the Semitic nations, and take to expressing that indistinct ill-defined breathing which keeps our consonants from falling into a heap, by points instead of by characters. Formerly it was denoted in many words by an apostrophe: in giving up which I know not that we have done wisely: a character is an unapt symbol of that which has no character.

"The last word reminds me that such peculiarities and idioms in language always correspond with and indicate something peculiar and idiomatic in national character. Every language must be the print of the national mind. No thought can be taken up permanently into that mind, but it will stamp its image in words. De Maistre says well, when maintaining that the languages of savages 'sont et ne peuvent être que des débris de langues antiques, ruinées, et dégradées comme les hommes qui les parlent: toute dégradation individuelle ou nationale est sur-le-champ annoncée par une dégradation rigoureusement proportionnelle dans le langage. Comment l'homme pourroit-il perdre une idée ou seulement la rectitude d'une idée sans perdre la parole ou la justesse de la parole qui l'exprime? et comment au contraire pourroit-il penser ou plus ou mieux, sans le manifester sur-le-champ par son langage.' (*Soirées de*

St. Petersbourg, Vol. i. p. 82.) Hardly any work would be more instructive and entertaining, than one to illustrate this proposition, if executed by a man of learning duly under the discipline of judgment. All thoughtful minds are pleased to detect traces of the way in which habits and manners and opinions imperceptibly frame for themselves exponents in words. Every indication of spiritual action is congenial, and therefore delightful to the soul. Why is physical science so fascinating? because it breathes order, and law, and intelligent obedience, into what at first sight looks like a confused, unruly, incomprehensible chaos. Thus in all departments of study there is a joy in catching a glimpse of a principle, in discovering a rule, in beholding things as they stand in the sequence of causation, so that what we have been wont to make use of without knowing why or wherefore, we can now deposit ticketed in the cabinets of the understanding. To take an instance of the connexion just referred to between alterations in practice and in language: how emblematic, as has been remarked, is the modern transfer of *speculation* from philosophy to commerce! It has led me into discussions seemingly interminable, and wherein we only receded from each other, when at last it came out that we had taken different courses, and that, while Pythagoras or Leibnitz was my pole-star, my companion was looking at M. Rothschild. So again at a time when the personality of God was an idea almost eylescent in our theology, his name too was going into disuse, except in swearing; and many divines became delicately scrupulous about speaking of him by so familiar a term, and chose rather to hide their shrunken faith within the folds of some misty abstraction, talking about Heaven, or Providence, or the Deity, or the Divinity, and resorting to other such phrases to which neither they nor their hearers or readers could attach any definite meaning.

"But not only in the sense and spirit of words, are types to be detected; their outward form and sound are significant. To revisit the point whence we started, even the proportion between the vowels and consonants in a language will show the relative influence of the feelings and of the understanding over the people who speak it. German grammarians have called consonants the objective, vowels the subjective, element of language. As the end of human speech is twofold, to utter feelings and to communicate thoughts, we may reasonably look to find the organs of speech adapted to this double purpose. And we do so find them. The vowels express what is felt: they come more immediately from that part of the body which is less under the dominion of the will: they make the whole melody of speech: the interjections in which our bursting emotions find vent, consist chiefly of vowels, repeated sometimes over and over again, and occasionally kept from running and melting into each other by some recurring consonant. Thus they resemble the notes of beasts and birds, which are mainly vocalic, with the admixture of a consonant or two. Much like these are the languages of savage nations, especially where the climate fosters the luxuriant growth of the feelings. In Hawaii or Owhyhee, the very name of

which is a mess of vowels, one meets with such words as *taxorototo*; and Mr. Ellis gives the following sentence, *e i ai oe ia ta eu e ao ta*, which he renders *speak now to him by the side that he learn*. In consonants, on the other hand, fashioned as they are by those organs about the mouth over which we have a fuller and readier control, one beholds something like the operation of the formative principle on the raw material of language, the shaping and modifying and combining or syllabing action of the intellect. Now, if the natural excellence of man lie in the perfect balance or rather the perfect union of the heart and the head, then surely, no nation has ever come so near it as the Greeks: and accordingly in no language is the distribution of the vowels and consonants so fair and equable as in theirs: infinitely various and plastic, it runs over every chord of melodious combination, stopping just where strength becomes too harsh and rugged, and sweetness too cloyingly luscious. The Latin, as was to be expected, has not only substituted a stately monotonousness for the ever flexible rhythm and changing accentuation of the Greek: the consonants also begin to predominate; *siyu* becomes *legit*, *siyeta* *legitis*, *siyeta legunt*. Quintilian himself says: 'Latina facundia est ipais statim sonis durior, quando jucundissimas ex Græcis litteras non habemus, T et Q, quibus nulle apud eos dulcius spirant; et velut in locum earum succedunt tristes et horridæ, quibus Græcia caret. Quid? quod pleraque nos illa quasi mugiente littera eludimus M: at illi N jucundam et in fine quasi tintinnentem illius loco ponunt.' (xii. 10.) Latin is sonorous, however, and dignified and imperious, and worthy of the kingly senate: it is the language of all others to write laws in. Even the mugient M, the bull's letter, was not ill suited to a people whose chief business was to strike terror. By the modern Italians, the speech of their forefathers has been diluted and effeminated, until it has become as feeble as themselves. One hears it called indeed the language of love; but then it must be of sensual, voluptuous, unstable, transient love, not of loyalty and chaste constancy, not of that love in which the imaginative reason consecrates and gives permanence to the animal passion of the moment. These feelings receive their consistency from the intellect; and they are not to be uttered by a mere flux of vowels, but require consonants to hold and bind them together. Now, as in English the consonants are too predominant, so are the vowels in Italian. Almost every final consonant has been removed, not always after the usual mode, by rubbing them off, but often by subjoining a vowel, or, what amounts to the same, by setting one of the oblique cases in the place of the theme: *sedes* becomes *sedia*, *parens* *parente*. Termination too after termination is appended, until one gets to such words as *piacerolissimamente*, with tails as long as the train of a lady's court dress, and about as unfit for the household business of every-day life; in which, moreover, the substance is so lost in the attributes, as greatly hinders clear, straight-forward, independent thought. Where every word is in the superlative, it matters little which is chosen: one cannot mean a great deal more or a great deal less

than another. In Dante's time, this process of unmanning and degradation was still incomplete: he put forth his mighty hand to arrest it: he tried to lift up the prostrate body of his country, to nerve her flaccid limbs, and enable her to stand firmly and lastingly: but he tried in vain. The poison of pleasure spread through her whole frame, relaxing every fibre and sinew, now that it was not resisted by the healthful check of political activity, now that she was become, as he calls her, 'Non donna di provincia, ma bordello.' It is interesting to see how Dante likewise strives to brace and strengthen the language, to counteract its luscious softness, to give it something of manly dignity and wholesome asperity, and to form it into a car, fit to bear brave and noble thoughts on the field in which Good and Evil are battling, instead of what it now is, a cushioned velvet-lined coach for women, and men more womanish than women, to loll in down the Corso. The French, on the contrary, have elipt and trimmed their tongue so that all fulness, and majesty, and variety of sound have passed away from it: they have broken up their words as Macadam breaks stones, to make a road for conversation to glide along easily. And they have achieved what they wished; as at their *restaurants*, whatever you can want is ready in a moment: but all is so disguised, you are puzzled to tell what it may once have been; there are no solid, substantial joints; and if any thing is served up in its natural shape, it is overdone. They never accentuate their words, or their feelings; all is in the same key; a cap is *charmant*, so is Raphael's Transfiguration. Admirably adapted for all the ends of society, so as sometimes even to put *bon mots* into the mouth of those who, in their own language, had always kept good things at a distance, it is of little worth for any other purpose. But then society is all in all with the French. I was once pointing out the features of a beautiful prospect to a lady; she listened listlessly, and replied, *Oui, mais il n'y a point de maisons*. She spoke as the representative of her nation. In Spanish, one finds a dignity not inferior to the Roman, and at the same time a sweetness ennobled by its alliance with that dignity; even its gutturals give it an inwardness of tone, so that it seems fitted, as Charles the Fifth said, above other languages for the outpourings of the Spirit to Heaven. The primary character of all the Teutonic dialects is different: in them the consonants always assert their pre-eminence; and the wildness and complexity of their intellectual combinations answer well to the constraint of the vocal organs when twisting the uncouthest knots of consonants. It is true, sundry distinctive shades are found in particular nations: we, for example, have not only cast away from us the euphonous vowels of the Latin, but also, in many instances, as in *night* and the like, the accumulated consonants of the German. That is, we endeavour to keep a sound judicious mean, shunning equally the vagrancy of sense and the vagaries of intellect. How far we have been successful, let others determine.

From the *Forget Me Not*.

THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN,
On Chantrey's Monument at Litchfield.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Thus lay
The gentle babes, thus girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms.
Shakspeare.

FAIR images of sleep!
Hallow'd, and soft, and deep!
On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet lies,
Like moonlight on shut bells
Of flowers in mossy dells,
Fill'd with the hush of night and summer
skies;

How many hearts have felt
Your silent beauty melt
Their strength to gushing tenderness away!
How many sudden tears,
From depths of buried years
All freshly bursting, have confess'd your sway!

How many eyes will shed
Still, o'er your marble bed,
Each drops, from Memory's troubled fountains
wrung!
While Hope hath blights to bear,
While Love breathes mortal air,
While roses perish ere to glory sprung.

Yet, from a voiceless home,
If some sad mother come
To bend and linger o'er your lovely rest;
As o'er the cheek's warm glow,
And the soft breathings low
Of babes, that grew and faded on her breast;

If then the dovelike tone
Of those faint murmurs gone,
O'er her sick sense too piercingly return;
If for the soft bright hair,
And brow and bosom fair,
And life, now dust, her soul too deeply yearn;

O gentlest forms! entwined
Like tendrils, which the wind
May wave, so clasp'd, but never can unlink;
Send from your calm profound
A still small voice, a sound
Of hope, forbidding that lone heart to sink.

By all the pure, meek mind
In your pale beauty shined,
By childhood's love—too bright a bloom to die!
O'er her worn spirit shed,
O fairest, holiest Dead!
The Faith, Trust, Light, of Immortality!

From the *Athenæum*.

ZAMOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE air was basking in the noontide among
the hills that are traversed by the rapid Erigon.
The woody sides of the valleys which opened
upon the river, lay slumbering in breezy dim-
ness; but the sky was blue and bright around
the breasts and peaks of the mountains, except
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where broad white clouds, floating high and
swift between them and the sun, varied the
landscape by occasional sweeps of shadow.
The sparkling and winding water flowed si-
lently along the green bases of the eminences,
and its surface was marked by nothing but the
differences of colour occasioned by the wind
and stream, and by the fresh looking islets of
water plants, or the trunk of a tree rolling down
the current, and showing its brown branches,
or the white rent of its stem, among the shin-
ing ripples. Down one of the glens which de-
scend towards the stream, a boy of thirteen
or fourteen years of age was slowly wander-
ing. He was tall, and of a noble presence.
His open and upturned brow was surrounded
with careless ringlets of light brown hair, and
was shaded by a low cap or bonnet, in which
he wore an eagle's feather. His dark coloured
kirtle descended to his knee, over trowsers
which left the leg exposed above the sandal.
A belt of wolf's-skin sustained a short sword,
and confined his dress around the waist; and
he led with the left hand, in a twisted chain of
gold, a large and powerful dog, while, in his
right, he carried a strong hunting spear, the
point of which gleamed like a star above his
head. His features were of a regular and spi-
rited beauty; and his quick eye perpetually
glanced from the path he was pursuing to the
mountains round him and the skies beyond.
He proceeded in his devious and negligent
course, now sinking into thought, now rushing
and leaping over rocks and bushes, while the
dog sprang up, and barked, and sported round
him, till he reached an irregular and broken
wood, which spread, though with many inter-
vals, along the green banks of the river.

The boy threw himself under the shade of
an oak, where he had a glimpse of the cool
water among the stems of the trees; and his
canine friend couched quietly by his side, now
looking up into his face, now rubbing his legs
with its nose, and wagging its bushy tail, now
closing its eyes, and sinking with a sigh into a
tranquil doze. The youth, too, was so still,
that he might have been thought to slumber,
had not his restless glances indicated the air
within. It was, indeed, a mind not formed for
inactivity; but its present thoughts were ra-
ther the overflowing and sport of its vigour,
than the application of it to any definite end.
He remembered the oracles which had spoken
among the ancient oaks of Epirus, till he al-
most heard the promise of his own greatness
sounding from the trees, while they trem-
bled and rustled around and above him, and
then came imaginations of the Dryads, the
forest spirits, so beautiful and so capricious,
who were accustomed to fly from men, and de-
dicate their loveliness to the greenwood shade.
As the breeze moved the shadow of some
branch, he started to think that he saw the
waving of the airy locks; and he beheld for a
moment the twinkle of the light footsteps, in
the casual breach of a sunbeam through the
foliage on the dark ground of the vistas before
him. These visions passed away, and in their
place seemed sweeping through the distant
obscurity of the thicket the pomp and triumph
of Bacchus,—the youths with arms and wine-
cups, and baskets of gorgeous fruits unknown

to Europe, the dark eyes and glowing limbs of damsels, whose wreaths of Oriental flowers shook fragrance through the air, while swiftly and gracefully they flung aloft and struck together their ringing cymbals, ancient Pan with a world of merriment in his pipe, and, amid a tumult of green coronals and wild exultations, the young conqueror himself drawn forward by his lions, with the pride of a hundred victories on his brow, and the joyousness of a hundred vintages on his lips, and a spear so often washed in wine, and so clustered with grapes and ivy-berries, half hid among their foliage, that not a trace of its myriad death-stains was visible. They gleamed for a moment from the recesses of the green maze on the eye of the dreaming boy; and why should not he too be the conqueror of Asia, and his banners return over the Hellespont, laden and glittering with the spoils of the Euphrates and the Indus?

He rose while he thought it, so hastily that his dog gave a slight cry at feeling the pull which his collar received from the arm of his master, who stepped forward eagerly for an instant, while his right hand grasped the spear with an energy indicating, even then, how bold would be the spirit, and how wide the fame, of Alexander the son of Philip.

He walked forward for a few minutes with boyish impetuosity, when his attention was diverted by seeing a large blue butterfly, which flew across his path. He freed from the collar the chain which held Lacon, and pursued the insect; while the dog, in imitation of his master, rushed barking, and eager in pursuit of the same wandering object. It led him among the hills which he had before left, never coming within his reach, but never mounting so far away as to make him relinquish the pursuit. It flew at last over the edge of a precipice into a broken and narrow dell; but the fearless and active boy dropped from the verge, and, after scrambling for a minute or two among the rocks and bushes, reached the end of the descent. It was a wild and lonely hollow, on the steep banks and narrow area of which the pine and the cypress rose above the thick undergrowth of weeds, shrubs, and flowers. The insect still hovered before its pursuer; and, after a few steps, he found that he had followed it into an ancient cemetery. The tombs seemed to have been mouldering in neglect for centuries, and merely a few irregular mounds, and broken fragments of walls remained. Beyond one of these relics of building, now covered with different vigorous creepers, the bright blue wings disappeared. He went to the spot, and found that, beyond the dilapidated wall, the sun streamed in upon a little patch of grass. Here the insect had poised itself upon a human skull, half covered with moss, and crowned by a natural wreath of trailing honey-suckle. Thus was perched the beautiful and airy creature he had been chasing, with its azure fans expanded, and glittering in the sunshine. It seemed the immortal Psyche, the spiritual life, waiting to take wing from amid the dust and decay of mortality. The boy leaped over the obstruction, and stooped to seize it; but it vibrated for an instant the splendid pennons which served it for sails, and rose swiftly and far above the head of the disappointed pursuer.

He looked after it for a few seconds, and Lacon bayed fiercely at the soaring insect; but his owner stooped again to the relic; for, when he had previously bent towards the butterfly, he had seen what appeared to be metal shining on the turf. It was a large gold coin which lay between the teeth of the skull. The device of an eye within a circle was distinctly visible on one side, and on the other was traced, in the oldest character Alexander had ever seen, the word ZAMOR.

He restored the coin to its place; but, such was his recollection of the occurrence, that the signet wherewith, in after years, he sealed Hephæstion's lips, bore the device of a butterfly poised upon a skull, with the motto ZAMOR.

CHAPTER II.

The youth was a youth no more. He was, in all the vigour and beauty of manhood, a sovereign and a conqueror, and roamed no longer in the woods of Macedonia, but in the deep gloom of an Indian forest. He had outstripped his train in the eagerness of the chase; and, when the thick jungle prevented him from continuing his course on horseback, he leaped from the saddle and pierced his way on foot. His mantle was now of regal splendour, and his light helmet was encircled with a slender diadem of gold. The garment which fell from under his inlaid cuirass to his knee, was interwoven with silver thread, and his sandals were studded with jewels. His lips had gained the firm expression of will and power, and thought had left its stamp upon his forehead.

He speedily penetrated through the thicket which had interrupted him, and found himself in a little glade, surrounded by spreading trees. He stood still, and gazed for a moment; and it seemed to him that he heard not far off the half stifled sobs of sorrow. He moved in the direction of the sound, and, after pushing through a screen of bushes, found himself near an old man, who knelt upon the ground, close to the trunk of a great tree; and, while his clasped hands trembled on his shuddering breast, the tears fell thickly from his eyes. He wore the dress of a Brahmin. Beside him lay the corpse of a girl, apparently twelve or thirteen years of age. Though her skin was rather more dusky than that of Europeans, she was very beautiful in the eyes of the King. Her round and shining limbs were of the most exquisite delicacy; the long black hair, wreathed with white flowers, fell loose over her maiden bosom, which had ceased to heave with the breath of life. An arrow had pierced her through the body, and the blood had flowed to the knees of the old man, and stained his garments. He was a father wailing over his murdered child.

Alexander silently approached, and saw that on the left breast of the lovely form, in which the heart no longer stirred, a blue butterfly had placed itself. The agony and tears of the parent did not disturb it. He touched the hair and fingers of the body with a trembling affection, and gazed at it long and passionately, and then again his whole frame was shaken, and he burst into a paroxysm of grief. As the King drew near, the insect rose and soared away to the heavens. Alas! that, like it, the

corpse could not raise itself from the dust it adorned, and move again in all the vivacity and grace of its former existence!

The conqueror spoke in a low, reverential, and sympathising voice to the bereaved father. The old man started at the sound, rose to his feet, and shook off, as far as nature permitted him, the tokens of his agony. Alexander asked him, by what misfortune he had lost his daughter. "The soldiers," replied the Brahmin, "of the insane and cruel invader who has attacked our country, seized my child, and would have detained her, but that she escaped by flight from their hands, when one of them shot an arrow, which slew my beautiful and my beloved."—"I swear by the gods, they shall be punished; but do you know, old man, to whom you speak, that you thus venture to calumniate the great Alexander?"—"If I could not judge by the vulgar signs of those gay and fantastic trappings, I should yet recognise the eyes which so readily glare, the nostril that dilates, the brow that contracts, with passion. These all mark the man who has been accustomed to command others, but not himself."—"This is a sight," replied the King, pointing to the dead body, "which prompts me to forgive your boldness."—"It is a sight, O King, which should rather teach you that I do not need your forgiveness. You have robbed my earthly existence of its charm and glory—I care not how soon it may end."—"This is philosophy which would have pleased Callisthenes. What is your name and condition?"—"I am called Sabas; and, after having travelled over many countries, and learned your language in the Lesser Asia, I have lived, and been happy"—here he faltered, and looked at his child—"at the tomb of the sage ZAMOR."

The warrior started at the name, and asked of Sabas who was ZAMOR. The Brahmin replied, that he had lived many ages before, and had been a mighty conqueror; but that, after overrunning half the earth, he had flung away at once the sceptre and the sword, and betaken himself to a life of meditation and benevolence. The old man went on to say, that the King would learn more from the chief of the Brahmins, who attended the tomb, and to him Sabas brought Alexander.

The ancient teacher to whom the Grecian commander was thus introduced, trembled in his presence, and, on his demanding to know something more with regard to ZAMOR, replied, that, in addition to what Sabas had told him, the following information was all he could supply: The venerated being in question had employed the later moments of his protracted life in giving directions as to the place and manner in which his ashes were to be disposed of; and, in the volume of pure morality and sublime devotion which he had left, it was declared that the iron doors which bounded his sepulchre would never open, till one who had been as great a conqueror as himself should demand admission. In the course of many ages none such had presented himself. The pride and curiosity of the Sovereign were aroused, and he desired to be led to the tomb. The Brahmin summoned his brethren, and in long files they preceded Alexander to the cavern. Its rocky circuit was of sufficient extent

to include them all; and they ranged themselves around the sides, and their leader and the Monarch advanced to the tomb, on which several lamps were burning. Here the Chief Brahmin offered up his prayers, while the Macedonian went forward to the doors at the farther extremity, and to the horror of the throng, violently smote the massy metal with the hilt of his sword. The doors crashed open slowly, and displayed a staircase. The king descended fearlessly and alone, and, after a long absence, returned with a haggard countenance and disordered steps to the cavern, while the doors closed suddenly behind him. He seemed, at first, confused and bewildered; but soon recovering himself, he looked round him at the Brahmins, and said, "I know not whether you have a share in yonder nummery; but, at all events, let a wall be built across that entrance, sufficient to prevent any future attempts like mine." He had paused, and seemed relapsing into deep and doubtful thought, when there was heard without, a loud rush and clang, mingled with the sound of trumpets. Alexander knew the notes, and, resuming all the soldier and the king, gravely saluted the Generals who had sprung from their horses, and entered the cave to seek him. He moved before them to the mouth of the cavern, and found his usual train of several hundred horsemen, with the chief nobility of Macedonia, Greece, and Persia, awaiting his appearance. Innumerable varieties of dress and arms, of language and countenance, were here assembled; and every province he ruled over had sent its noblest and its most splendid inhabitants to swell the court of Alexander. All were mounted on the fleetest and most beautiful coursers of Thessaly and Asia, and an unrivalled steed was led by the grooms of the Monarch. He mounted it with a careless bound, and while he galloped from the spot, followed by the glittering whirlwind of officers, feudatories, and kings, he talked to those around him of the battle, the chase, the banquet, the philosophy of Aristotle, and the charms of Pancaste.

CHAPTER III.

The day had died in storm; and the chamber of Alexander was closed and lighted. He lay on his couch in the restlessness and pain of a fever from which he was never to recover. He was attended only by a young Persian girl, who watched his lightest word and sign with far more than the carefulness of servility.—There was all the intensity of passionate affection in that pale cheek, those tearful eyes, and that quivering forehead. She moved silently through the splendid room at the least hint of the patient's want, and, when it was satisfied, she would sit down and weep in silence. It was early in the evening when he said, "Abra, I would speak with Perdiccas." She flew from the chamber, and in a few moments returned with the person named, and then retired to the ante-chamber, where, among slaves, guards, attendants, and physicians, she hid her face in her hands, and sobbed bitterly, while she thought that the man she loved would so soon breathe his last.

Perdiccas entered the room silently and slowly, and sat beside the bed. After a few

moments of heavy breathing, the King turned towards his friend, and told him to move the lamp so that it might throw no light upon the couch. He then proceeded thus:

"Perdicas, you will remember having once found me in India, at the tomb of ZAMOR. I have revealed to no man what I saw there; but I will now disclose it to you. The circumstances which led me thither are of but little importance. Suffice it that I presented myself at the iron gates, and that they opened to admit me. I proceeded down a long and dark flight of steps, then through a passage, then down other steps, and had at last advanced to an immense distance through the rock. I thought for a moment of returning, but I went on, and travelled, as it seemed, league after league. At length I reached an iron grating, which with some difficulty I pushed open, and found myself in a large chamber. On the opposite wall there appeared to be a faint glimmer of light, and to it I proceeded. I touched the spot, and it felt like the side of a tent, and, in truth, I found that it was a curtain, covering an aperture. I pulled it aside, and a broad pale light burst upon me through the opening, which also gave me a view of another, and far larger chamber than that in which I stood.

"The room into which I looked was a vast gallery, which stretched its dreary vista almost beyond the sight. The floor was of black marble, and the sides of polished porphyry. Along the walls thrones were ranged at equal spaces, to an interminable distance. Those on one side were all occupied, except the nearest, which bore the name of ZAMOR, but which his late penitence and imperfect reparation had saved the ancient conqueror from occupying. The throne opposite to this—the first in the vacant line—was inscribed 'Alexander.' And, O Perdicas! could I speak with the tongue of one of those Athenian poets whose renown will be as great as mine, I should yet be unable to express the title of that horror which seized me when I looked upon the tenants of those other thrones, and saw that a similar one was destined for me! It is not that they had an aged or a barbaric appearance,—though their hairs were white, and their brows haggard, and their dresses were those of the East and of the North,—but their faces were marked with a still desperation, and their bodies settled in a calm agony, of which I had no previous conception. I have often looked upon death; but no pangs from the sword, nor from the torture, ever seemed to me more than a slight discomfort compared to the sufferings of those mighty and glorious warriors. They sat motionless as the rocks on the banks of Phlegethon; but it was the tranquillity of an endurance which feels that it would be hopeless to attempt escape. The eyes of some of them were nearly closed, and there seemed no light in their countenances, but a dull dead glare which escaped from beneath their shadowing eyelids. There was one hoary head and swarthy cheek, with a diadem of jewels, and the Egyptian beetle on his breast, and I knew the presence of Sesostris. And there was ancient Belus, with the star of the Babylonian wizards on his brow, and leaning his awful head upon his hand. And there was the war-

rior-deity of those Scythians whom in my boyhood I subdued, clothed in wolf-skins, but with a cuirass on his breast, and a crown of iron around his scarred forehead. Hercules, too, whom we have dreamed a god, leaned upon his club in anguish, which though silent was more horrible than the pangs he endured from the robe of Nessus; and a greater than he, or than all the rest, showed the written features and sunken cheeks of long-sustained suffering beneath those emblems of mysterious strength, the moonlike horns of Ammon. There was one spirit, and but one, in whom the fiery energy of his nature was not repressed by the tremendous fate to which he was subjected,—the Greek who in his youth was victor over Asia, the fleetest, the most beautiful, the bravest, the most unhappy, the demi-god Achilles. His eyes still shone like stars amid the burning halo wherewith his head was of old encircled by Minerva, and which still beamed around him, as if in mockery of those white lips compressed and agitated with a paroxysm of affliction too mighty for even the slayer of Hector to master it. In the shield which leant against his knees, I saw not the images of the harvest and the dance, but the reflection of the hero's immeasurable pain.

"The feet of each of these terrible shadows were placed upon an image of the world; and before my throne I saw a similar attribute. My empire seemed to clasp with its boundary an enormous portion of the earth; but its limits were faint and wavering, and methought at every instant they shrank and broke asunder. Above the thrones were trophies; but in the midst of each of them, that grey, stern Destiny, who, from its iron cave, in some distant planet, sends forth the silent blasts that sway the universe, had fixed some emblem of mockery, shame, and evil: the mowing ape, the crawling worm, the foulness of the harpy, the envenomed slime of the serpent, showed themselves among the spoils, weapons, crowns, and banners of royalty and conquest. And over all this a ghastly light was shed from the eyeless sockets of skeleton warders, who waited upon the enthroned victims.

"Can you wonder, my friend, that I felt a horror which swords, and flames, and menacing millions could not inspire, when I gazed upon the eternal agonies of those beings, so dead to all but misery? My eyes almost failed to see, and my feet to stand, when I turned from them to mark the throne which bore so deeply engraven on its granite pedestal, the name of 'Alexander.' From that hour my nature has changed. I have not had the resolution to yield up my conquests, and disrobe myself of my greatness; but I have sought to lose the memory of my former deeds and future doom in revelries and intoxications, which, at last, have brought me death, though they have never bestowed forgetfulness. I shall soon be among those dreary and tormented shadows of departed power and dearly bought renown. 'Take you this ring,' (and he gave him the emblematic signet,) 'and when you look upon it, remember, that not the image you see upon it, of immortal life and unbroken happiness, will dwell with the remains of kings and conquerors, but the polluting earth-worm

and the stinging scorpion.' His voice had grown hoarse and broken; and he proceeded slowly and feebly: 'Though I have failed to profit by the lesson, thus much I have been taught by ZAMOR.'"

He never spoke again. He left for his generals, the slavery of Greece and the distraction of the world; to Perdicas, a counsel by which he had not profited himself; to Abra, a desolate existence and a broken heart. And so did he perish at Babylon, whose boyhood had sped so blithely among the hills of Macedonias.

From the Forget Me Not.

LANGSYNE.

BY DELTA.

LANGSYNE!—how doth the word come back
With magic meaning to the heart,
As Memory roams the sunny track,
From which Hope's dreams were loth to
part!—

No joy like by-past joy appears;
For what is gone we peak and pine.
Were life spun out a thousand years,
It could not match Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the days of childhood warm,
When, tottering by a mother's knee,
Each sight and sound had power to charm,
And Hope was high, and thought was free.

Langsyne!—the merry schoolboy days—
How sweetly then life's sun did shine!
Oh! for the glorious pranks and plays,
The raptures of Langsyne!

Langsyne!—yes, in the sound, I hear
The rustling of the summer grove;
And view those angel features near,
Which first awoke the heart to love.

How sweet it is, in pensive mood,
At windless midnight to recline,
And fill the mental solitude
With spectres from Langsyne!

Langsyne!—ah where are they who shared
With us its pleasures bright and blithe?
Kindly with some hath fortune fared;
And some have bow'd beneath the scythe
Of death; while others scatter'd far
O'er foreign lands at fate repine,
Oft wandering forth, 'neath twilight's star,
To muse on dear Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the heart can never be
Again so full of guileless truth;
Langsyne! the eyes no more shall see,
Ah no! the rainbow hopes of youth.
Langsyne! with thee resides a spell
To raise the spirit, and refine.

Farewell! there can be no farewell
To thee, loved, lost Langsyne!

From the London Magazine.

THE FIRST TIME OF ASKING.

"HARRY!" said the old gentleman to me, as we left the Countess's sitting room, "verily,

Harry, thou art the most brazen-faced varlet in Christendom."

I looked in my uncle's face, and well discerning through the veil of reproach that acquiescent smile, for which he was so famous, I began to consider not only that there was some truth, but also some merit in the possession of this character. The most brazen-faced—that could hardly be; yet to be one of the most was a high privilege, and I thought I possessed it. Some men are born with faculties which prove curses; some are born without, and are cursed in the seeking for them.—I know not how it was.

"Uncle," said I, to my sage and staunch counsellor, two or three years after this time, "you are aware that I have a feeling,—that is, a youthful bias, or otherwise expressed sensation towards Julia,—"

"A what?"—inquired my uncle, and yet he was not deaf; but a man with corns is always trodden upon.

"A definition, uncle, is hard, you know; a hint is bad enough, and surely you have lived *puellis idoneus* can measure the first advances without any other guide than your eye."

"Ho! ho!" chuckled the soldier, "is it so my boy? is it the god of arrows, or rather of quivers, that has shaken your citadel? and what of it, my man of brass; why stop short with that silly halt, and put on so complete a blackhole expression of countenance?"

"Uncle," I replied, "you are a married man," (he nodded sagely,) "I want the benefit of your experience,—how am I to ask her in marriage?"

My companion's face fell beneath its fortification of neckcloth, looked rueful, faint-hearted, and bilious; in one second it recovered its former level, only by very harsh efforts and forced convulsions.

"Brother's son," said he, "you astound me by your hypocrisy; you, a man proverbially undaunted; you, in matters of the sex, not less aptly termed brass than bell-metal, to come with so puling a question as the form of an ordinary proposal?—Fish! man, you are disgusting."

The former stateliness of nostril returned to my relative with this explosion, and I ventured to follow up my first inquiry. I declared that I was thrown back by the situation; that I had meditated long and uselessly: that I had framed a thousand intentions, but had not succeeded in vanquishing my irresolution before my Julia; and that, in short, he would much oblige me by recollecting what he did in a similar case, that I might benefit by his precedent. This last sentence was gall and wormwood. He fell away, like a ship to leeward, and in spite of much skilful manœuvring did not work up to his former point; but after many minutes of painful physiognomical distortion, great travail, and transcendent hideousness,—even then I could elicit nothing—he assured me "I was a dolt—go to,—that I was degenerate and unkind; a flash-in-the-pan, jaunty, oily-mouthed, tall, specious fool, and not to be dealt seriously with; that I might fish for myself, and take care not to annoy him by any more confidence." "Heavens what a fuss about a little piece of pork," as the

furtive Mussulman ejaculated during a violent thunder storm, caused, as he supposed, by his criminal mouthful of swine's-flesh. Was mine uncle seized by sudden megrim, or wherefore did he fluster so?—I could not learn, and betook myself to my room.

Either the delicacy, or the shame, or the forgetfulness of our predecessors, oh! ye bachelors and spinsters, has led to the concealment of the most suitable talisman for our emancipation from our one-nest. The sparrows have frequent *penchants*, and the tender oyster, that divides its heart with some blest inmate of the mud-bank, enters upon its matrimonial engagements with no forms but a squeak, no pauses but of nature, no lengthy preliminaries, but a note of interrogation and one of admiration. But for us,—I set aside the cooing and the wooing—it is enough that we have still left—the suing. Is not the whole courtship a system of diplomacy tending to one question, and is it not so framed and conducted as to lead to the particular form, mode, and circumstance of that question?—Does not the precipitate lover crown a three days' admiration with a sentence of three words? Will not the spouse, affianced for years, hasten matters at last by a continuous, close, and well-distended blockade of at least a fortnight? Would a silent *inamorato* so far forget propriety as to give vent to his final interrogative in articulate language; and for your phlegmatic *nonchalant* would he dare exhibit one spot more of colour, one beat more of pulsation, one tremor more of utterance, than if he were inquiring the state of the barometer, or the health of the minister? Too confident of this nice dependence of the parts on each other, I had to look back on a system of love-making consistent in no respect, and, therefore, utterly useless, as affording me a hint of my final measures. Should I be tragic, listless, the high fantastic, the low desponding, epic, or lyrical? Should I clip my moustach: like Grecian damsels before a sacrifice, or curl my front locks, and have my coat-buttons new covered?—which would abet me more judiciously, a walking-stick or the brown umbrella: would wisdom before dinner be better than valour after it? These were points on which my uncle might have satisfied me if he would. Then, as to the phrases for the occasion—Here was a *nodus*!—"Madam," I should say—and yet not *Madam*, for she had not surmounted her teens; "Miss Julia, (miss fire!)"—I am, perhaps, too presumptuous when I consider—(or imagine) that my past addresses have been favourably received." She stares, and is ignorant of the addresses; I assure her 'twas meant seriously: She asks "*What?*" I reply, "my great attentions." She considers them not great; and I have to begin my courtship anew. No! these intelligible words may be quibbled upon. Let me see. We sit together on two chairs not far apart, and I entertain her in my usual droll way about the mathematics and rural economy: anon comes the push. As a joke, I shall sigh very loud, long, and often; she will ask me the reason; I'll tell her, as if in jest, that I'm in love; and her answer shall be my cue. Well, and if it prove unfavourable, is there a chance on my part of momentary resolution enough to de-

termine my after progress?—No, no! some better mode must certainly exist—"Goddess of the translucent eye, and Pons Maximus of a nose, may thy swain dream of interminable bliss—may he lead thee to the hymeneal altar?" Very good this, if she happen to give the right answer, but to a question perfectly unintelligible there is equal chance of a right and a wrong one,—and this uncertainty will never do. *Inuendos* are great in their way; but opportunity is so much and talent so little in this case,—at least the talent I mean, displayed in the pre-negotiated stock of *inuendos*, for I can't suppose that any man thinks of extemporising on these fatal occasions, at any rate he has no right to trifle so. But now suppose I bring into he field some poetry scraps about "connubial loves," and "doves,"—"infant brood," and "good,"—"marriage state," and "fate," no, that savours of predestination, and a woman does not like to be forced to anything—well then, once more, "marriage state," and "not too late;" good! with other well-known popular sentiments, might not they avail?—and, after all, why not *write* the question? What? to be shown up before, and laughed at by, all the neighbourhood, as the silliest, vainest, most inexperienced and even contemptible young man out of a court of justice? Better to be dismissed by a look, and know that your writing-master had no share in your rejection. Courage, *mon ami*!—let us be wise as serpents!

Such were my reflections during many hours of the night preceding the most critical occurrence of my life. A thousand formulæ of love-making crowded upon my brain; the whole vocabulary of Venus, with the different dialects of Cnidos and Paphos, was diligently explored and prest into service. I dreamt in bits; and my visions were of amorous polysyllables huddled pell-mell on a Mayday; I had a nightmare of Interjection, and I awoke in the midst of spectral and passionate synonymes. My toilet, and other preliminary duties, were despatched as neatly as might be expected. It was odd that I felt so queer; no positive danger was to be apprehended,—I had only to encounter a woman. But my neckcloth sat very uneasily, and I had to waggle and turn and accommodate my chin to the most disastrous circumstances of shirt-collar. Well! is it time?—No use delaying if it must be done;—give me both stick and umbrella, Mary;—hang the dinner! order what you please. Stay!—is my coat clean behind?—Just brush off the fluff, there's a good girl, and now for the best stick—no, the other, that will do—good bye.—Bang goes my own door; would that the time were come to hear that delicious thump once again!

I thought Julia more beautiful than ever; and as we sat so near each other, without a human creature to witness, or any sound but some distant humming from the street to intrude upon us, it seemed that the long intervals of our silence were more sweet than even the words which fell like "the music of the waters" from her own dear lips. At any rate, I could find neither inspiration, nor the wish for it, and my taciturnity was the natural luxury in which my mind indulged, fed with a thousand rich thoughts and happy contemplations. But my

life might have been passed so, or rather the power so to pass it was to be purchased by one forcible hard effort, and the occasion for it had now arrived.

"Julia," I said in a low voice, "or rather Miss Julia, for there is a decorum—When it occurs to me, as God knows it often does,—when the thought, the feeling, the persuasion comes to molest or rather to delight my solitude, of the necessity of those exertions which some people think not so disagreeable as others, there is not that in this which could enliven the bitterness of other reflections, or the painfulness, or I may say, difficulty of—"

"What do you say, Mr. Sims?"—interrupted my divinity:—

"I said that some are capable of things which others are not—"

"No doubt that is true," said she laughing; "but there is no need to look so solemn about so very well believed a fact; you have said nothing hazardous."

"Have I not?" cried I, somewhat disappointed, for I hoped I had already put the question.—"Well then to go yet a little further, I must say that the bliss of some men does not depend upon themselves but upon—upon—"

"Upon what—their dogs?"

"No, Miss Julia," I replied with a glance that was thought to be significant;—

"What then—their coats?"

"Now how can you?"

"Or their sticks and umbrellas, like yourself? You have done nothing to day but knock these two distinguished visitors up and down, here and there, to the great detriment of my peace, and your own amusement, I suppose."

Here was a blow!—*done nothing else!* I fancied the citadel was undermined and nearly carried; I thought to have performed wonders;—my self-possession was nearly gone; I fidgetted for my sentences, and betrayed myself a thousand ways. What recipe should I now follow? It must be done by a *coup-de-main*.

"Madam! or rather Miss, for you have scarcely surmounted your teens," (she looked surprised—but I was carried on)—"I am too presumptuous, perhaps, when I consider or imagine that my past addresses have been received—"

"Mr. Sims!"—I faltered, but well aware that any thing was better than delay, rushed on in a moment with my second charge.

"Presumptuous I may be—but when I fancy with the poet, that it is good to have an infant brood, that cooing doves enjoy connubial loves, and that the marriage state is ordained by fate—no!—zounds!—that the marriage state, I should have said, may come too late—"

"Sir," exclaimed Julia, "I cannot guess what this rhapsody is intended for, unless you are entertaining yourself at my expense."

"Entertainment, say you?"—And I moulded my face into a compound expression of jest and earnest (I fear with a wrong preponderance of the latter,) and sighed four times as loudly and long as I could. She looked alarmed.—

"Are you ill, Mr. Sims—or—" *mad*, she would said, but I interrupted her with a hyena-grin, and an answer quite to the purpose.

"No! not ill—only in love! Yes! I'm in

love, decidedly in love!—ha! ha! ha!"—and I jumped up and childishly roared with laughter to convey the idea of a good joke. But my tactics were not simple enough; in the delirium of confusion and awkwardness I had mixed up all my different modes of attack, and rendered it as shapeless and unmeaning as the paroxysms of a lunatic. However, I did not discover this till afterwards, and quite blind to the effects of so much rant,—stupid, muddled, and bewildered, I filled up a pause created by a breathless astonishment on her part, with an explosion of my last ammunition,—a burst, as I felt convinced, of rhetoric, overwhelming, sufficient and conclusive. With one knee on a footstool, and with uplifted hands in a theatrical style, I exclaimed—

"Oh! goddess of the translucent nose, and Pons Maximus of an eye, may thy swain dream of interminable bliss—may he lead thee to —" the word stuck in my throat, and she rang the bell in a state of fearful alarm. A servant entered.

"John," she said, in a trembling tone, "attend to this gentleman; stay here with him, or, if you can, get him safely out of the house. Poor fellow! who could have expected it!"

I found myself on the threshold of an asylum, and apologized out of it as I could.

I wrote once more to my uncle for advice. An answer came after two posts.

"DEAR HARRY—It is an unfilial act to drive an old man like me into a corner; but it is done. You complain of misbehaviour on a late important occasion—I dare say: Who is wise, who prudent,—who, I say, can possibly do otherwise?—Tis no use to dissemble any longer. I hold this same crisis to be deadly and damnable. God forefend that I should ever be used as a monitor again. I am as ignorant as you are, Harry, how these things should be done. I may have lost—I have lost—some devilish fine chances by my ignorance, or clumsiness, or what not. Harry, the truth must out,—when I had to marry, I got Jack Douglas of the Blues to pop the fatal question for me.—Yours ever in *vinculo matrimonii*,

"ROGER SIMS."

I am still a bachelor——a plague on the untimely end of honest Jack Douglas of the Blues!

From the Forget Me Not.

TO THE ALTAR

Of St. George's Church, Hanover Square.

BY JAMES BIRD.

HAIL to thee, altar! thou hast long

Been greeted by the voice of fame:

Oh, worthy of the poet's song!

Witness of honour and of shame!

Thou spot, where beauty's flower is plunder'd,
Where hands are join'd, though hearts be sunder'd!

Oh, could'st thou speak, thy tale would bear

A record and a mournful token

Of vows extorted by despair,

Of blighted hopes and young hearts broken!

A blotted page that one must be
Whereon is traced thy history!

From thee hath many a trembling bride
Turn'd with cold heart and burning brain,
The victim to a parent's pride—
A barter'd thing, a wretch, for gain;
A fetter'd slave, all meanly sold
For that prime curse of curses, gold!

The proud, the rich, the mean, the high,
Have knelt before thee!—Oft the rake
Hath there pronounced the ready lie,
Deceitful as the Eden snake;
While his soft traitor-lips replied
To queries which his heart denied!

Yet there are hearts that well may date
The era of their joy from thee,
The birth-place of the brightest fate
That wedded life and love may be!
Hearts that have bless'd, that bless thee now,
In memory of their plighted vow.

How long, how fondly, memory dwells
On moments past that led to bliss!
Not time, which breaks all other spells,
E'er broke the heavenly charm of this,
Which falls upon the heart like dew
That decks the faded flower anew.

From the Athenæum.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THERE is no living name the sound of which calls up so brilliant and various an array of recollections, as that of Sir Walter Scott. It seems an unsatisfactory and cheerless labour to pry into the corners, and get behind the scenes, of a mind which we only know as the means of delighting us, by the society of hundreds of breathing and active beings—champions and kings, peasants and minstrels, weird beldames, fantastic spirits, and jovous and delicate damosels. Yet, why should he, who has turned mankind into rich and bright romance, be himself exempted from the fortune to which he has subjected all the world beside; or claim to lie hid in the shadows of Abbotsford, and pace unnoticed the highways of 'Auld Reekie,' while century after century is unrolled before us in his pages, and our eyes are dazzled by the pageant of highlanders and chevaliers, monarchs and pilgrims. We must deal with the spell-monger beyond the circle of his power, and cope with him on other ground than the bush-clad rocks of his lonely valleys, or the rugged circuit of shattered monasteries, the presence-chambers of palaces now desolate, or the throng of gallants whose very tombs are dust; and that mind, which has never shone upon us, but as the sun is seen through a pictured window, when lighting and animating crowds of saints, monarchs, and warriors,—must, we fear, be looked at through that colourless glass, which is needful for the critic of mind, no less than for the physical experimentalist.

Sir Walter Scott is the greatest of observers. He seems to be, like the spirits, all eye and ear; but, unlike them, he has scarcely arrived at re-

flection, much less at intuition. He has looked with a close and searching, and, above all, with a sympathetic eye, on every thing around him, living or inactive. He has watched through the whole of his now waning life, (and may its final close be far distant!) the looks, the tones, the lightest indications of passion among men. He cannot be conceived as sitting for even an hour in a stage-coach or a coffee-room, without having drawn out and measured the characters of all his companions. Every sensitive or irritable line about the lips, every hair of the eyebrow upraised in the grimace and frankness of foolish admiration, or drawn together into the compressed strength of thought, every pugnacious or friendly trembling of the finger,—bring him but for five minutes within view of them, and he has them noted,—each of them the germ of a picture, or the hint of a personage. He is one of the few men of our generation, whom we may imagine actually going forth like Shakespeare and Ben Jonson to "take humours;" and it is a shrewd and curious art, in which he must, doubtless, be a thorough proficient: it is one in which a treasure of really kind and generous feeling is of more use than wealth, or rank, or even than those other prime requisites, caution and penetration. Seat him in the circle round the kitchen fire of a country ale-house, one of the blithest and most fertile scenes of study for an humble way-faring observer; and it is impossible to doubt that Scott would speedily win his way into the merry affections of the whole party, find out the secrets of a dozen rough-coated breasts, and know who are the rich ones, who the brave ones, who the beauty, and who the oracle, of the hamlet. The serving-maid would giggle while she filled his tumbler, the landlady smooth her apron with gracious attention while he spoke to her, the farmer open his mouth with astonishment at his knowledge of pigs and planting, the smith shake the rafters with a roar, when some good-humoured jest had hit the dusty miller; and the most widely celebrated mind of modern literature would become an intimate with ploughmen, and be held in honour by chimney-corner veterans. Or think of him benighted in some lonely cottage, how would he praise the ale, lay down a theory of peat-cutting, give grave advice on the roasting of potatoes, and teach some chubby-faced urchin to repeat a ballad, or bawl a Jacobite Psæm. We know no more of Sir Walter Scott than is known of him from the Vistula to the Ebro; but such things must have been done, such *secre* done, by the author of *Waverley*. The field-preaching, the mart, the mess-room, the courts of law, and, meanest and most barren of them all, the tables of princes,—he *must* have looked at each with this same scrutinizing good-nature and hawk-eyed friendliness. He has not only gazed upon society, but been a part of it; he has dissected it in a spirit of joyousness, and pried into its secrets with a frank and free-hearted curiosity. It is in the same vein that he has been a spectator of the outward and material world. He has never either turned from it in weariness, or seen it through a theory; but has obviously always found in the visible universe things interesting and beautiful, not as developments of any internal law, or as a lower

range of phenomena than the human, yet filled with analogies to our own nature, but as wide and lofty, many-coloured and various facts, inexhaustible subjects for the healthy keenness of the senses, and feeding the mind with an endless succession of primary, uncompounded enjoyments. The mountain and the lake, the pine-wood and the cataract, he has wandered among them neither with misanthropic moodiness nor quietist enthusiasm; but to make them in fancy the stage, not of vague demons or ministering angels, but of hundreds of busy men, clothed indeed in the dresses of all different times and countries, yet thinking and feeling, speaking and acting like ourselves. He has noted the hues of clouds and shapes of crags and precipices, the carvings of pinnacles and massiveness of battlements, with the earnest and hearty simplicity of a child; and the fresh vividness of his paintings reproduces them similarly for us. If the description of outward objects were an end and not a means, Sir Walter Scott would be almost a perfect writer; for we view them in his pages through a medium nearly as pure and colourless as the water of his Scottish hills, or the air upon their summit; and herein he is honourably distinguished from many of his predecessors, and some of his contemporaries. He has used his own eyes, and written from his own perceptions; and his works exhibit a fidelity of detail, and a general truth, which are a delightful restorative after mere fancy pictures. The tendency of mind, which has made him look in this way at the men and things around him, has also marked with its own peculiarities his mode of contemplating the past. For him, history is a pageant; and as the world is a finely painted scene, so are mankind a gay procession. He sees, in bygone centuries, but heaps of brilliant facts. Every individual age and climate seems present to his thoughts, as made up of certain characteristics of appearance,—arms, clothes and horses, festivals and buildings, the diadem of its sovereign and the doublets of its peasants. All times and lands have thus in his memory a splendid and picturesque existence; and his mind is like the glass of the Italian Wizard, or the cave of Shakspeare's witches, across which the portraits of dynasties, and the symbols of nations and epochs, are perpetually shifting and gleaming. The iron times of chivalry, the glittering magnificence of the East, the barbarian wildness of the Highlands, the prison of Mary, the Court of Elizabeth, the revel of Villiers, all pass before his view with equal brilliancy and motion; while the prime personages are accompanied by a train of inferior attendants, made out with the same beautiful accuracy, and animated by the same spirit of life and reality, which stir and thrill their leaders. The dim expanse of ages is thus illumined by the various array of a gallant and triumphant throng, winding on from beneath the porch of Abbotsford, through palace and wilderness, ruined minster and merry hostel, and leaving behind them a thousand glad remembrances, even when gilded spur, and sparkling carcanet, have faded from before us into mist.

Yet there is, in all his writings, the evidence of this main defect; he knows what is, but not how or why it is so. He has seen the outward,

but he has not connected it with that which is within. He has looked at the conduct, and listened to the speech, of men; but he has not understood from what kind of central source their deeds and words are drawn. He seems to have no fondness for referring things to their origin; and instead of considering men's actions as worth observation, only in so much as they illustrate the essential character of the being from which they spring, he has treated them as if they had in themselves a definite and positive value, modified, in the hands of the poet and the novelist, by nothing but the necessity of exciting interest and giving pleasure. It is not that he has no systematic theory of human nature, for if he had, he would, to an absolute certainty, be in error. But he does not appear to believe that there is any human nature at all, or that man is ought more than a means to certain external results, the which when he has described, he has done his task and fulfilled his ministry. There is incomparably more freedom and truth in his picture of our species, than in the books of any of the systematic speculators, Locke, for instance, or Helvetius; because he has seen the inexhaustible varieties of our doings, and has exhibited them fairly and sincerely, while such writers as those to whom we allude, have assumed some one small base, and attempted to rear upon it a fabric which, restricted and low as it is, is yet infinitely too wide and lofty for the narrowness of the foundation. But his idea of man is meagre and wretched, compared to that of the philosophers who have contemplated the mind, instead of measuring the footsteps; who have not sought to number the hairs upon our heads, but have dealt, as it were, with the very elements of our creation. This defect shows itself very strongly in every part of his works, where he attempts to cope alone with the thoughts of any of his personages. In his dialogues, he in some degree gets over the difficulty, by repartees, passion, and mimicry of the language of the time; but, in soliloquies, how barren and incomplete appears to be his psychology! and compare these, or even the best parts of the conversations, with a scene of Shakspeare, and the difference may at once be perceived between writers, the one of whom knows nothing but phenomena, while the other, with to the full as much of individual observation, was also imbued with the largest abundance that any man ever had of universal truth. There is scarce a page of Shakspeare that does not present us with the deepest and finest moral meditations, and with a living image of those thoughts which occupy men's minds, when they reflect upon their own nature, and attempt to overleap the bounds of the present and the actual. There is rarely any thing in Scott that pretends to this, the highest of all merit; we doubt if there are a dozen attempts at reflection in his voluminous works; and the standard of good which he exhibits, in so far as it differs from the merest worldliness, is only raised above it by something more than usual of a certain shrewd good-humour.

Exactly similar observations hold good with regard to his treatment of things inanimate. He sees, neither in the world, nor in human works, any thing more than so much positive

existence, more beautiful or more uninteresting, larger or smaller, as the case may be, but always something to be looked at solely for itself. And herein he would be perfectly right, if men had no faculty except that which has beauty for its object. There is doubtless a pleasure and a good in the contemplation of those things which are in conformity with the original idea of the beautiful in our minds; but there is also a nobler good in viewing all things around us, not merely by this one faculty, but as manifestations of still higher principles, and in connexion with moral and religious truth. Even as ends in themselves, almost all the objects around us have their beauty; but it is as forms and symptoms of superior and invisible powers, that it is most truly useful to regard them. Nor is it necessary to put forward broadly the intention of a writer on this point; but, if he has the feeling and the law within himself, their influence will be seen in every line he writes; just as in speaking of a picture, we need not explain the construction of the eye, or the science of optics, though it will be obvious that we could not have thought one word about the matter without possessing the faculty of sight. It is from the want of this habit of mind, that Sir Walter Scott's descriptions of scenery are in general so completely separate parts of his works; they stand out from the rest of the narrative, instead of being introduced casually, indicated by an occasional expression, or shown as the drapery of the thoughts.

Besides his mode of dealing with the results of his observations of men and nature, we mentioned, as connected with it, his way of regarding history; and this is certainly no less striking than the points we have just been treating of. If the narrative of past events exhibits them to us as naked facts, it does nothing; if it presents them with their immediate causes and consequences in the minds of the actors, it does much, and what few histories have done; if it displays them justly as exponents of principles, and results of the great scheme for the education of mankind, it does all that it can do. The knowledge of an occurrence is of no value whatsoever in itself. The most spirited description of it, which merely lets us know the dresses of the chief personages, how this man looked, and what that man ate, and tells us whether a sovereign died on a bed or a battlefield, gives us knowledge of nothing worth knowing. The points which deserve to be examined, are those which make manifest the feelings of the persons concerned, the spirit of the times, the great designs that were at work, and were spreading to embrace ages in their circuit, the peculiarities and progress of national character; in short, what the mind of the world was, and what means were operating to improve it. The events themselves are of interest only as exhibiting human motives, either in the individual or the mass, and thereby opening to us some new recesses of the soul, containing perhaps powers of which we were previously unconscious, like titles to wealth, or symbols of empire, discovered in some dark and long-forgotten chamber. Yet, in reading history, it is not upon such matters as these that Sir Walter Scott has turned his attention, but to the mere external changes and salient occur-

rences, to triumphs or tournaments, battles or hunting matches, to whatever can be converted into a picture, or emblazoned in a show. He has not read the annals of the earth as they ought to be studied; but he would probably not be nearly so popular a writer if he had. As it is, he has filled his mind with all that is most stirring and gorgeous in the chronicles of Europe, superstitions the more impressive because forgotten, brilliant assemblages of kings, and barons, hard-fought battles, and weary pilgrimages, characters the most desperately predominating, and events the most terrible or fantastic. Of these he has made a long phantasmagoria, the most exciting and beautiful spectacle of our day; and who can wonder or complain, if he, who delights mankind with so glorious a pageant, is held by almost general consent to be the greatest of modern authors.

The tendency, which we have now dwelt upon at some length, to look at humanity and nature in their outward manifestations, instead of seizing them in their inward being, has decided in what class Sir Walter Scott must be placed with reference to the moral influence he exercises. He would commonly be called one of the most moral of writers; for he always speaks of religion with respect, and never depraves his writings by indecency. But ethics and religion would be the least important of studies, and the human mind the simplest object in the creation, if nothing more than this were needful to constitute a moral writer. However, it is not so. He, and he alone, is a moral author, whose works have the effect of flinging men back upon themselves; of forcing them to look within for the higher principles of their existence, of teaching them that the only happiness, and the only virtue, are to be found by submitting themselves uniformly to the dictates of duty, and by aiming and struggling always towards a better state of being than that which our selves, or those around us, have hitherto attained. Sir Walter Scott has observed men's conduct instead of his own mind. He has presented to us a fair average of that conduct; but he knows nothing of the hidden powers which, if strenuously and generally called forth, will leave his books a transcript of the world, as erroneous as they are now accurate and honest. He has, therefore, no influence whatever in making men aim at improvement. He shows us what is, and that, Heaven knows, is discouraging enough; but he does not show us what we have the means of being, or he would teach us a lesson of hope, comfort, and invigoration.

"It is our will
Which thus enchains us to permitted ill.
We might be otherwise; we might be all
We dream of—happy, high, majestic.
Where is the love, beauty, and truth we seek,
But in our minds? And if we were not weak,
Should we be less in deed than in desire?"

Those who try may find
How strong the chains are which our spirit bind,
Brittle, perchance, as straw. We are assured
Much may be conquered, much may be endured,
Of what degrades and crushes us. We know
That we have power over ourselves to do

And suffer—*what*, we know not till we try;
But something nobler than to live and die:
So taught the kings of old philosophy.

And those who suffer with their suffering kind,
Yet feel this faith religion."

Though, therefore, it would be an insane malignity to call him individually an immoral writer, as he has always recognized the distinction between right and wrong, and never knowingly inculcated evil; yet it would be folly to pretend that he produces much moral effect upon the world, as his works do scarcely any thing towards making men wiser or better.

The most obvious ground, on which to fix his claim of a strong and beneficial influence over men, is the general and good-humoured benevolence apparent in his writings. In an age of so much affected misanthropy and real selfishness, this is, doubtless, a high merit, and it is one in which, in the works of Sir Walter Scott, does not carry with it the slightest symptom of pretence, or even of exaggeration. We feel, at once, that we are in presence of a man of free and open heart, disposed to laugh at every man's jest, treat every man's foibles with gentleness, and spread over the path of life as much as possible of manly generosity. It would be difficult not to feel, after reading his books, that peevishness and envy are bad and foolish propensities, that earth yields better fruits than scorn and hatred, and, above all, that there is nothing impressive in diseased melancholy—nothing sublime in assumed misery. His mind is evidently of the very healthiest and most genial sort that society will admit, without avenging itself, by calumny and oppression, for a superiority which reproaches its own viciousness. But it should be borne in recollection, that, excellent in themselves as are such qualities, and unalloyed, as they probably are, in Sir Walter Scott, a very considerable share of them is perfectly compatible with that kind of feeling which confines itself entirely within the boundaries of our personal connexions; and, though it would give up the most delicate morsel to another at the same dinner-table, would not sacrifice a farthing to do good to a kingdom or a continent. A similar character to that displayed in the writings of Sir Walter Scott, is the result, in many cases, of mere temperament and circumstance; though we perfectly believe that it exists, in his own breast, in its purest and most meritorious *acutur*. The benevolence that spends itself upon whatever may be brought by chance within its view, is an infinitely more agreeable quality than mere selfishness, but one that is very little likely to do any more good to mankind. We see it constantly around us, exerting itself towards every particular object it happens to stumble on; and yet perfectly indifferent and cold to the greater general designs, which would do good an hundred times as extensive, and a thousand times as certain.

We are not sure that Sir Walter Scott's political opinions are to be explained in this way, for we know the vast allowances that must be made for early prejudice, confirmed by subsequent connexions, habits, and interests. But we confess that it does seem to us a melancholy and painful contrast, when we think of

the many warm and honest sympathies expressed and embodied in the writings of this author, and then compare them with the narrow and degraded cast of his political feelings. We think of the statue with the feet of clay; of the king in the Arabian tales, the half of whose body had been changed to insensible stone; of the woman in Milton, so fair above, yet terminating in such monstrous foulness; of all, in short, that is strangely and fearfully discordant: for nothing in fable or vision can be more so than the politics and the romance of the writer in question. He, above all other men, would be likely to fall into such an error as this; because, from his attachment to the forms of one state of society, and his indifference to the spirit of all, he could hardly avoid imagining that those forms were valuable for themselves, and applicable to our own times as well as to the thirteenth century, and to London as well as to Lochaber. The crown and the coronet still seem to him the emblems of law as opposed to anarchy, though the only countries in Europe where anarchy exists, are those where the government is peculiarly despotic, as in Southern Italy, Spain, Turkey, and Ireland. He still thinks of feudalism and hereditary nobility, as the causes no less than the glories of the most brilliant of modern ages, though the remains of the system are even now the greatest curses to England, and the very name of hereditary wisdom has become a mockery and a hissing. To his eyes a splendour appears to have vanished from the world, since mankind have omitted that custom now confined, (except among soldiers,) to kings and courtiers, the wearing arms in peace, which, much more than two thousand years ago, was cited, by the best of historians, as the most evident relic of the rudest barbarism.* We fear, however, that even Sir Walter Scott himself would apostatise from the ninth to the nineteenth century, if a party of English borderers were making a forage, and threatening to burn Abbotsford. It is true, that no people ever existed, not living under some form of government which has, of course, grown out of their character, and adapted itself, in a considerable degree, to their peculiar circumstances. We are irrevocably connected with the past,—the prolongation of an antiquity which reaches back from us into the dim shades of an almost immeasurable remoteness. Every nation has within itself the germs and types of those institutions which are the most likely to produce its happiness, and which can alone be in conformity with its hereditary spirit. But these institutions must needs be altered, to fit them to the varying occasions and silent revolutions of society. It is thus that Solon reformed the government of Athens, when he saw that it was necessary, from the increasing power of the inferior classes, to give it a more democratic character; it is thus that the Licinian rogations admitted to a larger share of authority a commonalty which had become too numerous and too strong to be safely contemned; and thus it is, that, in spite of the opposition even of such men as Sir Walter Scott, the wardens, who guard the cob-webbed doors of the English constitution, will be compelled to

* Thucydides, b. i. c. 5, 6.

turn the rusty hinges, and draw back the rotten bolts, and to admit to the political sanctuary an equal representation of life people.

We have spoken of the mode in which he looks at men, at nature, and at history; and attempted to show how one great defect accompanies him in each. We have said something of his claims to be considered as a moral writer; and something of his political opinions and feelings; but connected more or less with all these subjects, there is another on which we have not hitherto touched, the necessary influence, namely, of the whole class of composition for which Sir Walter Scott is distinguished; and in speaking of the great bulk of his writings, as forming a class, we include both verse and prose, for the character of his rhymed and of his unmetrical romances is essentially the same. The great classes into which fiction may be divided are made up of those that please chiefly by the exhibition of the human mind, and those that please chiefly by the display of incident and situation. The former are the domain of the mightier teachers of mankind; the kingdom of Homer, of Cervantes, of Shakespeare, of Milton, and of Schiller,—a realm allied, indeed, to this world, and open to the access of men, but pure from our infirmities, and far raised above the stir of our evil passions,—a sphere with which the earth is connected, and moves in accordance, but which, like, to the sun itself, only shines upon the world to be its illumination and its law. Here is the true and serene empire of man's glory and greatness; and from this sanctuary issue the eternal oracles of consolation, which tell us to how free and sublime a destiny the human soul may lift itself. But the other class of writers, who find their resources in every thing that can create an interest, however transitory and vulgar, who describe scenes merely for the purpose of describing them, and heap together circumstances that shall have a value in themselves, quite independently of the characters of those whom they act upon;—it is the doom of such men to compound melo-dramas, and the prize of their high calling to produce excitement without thought; and to relieve from listlessness, without rousing to exertion. To neither of those does Sir Walter Scott exclusively belong. That he is not one of the latter order of authors, witness much of "Old Mortality," of "The Antiquary," of "The Bride of Lammermoor," and "The Heart of Mid-Lothian;" and yet, unhappily, the larger proportion of his works would seem to separate him entirely from the former; and, on the whole, he has ministered immensely to the diseased craving for mere amusement, so strikingly characteristic of an age in which men read as a relaxation from the nobler and more serious employments of shooting wild-fowl or adding together figures. Literature has become the property of the crowd, before the crowd have been made fit auditors of truth; literature has, consequently, been divorced from truth, and degraded to their level. But, alas! that men of genius, instead of doing something to reform their age, should submit themselves to the meanest eddies of that current which they might have turned from its wanderings, to flow between banks of fragrance and beauty, and sparkle over sands

of gold! Therefore, when it shall fill its appointed channel, it will leave their reputations but decaying wrecks upon the barren sands it will have deserted; and float forward, in the prouder triumph, the argosies from which it may now have shrunk away.

These are some, and we think, the chief of his errors as a writer of fiction. He has given us one work of graver pretension, the latest and the largest of his writings. But he seems to have so little idea of the essential difference between history and romance; not with regard to their comparative truth, but to their different purport, that it may well be pronounced the longest and most tedious of his novels. As to the question of mere fact accuracy, we believe he has not made quite so many mistakes as are commonly charged upon him. After the account of the Revolution, which is, in every way, contemptible, his narrative is tolerably fair and faithful. But it is not to this we look: the "Life of Napoleon" is the history of Europe, in the most important era it has undergone since the Reformation. It is, in the first place, the biography of a man who, in the most extraordinary circumstances, established the most wonderful empire that ever existed upon earth; who, though himself no philosopher, out-witted all the speculators of his time; who, though utterly and uniformly selfish, was sometimes more beloved, and always more admired, than any of his contemporaries; who, born in Corsican obscurity, lived to enter in triumph, Milan, Madrid, Berlin, Vienna, and Moscow, to play the sovereign over France, Italy, and Germany, to reconquer Paris from its dynasty of ages, and die a captive, in the prime of existence, on a rocky islet in a distant ocean. Such was Napoleon Buonaparte in his merely personal character; but feeble as is Sir Walter Scott's portrait of the man, how wretchedly and despicably insufficient is his account of the times! The close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, was the period appointed for one of those sudden and violent overthrows of old institutions, which, whether the forms be re-established or not, must leave them tottering and inanimate, which so break the ancient supports of habit and authority, that the mere expansion of the human mind will suffice finally to destroy the super-structure. They formed one of the marked epochs of the world; a going forth of the destroyer to prepare the way for a ministry of good. The relics of other centuries were stumbling-blocks and contrasts in our path, like the antique lances and rusted helmets which grate against the plough-share of the peasant,* and, like him, we flung them forth from the furrows which were sown with no ignoble seed, and were to produce no scanty harvest. But what did Sir Walter Scott discover in these things? He saw nothing but an illustration of the evils of popular resistance, of the perfections of the British Constitution, of the propriety of again subduing the continent to aristocracies and despotisms; and above all, he seems never for a moment to imagine that the French Revolution was merely one of those shadows on the dial-plate of history which follow and measure.

* Virgil, Georg. i. 493.

but cannot in themselves influence, the great onward movement of the human mind.

Sir Walter Scott must never again write history. He not merely knows nothing of the theory of historical composition, but he feels none of the majestic and far-seeing spirit to which alone is committed the power of unrolling the records of past centuries. He may enter into the sepulchres of buried generations, he may burst the coffins, he may breathe a new life into the bones; but he cannot decipher the hieroglyphics which would tell us how they thought; much less can he so withdraw himself from the petty influences of the present, as to transmit to future times a clear picture of that which it really contains of precious and permanent. But we trust that many years may pass before he himself becomes, the property of the historian; before we shall be permitted to measure the influence of his works, and the stature of his intellect, without incurring suspicion and calumny; before men will be allowed to say what we have said, and escape the charge of envying greatness because we ourselves are little, and of underrating the genius with which we cannot sympathize. Till time and death have secured to all men the privilege, none can hope more sincerely than ourselves that he will continue to vary the dull track of ordinary existence with his gay and glittering creations; and that if he does not defy criticism by perfection, he will at least persevere, as he always has done, to disarm it of its sting, by the unaffected sincerity and genial kindness of his nature.

From the Athenæum.

TO A BUTTERFLY SEEN IN THE
STREETS OF A CITY.

PURPLE-WINGED offspring of gladness and
light,
Backward go circle thy wandering flight,
Nor thus into dust and pollution surrender
Those gem-studded fragments of heaven's blue
splendour.

'Mid golden-spun twilight and rose vapours
born,
Where dallied the breeze with the dew-drop at
morn,
How swift might'st thou bear to the eyelids of
day
The young soul of Song breaking sphere-ward
away!

Or how well might'st thou seem with thy delicate
glory,
The spirit that lives in the breast of a maiden,
When passion and tears have not troubled her
story,
And the wings of her joy with no foresight
are laden!

Begone! O, thou angel of happiest tidings,
To sun-benny skies, to the isles of the blest;
The sounds of men's follies are threat'nings
and chidings,
Nor in this busy gloom can'st thou hope to
have rest.

Bright insect! through clamours, and buzzings,
and din,

Like a tone of sweet music thou wanderest in;
Through the mist, and the smoke, and the wide
city's shade,

Like the star of the morning in beauty arrayed,
In the spot of the broad earth most darkened
with wrong,

Thou shedd'st in thy flight, on the paths of the
throng;

The joy that of old made a paradise ours,
When yet thou could'st flutter on cankerless
flowers.

In that Eden, when still the white eyelids of
Eve

Had never been opened to gaze on the sod,
And that bosom was stirred with its first gentle
heave,

Which none had e'er seen but the seraphs of
God;

Over lips that, unknowing to kiss or to sing,
Had a passionless thrill they could ne'er feel
again,

The newly-born butterfly waved its gay wing,
And shone round the maiden, so innocent
then.

O! away from the sorrowful spot where the
ill

That she sowed upon earth has been multiplied
still;

Away, O! thou sweetest of God's living things,
To the nightingale's woods, to the faïres' green
rings,

To the cave of the rock where the dewy flocks
well,

In the twilight and cool of their moss-mantled
cell;

To the cliff that with ridges of pine-wood looks
proud

O'er the bright meadow dappled with tints from
the cloud,

Where in shade of the oak-tree the flow'rets
are gushing,

Where the steed in his masterless grandeur is
rushing,

And, while earth's thousand voices around her
are ringing,

The Spirit of Nature is dancing and singing.

Away to the vale where the tendrils of vine
With the limbs of the monarch-like elm-tree
entwine,

To the wild buds that gleam o'er the lone forest
waters,

To the sands and the shells of some far Gre-
cian bay,

Trod by the green billows' glittering daugh-
ters,

Warbling to tunes that the soft ripples play.

O! mount in the breeze as mounts a thought,
Soaring aloft from its daily dust!

Rise like a censor's vapour fraught
With the fragrance of love and grateful
trust!

And, airy butterfly, haste to roam,
And in south or in west seek out thy home.

Yet, O! again a moment stay,
Circling down from thy azure way,
For art thou not indeed to me

The genius of my earlier days,

Of hours from which too fast I flee,
 And backward bend a mournful gaze?
 Thou art the light and fearless soul
 Of my young being, that sweeps along
 In gladness, needing not a goal,
 And careless of all the care-worn throng,—
 That earnest without purpose moves,
 And from an inward prompting loves.
 Emblem of times when I lay beside
 The dim and gurgling river,
 And through the leaves that wreathed its side,
 The fountain-fay appeared to glide,
 With limbs that glance and quiver!
 When if, perchance, thy flitting speed
 Darted and wheeled by the grassy shore,
 I thought thee a heavenly thing indeed,
 And thou gav'st me a throb that I feel no
 more.
 And, flutterer! could I be e'en now
 The happy thing thou art,
 No memory to wring my brow,
 No hopelessness at heart,
 Ah! then how soon would I resign
 The storm of useless thought within,
 And on those azure wings of thine
 Float from this chaos of doubt and sin.

BRANDANE.

From the *Athenæum*.

DISTRIBUTION OF THE EMPIRE OF THE EAST.*

A CORRESPONDENT inquires why we have not noticed General Lacy's book? We can only answer, for precisely the same reason as we have not noticed the murder of Maria Marten—viz., because the public knew all about it before it was in our power to tell them any thing. There are no Literary Game Laws; and, if "The Times," "The Chronicle," and "The Courier," will poach upon our manor, we cannot hinder them. Nor do we believe, that, at this season of the year, we should be strict preservers, even if we had the power. Few and shy as the birds on our own estates are just now, the newspaper editors are in a still worse condition; and even the splendid coveys which they have started at Polstead, Dublin, and Schumls, are not enough to keep their guns from rusting. In such circumstances, it would be cruel to deprive them of the little amusement they may obtain by stray incursions upon us. In the meantime, as we are deprived of subsistence at home, we must look abroad; and the book in our title page contains the speculations of a French writer upon the subject which has been so ably, if not so satisfactorily, treated by our English military litterateur.

Except, however, as a proof how far absurdity can be carried, there is not much in these "Considerations." Here we have a writer who

* *Considérations sur l'Ancien Empire Grec, et sur les Progrès de la Russie, de la Grande-Bretagne, et des Pays Bas, dans la Domination de tout l'Orient de l'Ancien Monde.* Par J. Marchal, de Bruxelles. Svo. pp. 62. Jobard. Bruxelles, 1825.

sits quietly down at Brussels, and, in a pamphlet of 60 pages, arranges a new set of Governments for half Asia and part of Europe; we will present our readers with a slight sketch of his speculations. In the first place, we want a Power in the South of Europe to oppose a barrier to the aggrandizement of Russia; let us, therefore, he proposes, re-establish at Constantinople the ancient and most undoubtedly legitimate dynasty of the Emperors of the East, and restore the imperial family of the Palæologi-commeni to the Government of Turkey in Europe and Asia Minor. But what is to become of the Turks all this time? Why, the Grand Signior is to have a handsome pension allowed him, which he is to live on in Europe as a private gentleman; and, as for the rest of the "stupid Ottomans," they seem to be beneath the notice of our enlightened philanthropist. Then, to stop the progress of Russia towards India, we are to establish four independent kingdoms, joined in a federal union, like that of the North American States; viz. Egypt, Syria, Chaldea, and Armenia; and we are told that Persia and the Afghanistan would probably be glad to join the confederacy.

In the next chapter, we learn that the civilization of the world would be increased, without any danger to the balance of power, if Russia, England, and the Netherlands, were to make a partition of the Chinese Empire: and, then, as soon as the English Settlements in Australasia, and the Belgic possessions in Java and the neighbouring islands, have become flourishing and populous, Russia, England, and the Netherlands will divide between them the dominions of the East. It is a pity that, while he was about it, M. Marchal did not take France into the account, as he would then have had an even number of countries to provide for, which could so easily be done, merely by dividing the habitable earth into four quarters, and tossing up who should have the first choice.

From the *Forget Me Not*.

XERXES.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Author of "*Metrical Essays, on Subjects of History and Imagination.*"

A throne was erected for Xerxes upon an eminence; and there seeing all the sea crowded with his vessels, and the land covered with his troops, he at first felt a secret joy in surveying with his own eyes the vast extent of his power, and considered himself the most happy of mortals; but reflecting soon afterwards, that of so many thousands, in one hundred years' time there would not be one living soul remaining, his joy was turned into grief, and he could not forbear weeping at the instability of human things. *Relin.*

He look'd up on the ocean bright—
 And, far as he could gaze,
 One glorious vision met his sight,
 Lit with triumphant rays!—
 His ships in thousands swept the wave,
 In thousands stood his warriors brave,
 Worthy a monarch's praise!
 From east to west—o'er sea and land,
 Wav'd scarf and plume!—flash'd spear and brand!

He turn'd—what to the monarch then
Was splendidly reveal'd?
Rank upon rank—two million men,
Spread mountain, rock, and field:
Amazing host! before his eye
They march'd array'd for victory!
To conquer—not to yield!
Ambition fired his ardent soul—
The world seem'd laid 'neath his control!

That vast and valiant multitude
Own'd none save him their lord;
Nations to him for safety sued,
Thrones trembled at his word:
He mov'd! shook earth and boundless deep;
He spok! and far as tempests sweep
His mighty voice was heard!
He fought! deep pestilence and blight
Polluted long the field of fight!

Yet now, while gathering far and wide,
His legions shone to view;
A breath of woe'er vaunting pride,
Its withering shadow threw:
O power! where are thy glories now?
Thy votaries own, with burning brow,
They're fleeting, frail and few;
They find thy lustre, when most proud,
Is but the gilding on a cloud.

In light of youth, eager to bleed
For honours to be won;
Or pride of age and martial deed,
Victors of battles done;
They throng'd around him, while one thought
Into his brain like poison wrought,
He strove, in vain, to shun;
Like the destroyer's breath it came,
With chain and rack—with steel and flame.

'Twas this—that in one hundred years,
Which leave us like a dream,
Recording but life's many tears—
Lost youth nought may redeem:
Not one of all the breathing host,
That moment gladd'ning sea and coast,
Which godlike then might seem,
But would be mould'ring in the grave
With worms or monsters of the wave!

And 't is a thought the mind to sear
In brightest days of life,
To lay the hopes we hold most dear,
Bare to the torturer's knife:
It is a thought of bitter woe
To find with all we love below
Disease and death is rife!
To see the beauteous forms we prize
Fade day by day before our eyes!

The mighty monarch, in that hour
Of pageantry, desied
How transient was all human power,
How weak all human pride;
How poor the objects art may gild;
The very rock on which we build
Our fame—how false, when tried!
His conscience, which so long had slept,
Reproved him—and he wept!—he wept!

From the *Athenæum*.

THE SHELL,

AN HISTORICAL APOLOGUE.

"THE World was made for Man," said he.
"I will tell you an apologue," answered the teacher:

1. In a beautiful bay of the celebrated island Atlantis, a large Shell of the most delicate white, and the most rounded form, the relic from some previous world, lay on the smooth and elastic sand. It was left for a long period undisturbed and unaltered; sometimes kissed by the extreme bubbles of the billows, and often trembling so melodiously in the wind as to have furnished to the early gods the first hint of a musical instrument, and to have been the prototype of the sounding conches which accompanied with their deep notes the feasts on Olympus, and the Indian triumphs of Bacchus.

2. The moist dust gradually accumulated within it, and the germ of a sea-weed fell upon the soil, and grew until a fair and flourishing plant, with long dark leaves, overhung the white edge of the thin and moonlike vase. For many months the ocean herb retained its quiet existence, imbibed the night-dew of the heavens, rejoiced in the fresh breezes from the sea, and lived in tranquil safety through every change of shower and sunshine. At length a storm arose which rolled the waters upon the shore. The Shell was overwhelmed, the plant washed out of it, and the light vessel swept into a cleft of the rocks.

3. After some days of calm and warmth, a bird dropped into it a seed, which sprouted, and became an orange-tree. Its leaves were so thick and green, that they would have supplied a graceful chaplet to a wood-nymph, and she might have delighted to place in her bosom the pearly and fragrant blossoms which hung amid the tuft of verdure. The seasons with their varieties, and the starry influences of gentle nights, nurtured the shrub, and the pure flowers were changed into gorgeous fruits, which gleamed through the foliage like the glimpses of a gilded statue in some deserted temple through the robes and coronals of creepers which have overgrown it. The orange-tree had gladdened many spring-times with its sweetness and its splendour, when it faded and died; and the birds of the air piped a lamentation over the shrub, amid the living beauty of which they had so often nestled.

4. In after years, when nothing remained of the orange but a slight and dreamy odour around the Shell, and the last light grains of the dust wherein it grew had been borne away by the eddying breezes, a butterfly, as red and glittering as the planet Mars, came on its crimson wings to the dim and spiral cell. It fluttered round the ivory entrance, poised itself upon it for a moment, and waved its silken sails. Then, after darting and circling, like a winged mote of the sunbeam, through the deep woods and over the sea, it returned to perish. While it sank into its quiet and beautiful retreat, it yet seemed loth to leave a world which to it had been a fairy domain: but the necessity of its nature was upon it, and

it closed the gay leaflets which had sustained its flight, and resigned itself to death.

5. It was followed by a troop of bees, which took possession of the Shell, and, after their daily excursions over meadow and bloomy bank, returned to its smooth and undulated chambers with the materials of their combs, and with large store of bright and luxurious honey. The tiny echoes of their abode resounded with the constant hum of labour and happiness, and it was soon as brimming as a wine-cup at a nuptial-feast, with the rich and perfumed treasures of the insects, arranged and sealed in the exact compartments which filled the interior of their silvery palace. But a bird attacked and destroyed their commonwealth, and again the Shell was left empty.

6. A humming-bird, all emerald, ruby, and sapphire, then discovered the lonely nook, and folded there its jewelled wings. It soon found a mate, and together they lived a flowery life. He who had seen either of them wandering at sunset through the glen, would have believed that the brilliant core of the western sky was fluttering away along the earth; or the little animal might have been thought the choicest signet of a prince, transformed of a sudden into a living thing, and endued with the power of flight. When they wheeled together towards their home at twilight, no pair of fire-flies, no twin-lights of the firmament could be brighter than were their diamond crests. The sweet essences of a thousand buds and flowers supplied their nourishment; and, while they sucked the delicious juices of ripe fruits, their wings were tintured by the lightest bloom of the plum and the grape. But the rain dropped thick and fast into the Shell, and the gentle birds, which seemed made to whisper love-messages in the rose-bud ear of a lady, and to hide themselves in sport among her ringlets, departed from their nest, and sought in sparry grotto, or in southern bower, a more secure habitation for their lovely but frail existence.

7. Lastly, at sunrise, seemed flitting from the morning star an elfin spirit, which danced into the Shell, and assumed it as his home. It thrilled with life and pulsation; and, while a spring gushed out of the rock; and bore it along towards the sea, he spread his thin wings to the breeze, and sailed in his lily-coloured argosy away over the blue and sunny deep. The white Shell, and its new sovereign, moved forward with the graceful swiftness of a snowy swan, tilting over the light ripples of the water, and, when night came with its constellations, seemed to be itself a trembling star on the verge of the horizon. That spirit, too, shall inhabit the Shell but for a time, and shall then depart, that he may develop, in some other more fitting position, the whole capacities of his nature. The Shell will sink into the waves, and be joined to the treasures of the ocean caverns, in them, also, to aid the existence of other beings, and to fulfil a new cycle of its ministry.

That Shell is the WORLD: that Spirit, MAN. Yet not for man alone was it created, but for all the living things in the successive stages of existence, which can find in it a means of happiness, and an instrument of the laws which govern their being.

From the Athenæum.

PROSPECTS OF AMERICA.*

STUPID people may be divided into two classes, those who are aware of their own stupidity, and those who are not. Though the former are on much the worse terms with themselves, the latter are by far the more troublesome to others. The second kind of imbecility is that which characterizes the Author of "America," and "Europe," &c. The main purpose of his present work is to show that the "United States of North America" are freer, wiser, better, and more powerful, than any other part of the world; that its public men have been not only sage and great, but immeasurably superior to any others that ever existed, and that all the countries of Europe are fast sinking into utter insignificance. He sets out by asserting that the relative importance of the great European kingdoms has been entirely determined by the share they obtained of colonial possessions, after the discoveries of De Gama and Columbus. Under this head witness one or two assertions: "France and Austria, on the whole the two leading powers in the former system, failed in securing any share of the distribution of this vast *treasure trove* of new continents, and consequently, although rapidly advancing in wealth and greatness, were doomed to suffer a gradual and constantly progressive decline of their comparative weight and general political influence: this decline was interrupted for a short time, as regards France, by the episode of the Revolution, but has now resumed its course, and will continue to proceed with accelerated rapidity." Till the days of Buonaparte, France never was so powerful as under Louis XIV. "On the other hand, England, Holland, Spain, and Portugal, by dividing among themselves these *princely spoils*, rose at once, the three first at least, from the rank of secondary to that of first rate powers." So far from being a secondary power, England was for centuries among the foremost of Europe, and, as is notorious, held, under Henry VIII., the balance of the continent. These quiet assertions are to be found in the 6th page of the book. In p. 7, it is asserted that Spain lost her importance by the loss of her colonies. What was her importance in the 18th century? P. 8, maintains not only that Russia may conquer the whole of Europe, France inclusive, whenever it pleases, but that its people are as civilized as those of the rest of the world. In page 9, we are informed that England would necessarily lose her commerce, if she lost her colonies. Page 16, teaches us as to mixed Governments, "that in all the countries in which we see them established, they have been the effect of accidental circumstances." What is there in politics which might not be referred to accidental circumstances, if the existence of the complex institutions of Europe are attri-

* America; or a General Survey of the Political Situation of the several Powers of the Western Continent, with Conjectures on their Future Prospects.—"Matro pulchrâ filia pulchrior."—By a Citizen of the United States, Author of "Europe," &c. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 356. Murray. London, 1822.

buted to so vague a cause? A few sentences farther on, we are told that "Parliament claims and exercises the right of deposing the king at its pleasure." We might go on enlarging our catalogue of stupidities from every page of this book. At page 49, however, the writer out-Jonathans Jonathan, and affirms that the late emperor, Alexander, was "at one time the Titus of the age, and the delight of the human race," to say nothing of his possessing "a real heart of flesh and blood," and being a pattern of domestic virtue! And a little farther on, we find, on the authority of this impudent and blundering rhetorician, that the "external forms of generosity" are "in the highest degree valuable, even where the substance is wanting." We find in our notes a long list of inconceivable absurdities and unparalleled pretensions,—evidences of a degree of ignorance, folly, and conceit, which we had not believed could have found its way into print either in England or America. But we will neither waste our own time nor that of our readers by commenting in detail on this mass of nonsense and insolence. We will rather quote some sentences the most endurable of the book, and make a few remarks on the general system which the writer advocates:

"We ought not, however, to be so blinded by partiality for our own Government, or for those who have done us the honour to copy it, as to forget that the legislators of Spanish America, in imitating so closely the works of our patriots and sages, have not precisely followed their example. They too, had successful and plausible models before them, and they borrowed from several of them such parts as they approved; but they did not act upon the principle of copying immediately, closely, and throughout, the form of any Government before established. It may be said, indeed, and with great truth, that there was, at that time, no existing Government so well fitted to serve as a pattern in legislation as ours is now; but it should also be remembered, that the material virtue of a good constitution is its conformity to the condition of the people who are to be governed by it. Now the fact that a certain form of government has been attempted with extraordinary success, in one nation, instead of proving that it would be equally successful in all others, furnishes *prima facie* evidence that it would not; because we know that hardly two nations can be mentioned, whose condition is not, in some important respects, materially different. However beneficial a particular institution had been found in other countries, it would be necessary to ascertain, before it could be copied with safety, that the mode of operation would be precisely similar; and there is still, in this plan of legislation, the inherent danger, that you can never be quite sure that your observations have been complete and correct; and mistakes on these great subjects are of lasting consequence and often irremediable. These considerations are so important, that prudent men have generally thought it safer to adopt as the leading principle in legislation, that of maintaining the existing state of things, and, where alterations are suggested by particular circumstances, of not extending them much farther, either in conformity to abstract

notions or foreign examples, than the occasion itself requires. This appears to have been the principle that was acted upon by the founders of our institutions. The great object of the revolution was independence, and the acquisition of this was considered as the proper remedy for the evils attending the old system. The separation from the mother country left, however, certain blanks in the latter, and the principal object of our legislators, seems to have been to fill these in the manner corresponding most nearly with the spirit that prevailed in other parts of our institutions, and for the rest, to maintain these institutions as they stood. They introduced a new method of designating the governors and councils of the several States, the one in use before having become impracticable, and they substituted a new principle of union among the States, for the old one of a common allegiance to the King. In most other parts they left every thing in the main as it was. Some years later, this new principle of union was found to be defective, and a second generation of patriots and sages, as I have said before, introduced another; but they too made no further innovations in important matters, and with this improvement the venerable fabric of our institutions was left once more in its primitive state. Had the legislators of Spanish America imitated, in this respect, the example of our statesmen, instead of copying their works so minutely as they have done, I am not sure that they would not have taken a wiser and safer course. The one they have pursued would be perfectly justifiable, only on the supposition that there existed a strong similarity between the respective situations of the people in the two divisions of America; and it is therefore reasonable to conclude, that the Spanish American lawgivers proceeded upon such an opinion. It may also appear presumptuous to differ from them in regard to this point; but I confess that, as far as we are acquainted abroad with the character and condition of our southern neighbours, I am not able to discern this striking resemblance; and I think I see, on the contrary, differences in some very important matters, which would hardly be consistent with the easy and successful operation of the same institutions in both."—pp. 177—179.

The great purpose of the writer, as we may before have hinted, is to show that the United States must necessarily become the most influential portion of the world. In the course of his speculations towards this end, he makes use of all the arms of rhetoric,—assertion, analogy, declamation so vague that it may be applied to any side of any question, and reasoning so rigid that it can by no possibility be bent to the point it is intended to support. His main notion seems to be, that America is a new country, and Europe an old one, and that, therefore, the transatlantic empires must necessarily have the advantage of us. This is sufficiently loose; and the author attempts to give it strength and point by what he is pleased to call "philosophical" and "scientific" reasoning. But, as unfortunately he has no fixed thought from which to start, and a vehement determination to arrive at one particular conclusion, he naturally falls into a variety of in-

consistencies very likely, we fear, to confound the vulgar impressions as to what "science" and "philosophy" are. His political theory contains only one general proposition, that is neither so vague, nor containing so many debatable terms, as to be utterly nugatory. This is the opinion enforced in the preceding extract, that every nation has necessities and powers of its own, which require peculiar institutions; but, so little does he reason in conformity with this, that in many parts of his book he sets up the Government of the United States as the one standard of excellence, while in others he is so run away with by this, his single idea, as to propound the doctrine, that the Roman Catholic religion should have been made the basis of the States of South America!

Yet does the writer propose to himself to prove, that there is something so peculiar in the political establishments of his pet continent, as must necessarily render it the predominant portion of the world, and the United States its leading division. He asserts that the institutions of our ancient colonies, their unbounded command of virgin soil, and the enormous increase of their population, are the instruments which must inevitably place them on the throne of the globe. But, to make out his case, he adopts some singular assumptions. There will be no division of the confederation; its augmenting numbers will necessarily bring an equal augmentation in knowledge and morality; its Government can never change from its present shape; and its population will infallibly multiply in the same ratio as at present. No one of these points can be proved, nay, they may all be refuted; and a theory, as to the state and prospects of America be devised, which is, at least, in some degree consistent with experience, and falls in with the general course of human affairs after a fashion considerably less startling than the one in question.

The advantage of the Government of the United States is simply this, that it keeps together a considerable number of men, under some appearance of a State, without producing any very violent convulsions. The country is so situated, that there is little to repress; for there are no barbarous and semi-pauper classes. It is not, therefore, wonderful that we should never hear of a New England rebellion, or a Louisiana conspiracy. Every man in the land has the fair prospect of becoming a proprietor, and the certainty of receiving a considerable income. He has therefore an interest, such as he must feel every day, in upholding a government under which he enjoys such advantages; but is this sufficient for the kernel of a state? Is nothing more than this necessary to secure the permanence of human society? America has not yet undergone any experiment that could determine the question; and such men as the author of the work before us are little capable of deciding it by reflection. We confess it appears to us, that, until there is a provision for something more than the mere animal wants of a people, the state has small security for their allegiance, and will have done little for the well being of its subjects. The politician has nothing to do

with the purely religious questions; but brute instinct and daily self interest are not sufficient to retain men in society, after a country is so peopled as that the slightest difficulty is found in obtaining subsistence. A certain proportion of learned and of moral truth must circulate through society, to keep men good citizens, and of this we see no probability; for America has not yet been the parent of one idea, beyond the dead and narrow circle of outward phenomena. The myriad abuses of most ecclesiastical institutions have closed the eyes of many men to the benefit derived from them,—not to religion, (for that they have too frequently corrupted,) but to the intelligence and the morality of nations.* And, in enforcing the necessity of providing, in some way or other, in America, for the diffusion of knowledge and the inculcation of duty, not among children merely, but among men, we must not be understood as advocating the propriety of giving over the education of the country to any particular sect,—a point which is, at all events, questionable.

It appears to us, then, that the one constituent of good government,—namely, intelligence and virtue,—being unprovided, the other, property that is, has only existed in America by an accidental and transitory coincidence between the numbers and the wealth of the country. The rapid increase of the population will necessarily soon fill the whole sphere of easily accessible territory; and, by rendering it no longer easy for every man to obtain a respectable competence, will create a bad distribution of political authority. The powers and the interests will no longer be concentric, much less identical; and the United States will have to obtain through struggles and perils, and, perhaps, the catastrophe of generations, a new arrangement and further equipoise of the State.

In the mean time, the interests of the different portions of the Union will clash. An enormous inland population will hardly feel in common with the maritime provinces. The mountains will do battle against the sea; nor will nations at the mouth of the Mississippi be ruled from the source of the Chesapeake. Nor is it advisable that they should. The growth of mankind will, doubtless, fill the whole of America with life and energy; but not a tithe of the population, which may well exist between the springs of the Missouri and the Isthmus of Darien, ever was, or can be, well governed from a single centre of political activity. The sphere of human nature, of Christianity, of civilization, is stretching, under the wings of Providence, over all the globe; but in every portion, in every people, there will be an individual life, and an especial organization, and their laws and limits will be determined by secondary causes, which such writers as the one before us can ill comprehend, and by a wisdom far above his vain and selfish imagination.

Do we say these things because we are jealous of any greatness to which America may aspire? God forbid! May she go on in prosperity and freedom, with a love, a knowledge, and a practice of truth and justice, extending

* Sed quære.—Ed.

more rapidly than her population! They have far harder obstacles to conquer than lakes or precipices. May she be guided by wiser counsellors than this man, and never listen to the empty and malignant voices which would persuade her that she is to calculate the period when her numbers and her fleets will enable her to overcome the world, and when her eyes will be gladdened by the sight of the decaying intelligence and failing strength of that older continent from which she drew her knowledge, her religion, her life blood, and in which are still garnered the chiefest hopes and most excellent glories of humanity. We would point her attention, not to her institutions, which are but the changeable and mouldering vestments of an undying spirit, not to the splendour of her conquests over the dead resistance of a wilderness, not to achievements of fleets and armies, or to the hope that her millions will one day give laws to the universe, but to the duty of strengthening the inward life, the morality, the wisdom, the religion of society, and of every individual soul. Her real freedom is not treasured in munitments, or preserved in the trophies of battlefields: it is not to be extended by annexing new provinces, or best supported by cannons or men of war. It has no real and substantial, no immortal and procreant existence, but in minds resolved against the slavery of ambition, luxuriousness, and vanity, and ready to sacrifice all, to live or die, for the humblest duty of our daily paths as eagerly as in a cause which is adorned by a thousand banners, and cheered upon its way with the applauses of a million tongues. K.

From the *Forget Me Not*.

EPITAPH ON A GNAT,

Found crushed on the Leaf of a Lady's Album, and Written (with a different reading in the last Line) in Lead Pencil beneath it.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

LIE there, embalm'd from age to age!—
This is the Album's noblest page,
Though every glowing leaf be fraught
With painting, poesy, and thought;
Where tracks of mortal hands are seen,
A hand invisible hath been,
And left this autograph behind,
This image from th' eternal mind;
A work of skill surpassing sense,
A labour of Omnipotence!

Though frail as dust it meet the eye,
He form'd this gnat who built the sky;
Stop—lest it vanish at thy breath—
This speck had life and suffer'd death!

Sheffield, July 18, 1827.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

THE gloomiest day hath gleams of light;
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not *all* gloom;
The saddest heart is not *all* sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never *quite* despair;
Nor life, nor death, the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of Care,
Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

F. H.

THE HOUR TOO MANY.

HAIL, land of the kangaroo!—paradise of the bush-ranger!—purgatory of England!—happy scene, where the sheep-stealer is metamorphosed into the shepherd; the highwayman is the guardian of the road; the dandy is delicate no more, and earns his daily bread; and the Court of Chancery is unknown—hail to thee, soil of larceny and love! of pickpockets and principle! of every fraud under heaven, and primeval virtue! daughter of jails, and mother of empires!—hail to thee, New South Wales!

In all my years—and I am now no boy; and in all my travels—and I am now at the antipodes; I have never heard any maxim so often as, that time is short; yet no maxim that ever dropt from human lips is further from the truth. I appeal to the experience of mankind—to the three hundred heirs of the British peerage, whom their gouty fathers keep out of their honours and estates—to the six hundred and sixty-eight candidates for seats in parliament, which they must wait for till the present sitters die; or turn rebellious to their noble patrons, or their borough patrons, or their Jew patrons; or plunge into joint-stock ruin, and expatriate themselves, for the astonishment of all other countries, and the benefit of their own;—to the six thousand five hundred heroes of the half-pay, longing for tardy war;—to the hundred thousand promissory excisemen lying on the soul of the chancellor of the exchequer, and pining for the mortality of every gauger from the Lizard to the Orkneys;—and, to club the whole discomfort into one, to the entire race of the fine and superfluous, who breathe the vital air, from five thousand a year to twenty times the rental, the unhappy population of the realms of indolence included in Bond-street, St. James's, and the squares.

For my own part, in all my experience of European deficiencies, I have never found any deficiency of time. Money went like the wind; champagne grew scanty; the trust of tailors ran down to the dregs; the smiles of my fair flirts grew rare as diamonds: every thing became as dry, dull, and stagnant as the Serpentine in summer; but time never failed me. I had a perpetual abundance of a commodity which the philosophers told me was beyond price. I had not merely enough for myself, but enough to give to others; until I discovered the fact, that it was as little a favourite with others as myself, and that, whatever the plausible might say, there was nothing on earth for which they would not be more obliged to me than a donation of my superfluous time.

But now let me give a sketch of my story. A single fact is worth a hundred reflections.

The first consciousness that I remember,

was that of having a superabundance of time; and my first ingenuity was demanded for getting rid of the encumbrance. I had always an hour, that perplexed my skill to know what to do with this treasure. A schoolboy turn for long excursions in any direction but that of my pedagogue, indicative of a future general officer; a naturalist-taste for bird-nesting, which, in maturer years, would have made me one of the wonders of the Linnæan Society; a passion for investigating the inside of every thing, from a Catherine-wheel to a China-closet, which would yet have intitled me to the honours of an F.R.S.; and an original vigour in the plunder of orchards, which undoubtedly might have laid the foundation of a first lord of the treasury; were nature's helps to get rid of this oppressive bounty. But though I fought the enemy with perpetual vigour and perpetual variety, he was not to be put to flight by a striping; and I went to the university as far from being a conqueror as ever.

At Oxford I found the superabundance of this great gift acknowledged with an openness worthy of English candour, and combated with the dexterity of an experience five hundred years old. Port-drinking, flirtation, lounging, the invention of new ties to cravats, and new tricks on proctors; billiards, boxing, and barmaids; seventeen ways of mulling sherry, and as many dozen ways of raising "the supplies," were adopted with an adroitness that must have baffled all but the invincible. Yet Time was master at last; and he always indulged me with a liberality that would have driven a less resolute spirit to the bottom of the Isis.

At length I gave way; left the university with my blessing and my debts; and rushed up to London, as the *grand place d'armes*, the central spot from which the enemy was excluded by the united strength, wit, and wisdom, of a million and a half of men.

I might as well have staid bird-nesting in Berkshire. I found the happiest contrivances against the universal invader fail. Pigeon-matches; public dinners; coffee-houses; blue-stocking reunions; private morning quadrille practice, with public evening exhibitions of their fruits; dilettanti breakfasts, with a bronze Hercules standing among the bread and butter, or a reposing east of Venus, fresh from Pompeii, as black and nude as a negress disporting on the banks of the Senegal, but dear and delicate to the eyes of taste; Sunday mornings at Tattersal's jockeying till the churches let out their population and the time for visits was come; and Sunday evening routs at the duchess's, with a cotillon by the *raies danseuses* of the opera, followed by a concert, a round game, and a select supper for the initiated; the whole failed. I had always an hour too much—sixty mortal minutes, and every one of them an hour in itself, that I could never squeeze down.

"Ye gods, annihilate both space and time,
And make two lovers happy,"

may have been called a not over-modest request; but I can vouch for at least one-half of it being the daily prayer of some thousands of the best dressed people that the sun ever summoned to a day of twenty-four hours long.

On feeling the symptoms of this horary visitation, I regularly rushed into the streets, on the principle that some alleviation of misery is always to be found in fellow suffering. This maxim I invariably found false, like every other piece of the boasted wisdom of mankind. I found the suffering infinitely increased by the association with my fellow fashionable. A man might as well have fled from his chamber to enjoy comfort in the wards of an hospital.

In one of my marches up and down the *parc* of St. James's-street, that treadmill of gentlemen convicted in the penalty of having nothing to do, I lounged into the little hotel of the Guards, that stands beside the great hotel of the gamblers, like a babe under its mamma's wing—the likeness admirable, though the scale diminutive. That "hour too many" cost me three games of billiards, my bachelor's house, and one thousand pounds. This price of sixty minutes startled me a little; and, for a week, I meditated with some seriousness on the superior gaiety of a life spent in paving the streets, driving a waggon, or answering the knocker of a door.

But the "hour" again overflowed me. I was walking it off in Regent-street, when an old fellow-victim met me, and prescribed a trot to Newmarket. The prescription was taken, and the hour was certainly got rid of. But the remedy was costly; for my betting-book left me minus ten thousand pounds.

I returned to town like a patient from a watering-place; relieved of every thing but the disease that took me there. My last shilling remained among the noble blacklegs; but nothing could rob me of a fragment of my superfluous time, and I brought even a tenfold allowance of it back. But every disease has a crisis; and when a lounge through the streets became at once useless and inconvenient—when the novelty of being cut by all my noble friends, and of being sedulously followed by that generation who, unlike the fickle world, reserve their tipstaff attentions for the day of adversity, had lost its zest, and I was thinking whether time was to be better fought off by a plunge to the bottom of the Thames, or by the muzzle of one of Manton's hair-triggers—I was saved by a plunge into the King's Bench.

There life was new, friendship was undisguised, my coat was not an object of scorn, my exploits were fashion, my duns were inadmissible, and my very captors were turned into my humble servants. There, too, my nature, always social, had its full indulgence, for there I found, rather to my surprise, nine-tenths of my most accomplished acquaintance. But the enemy still made his way, and I had learned to yawn, in spite of billiards and ball-playing, when the Act let me loose into the great world again. Good luck too had prepared a surprise for my debut. I had scarcely exhibited myself in the streets, when I discovered that every man of my *set* was grown utterly blind whenever I happened to walk on the same side of the way, and that I might as well have been buried a century. I was absurd enough to be indignant; for nothing can be more childish than any delicacy, when a man cannot bet on the rubber. But one morning a

knock came to my attic-door, which startled me by its professional vigour. An attorney entered. I had now nothing to fear, for the man whom no one will trust cannot well be in debt; and for once I faced an attorney without a palpitation. His intelligence was flattering. An old uncle of mine, who had worn out all that was human about him in amassing fifty thousand pounds, and finally died of starving himself, had expired with the pen in his hand, in the very act of leaving his thousands to pay the national debt. But fate, propitious to me, had dried up his ink bottle; the expense of replenishing it would have broken his heart, of itself; and the attorney's announcement to me was, that the will, after blinding the solicitor to the treasury and three of his clerks, was pronounced to be altogether illegible.

The fact that I was nearest of kin got into the newspapers; and, in my first drive down St. James's, I had the pleasure of discovering that I had cured a vast number of my friends of their calamitous defect of vision. But, if the "*post equitem sedet atra cura*" was the maxim in the days of Augustus; the man who drives the slower cabriolet in the days of George the Fourth cannot expect to escape. The "*hour too many*" overtook me in the first week. On one memorable evening I saw it coming, just as I turned the corner of Piccadilly; fair flight was hopeless, and I took refuge in that snug asylum on the right hand of St. James's street, which has since expanded into a palace. I stoutly battled the foe, for I "*took no note of time*" during the next day and night; and when at last I walked forth into the air, I found that I had relieved myself of the burden of three-fourths of my reversion. A weak mind, on such an occasion, would have cursed the cards, and talked of taking care of the fragment of his property; but mine was of the higher order, and I determined on revenge. I had my revenge, and saw my winners ruined. They had their consolation, and, at the close of a six months' campaign, saw me walk into the streets a beggar. I grew desperate, and was voted dangerous. I realized the charge by fastening upon a noble lord who had been one of the most adroit in pigeoning me. His life was "*too valuable to his country*," or himself, to allow him to meet a fellow, whose life was of no use to any living thing; and, through patriotism and the fear of being shot, he kept out of my way. I raged, threatened to post his lordship, and was in the very act of writing out the form of the placard declaring the noble heir of the noble house of ——— a cheat and a scoundrel, when, by the twopenny post, I received a notice from the Horse Guards that I was on that day to appear in the Gazette as ensign in his majesty's ——— regiment, then serving in the Peninsula, with orders to join without delay.

This was enough from his lordship, and was certainly better for me than running the chance of damages in the King's Bench, for provoking his majesty's subjects to a breach of the peace. I was gazetted; tried on my uniform before the mirror, entirely approved of my appearance, and wrote my last letter to my last flirt. The Portsmouth mail was to start at eight. I had an hour to spare, and

sallied into the street. I met an honest-faced old acquaintance, as much at a loss as myself to slay the hour. We were driven by a shower into shelter. The rattle of dice was heard within a green baize covered door. We could not stay for ever shivering on the outside. Fortune favoured me; in half an hour I was master of a thousand pounds: it would have been obvious folly and ingratitude to check the torrent of success for the paltry prospects of an ensigncy. I played on, and won on. The clock struck eight. I will own that I trembled as the first sound caught my ear. But whether nervous or not, from that instant the torrent was checked. The loss and gain became alternate. Wine was brought in; I played in furious scorn of consequences. I saw the board covered with gold. I swept it into my stake, I soon saw my stake reduced to nothing. My eyes were dazzled; my hand shook, my brain was on fire. I sang, danced, roared with exultation or despair. How the night closed I know not; but I found myself at last in a narrow room, surrounded with squalidness, its only light from a high-barred window, and its only furniture the wooden tressel on which I lay, fierce, weary, and feverish, as if I lay on the rack.

From this couch of the desperate, I was carried into the presence of a magistrate to hear that, in the *mêlée* of the night before, I had, in my rage, charged my honest-faced acquaintance with palpable cheating; and, having made good my charge by showing the loaded dice in his hand, had knocked him down with a violence that made his recovery more than doubtful. He had seen my name in the Gazette, and had watched me for the express purpose of final plunder. The wretch died. I was brought to trial, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to seven years' expatriation.

Fortunate sentence! On my arrival in New South Wales, as I found a perfect gentleman, and fit for nothing, there was no resource but to make me try the labour of my hands. Fortunate labour! From six at morning till six at night, I had the spade or the plough, in my hands. I dragged carts, I delved rocks, I hewed trees; I had not a moment to spare. The appetite that once grew languid over venison now felt the exquisite delight of junk beef. The thirst that scorned champagne was now enraptured with spring water. The sleep that had left me many a night tossing within-side the curtains of a hundred and fifty guinea Parisian bed, now came on the roughest piece of turf, and made the planks of my cabin softer than down. I can now run as fast as one of my Newmarket stud, pull down a buffalo, and catch a kangaroo by the tail in fair field. Health, vigour, appetite, and activity, are my superabundance now. I have every thing but time. My banishment expires to-morrow; but I shall never recross the sea. This is my country. Since I set my foot upon its shore, I have never had a moment to yawn. In this land of real and substantial life, the spectre that haunted my joyless days dares not be seen—the "*hour too many*" is no more.

From the Forget Me Not.

TO THE SEA.

Thou glorious sea! more pleasing far
When all thy waters are at rest,
And noonday sun or midnight star
Is shining on thy waveless breast.

More pleasing far, than when the wings
Of stormy winds are o'er thee spread,
And every billowy mountain flings
Aloft to heaven its foaming head.

Yet is the very tempest dear,
Whose mighty voice but tells of thee;
For, wild or calm, or far or near,
I love thee still, thou glorious sea!

F. H.

From the London Weekly Review.

THE CROPPY; a Tale of 1798. By the
O'Hara Family. Authors of "John Dob,"
"The Novelans," and "The Boyne Water."
3 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

THIS novel belongs rather to the old school than the new, being more remarkable for the interest of the story, which is intense, and for the power with which events are described, than for skilful delineation of character, or dramatic dialogue. To speak the truth, we think the author very deficient in the power of creating or describing character. He does not make you intimately acquainted with the personages of his history, who flit before you in a kind of mist, and seem to elude your grasp. There is no one to whom you grow much attached, though you certainly feel a strong interest in the fate of the heroine, and of several others. The author seems to have been haunted with a sort of consciousness that he was incapable, without dealing in horrors, to keep the attention of the reader alive; and in one of those impertinent interruptions of the story, in which he frequently indulges, protests against the decisions of certain tyro-critics, who it seems are to take their first lessons in human nature from him. We are afraid that the poor critics alluded to, would long remain tyros in their important science, were there are no better helps than Irish novels to be obtained; nevertheless, if the author will affirm that the characters of Sir William Judkin and Belinda are copied from nature, we shall grant that the critics may learn something new from an attentive study of the "Croppy." To us these personages seem to be mere monsters, the like of which appear occasionally in the pages of modern romances, but no where else upon the earth. As a picture of the horrors of the Irish Rebellion, we dare say the "Croppy" is correct enough. As a specimen of its author's manner of describing those terrible scenes which were then but too common, we shall extract the description of the burning of a Croppy village by the yeomanry.

"'Bud what's that?' he asked in a quick whisper, as a thundering knock came to the door—'spako o' the duoul, and he'll appear!'

snatching up the candle, and placing it under the table.

"The yeomen, father dear, I'm amost sure!" cried Kitty, running in alarmed; while, as the knocking grew louder and louder, her mother stood staring about her in the kitchen.

"Bridget!" cried Jack in a low voice, of which, however, the tones were so awful to the good dame's ear, that she was at his elbow in an instant—'do you keep 'un talkin', for a start, till we get out, back'ard—Kitty, give the best help you can.'

"There came no horsemen to the door, Jack," said Peter Rooney very coolly; 'wouldn't it be good sense to wait an' see who's outside?'

"Ax 'em a question, Bridget," ordered Shawn.

"What 'ud ye be plased to want this hour o' the night?" demanded the poor woman, in a tremulous voice.

"Mother, mother! open the door, quick!" she was answered.

"Why, that's Tom, isn't id?" questioned Jack.

"Yes, father, yes—open, open!"

"Stop your hand a minute," interposed Peter Rooney, as the smith strove to undo the door,—let one that has a well-hearin' ear talk a little to the body abroad.'

"Phoo!—stand back, Pether—hasn't a father a good right to know his boy's voice?"—and the door was quickly opened, and Jack's son, a lad of eighteen, decently attired, as his accent and manner were decent, rushed in, pale and out of breath.

"What's this for, Tom?" questioned his father, in a struggle between reprimand and affection, while he held out his hand to his darling offspring; and the rather inconvenient pressure experienced by the youth might have told him that, notwithstanding his words and tone, the rough smith was glad to see him.

"Another time, father, I'll tell you how I heard the news," answered the lad, in great alarm—'but now, run, run! Whaley and his yeomen are at my heels—they spur to seize on you while I am talking!'

"Then Tom, there's no time for talkin'! Bridget,—clutching her arm—'clear the chest, if you can;—Peter Rooney, run out an' warn the neighbours—quick, quick, man!' Peter obeyed. 'Connors, an' you, Kavanah, help to rouse 'em out,—if a man kind is caught, he'll be flogged—hurry, hurry!' And they, too, left the house.

"Father, you've been making pikes, I hear," said his son to him, aside.

"They're in a hidin'-hole, my boy, under the anvil-block, that's fastened in a way no one knows but myself;—out, you, too, Tom; stand on the road, beyant the village, an' listen well to hear these murderers comin'."

The lad accordingly left him. The buzz of hurry and confusion was indistinctly heard in the village. The quick but not loud knock went from door to door. In a few brief and whispered words the inmates learned the approaching danger; and some rushed forth, but half attired, only attentive to personal safety; some, in their headlong haste, endeavoured, with muttered threats or intreaty, to force out their families; some snatched at whatever was

most valuable in their dwellings; and some, afraid to fly, crept into hiding-places; and, in a very short space of time, nearly the whole population, except some feeble women, or bed-ridden old men, or fear-stricken children overlooked by their parents, in the bustle and the darkness, were silently and stealthily speeding out of the hamlet. Half-way to their place of refuge, the galloping of horses came on theiraching ears; and at the sound the half-clothed mother tried to stifle the cry of her startled infant, which she dared not stop to soothe into quietness; or the whispering inquiry after friends not seen by friends, amid the throng; and the subdued warning to 'stale asy, stale asy,' were the only accents of communication interchanged between the fugitives.

"The hill that has been mentioned as rising above the village, ran some distance beyond it; and its summit, and the greater portion of the descent, were rocky and barren, only nurturing patches of dwarf furze, and spare grass, that the furze checked as it struggled into growth. At the side turned from the village, it was clothed, however, with oak and ash-trees; which inserting their fibrous roots between rocky clefts, drew from the meagre soil a sustenance scarce to be expected. A little streamlet, fringed with green turf, flowed by the foot of this declivity; and a lesser hill, more recently but more thickly planted, also arose from its edge; so that here was a secluded little glen, shut out at every side from observation. And hither came the inhabitants of the village, to crouch beneath the concealing foliage, and in the panting silence of extreme fear, until their dreaded enemies should have passed away.

"The frightened hare, when she has gained some distance from her pursuers, will pause, sit up, and lift her ears in the direction whence she apprehends danger; and so, after a pause of consternation, the closely-couched people began to question each other, and to start opinions or conjectures in more audible tones. Inquiries ran through them, as to the presence of members of their separate families; and low wailings interrupted by sudden calls to attention, arose within the little shadowed solitude, as the mother missed her offspring, or the daughter her parent. But the nearer and nearer noise of the galloping horsemen, distinct through the mild silence of slumbering Nature, soon hushed every breath; and, in the eager pause of fearful anticipation, every bosom became self-occupied.

"Shawn-a-Gow, clutching his son by the arm, had led on the body of fugitives. Arrived at the turfy margin of the silent and almost invisible streamlet, he caused him to sit down; and then commanding him not to stir till he should return, the smith, accompanied by the intrepid little Peter Rooney, ascended the wooded hill, gained the summit which overlooked the village, descended a little on the other side, and there, lying flat among a clump of furze, both cast down their looks to note the proceedings of the invading yeomen.

"No moon hung in the heavens; yet, though it was now the noon of a summer night, darkness, such as swathes the moonless nights of winter, did not reign around or below. Ob-

jects continued vaguely visible in the hamlet, and to eyes long familiar with their shape, place, and other identifying features, could not be confounded with each other.

"The watchers on the hill heard the thronging tramp of the horses' feet on the road to the right, past the hamlet. With increasing clamour they heard them enter the straggling street, if so it might be called, and drive along that quarter where the poorer cabins were situated; and as they passed beneath, the swinging of the iron scabbards against the stirrups was loudly heard audible, and their closely formed array, just a mass of shade deeper than that which surrounded it, became undefinedly visible.

"They proceeded towards the more respectable houses. Shawn-a-Gow raised his head above its screen of furze, and, with a muttered curse, saw them draw up, in obedience to the word 'Halt!' before his own dwelling. There was a loud jingling of their arms and accoutrements as the men jumped from their saddles; then a score of voices cried, 'Open!' and then he could hear the breaking in of his own door.

"He judged that some entered, while the rest repaired to other houses in the village: for, crash after crash, echoed from different points, followed by imprecations and threats of future vengeance, as the enraged party ascertained the flight of the former inmates. But quickly were blended with their high and angry tones the cries of some few who, through fear or accident, had not joined the fugitives, and who were now dragged from their hiding-places, to the upper end of the street, where stood the commander directing the proceedings.

"And still much bustle went on before his own house. Lights glanced backward and forward, just touching, with gleaming outlines, the forms of those who bore them. He concluded they were searching and rifling his dwelling; and after some pause, Shawn raised himself higher from his concealment, to ascertain if the feeble wailings of a woman's voice did not mingle with the louder vociferation of the yeomen. But he mistook; or else the tones became fainter, or were lost in the general uproar.

"'They're at their work,' he said to Peter Rooney, in a cadence resembling the growling bellow of the bull, half-terror, half a-thirst for vengeance, when the tearing dogs have at last obtained the grips that tames him.

"'The night o' the great slaughter is come,' answered Peter: 'whisht! that's Whaley's voice above the rest; they have some o' the poor neighbours cotched.'

The words 'Tie him up!' were those to which Peter directed Shawn's attention, pronounced by the commander in a loud pitch of voice.

"'An', d'you hear, Shawn? they're dbraggin the creature along—an' it's Saundhers Snayly, the old throoper, that's callin' out 'Croppy rascal.'

"Shawn raised his head again, as he asked, 'Isn't that like Bridget's cry among 'em? An' didn't I see her thrudgin wid the rest o' the women? Blood an' furies ne; now I recollect

she went back to get away the last o' the papers.'

"They won't do harum upon her," said Peter Rooney.

"I'll go back for her," resumed the smith.

"You'll do no sich thing, Jack Delouchery; have you a mind to give yourself up into their hands, an' lose us the strongest arm an' one o' the bravest heart o' the Waxford throops o' the Union! Lie down, man! lie down, I bid you!" continued Peter, with an energy that was natural to him, and that often had its effect upon his most colossal friends, as Jack half started up—"down wid your head, an' lie close; is there no concern on your mind for us all, if you won't care about yourself? Wouldn't the sight o' you, walkin, from this, tell them where to find every mother's soul iv us? Maybe it isn't Breedge; or, supposin' it is, they have no business wid a woman; an' an ould mother iv a woman 'ill get no other hurt among 'em, divils as they are, I tell you; so, asy, Shawn, asy; she's only cryin' out because she's frightened."

"Poor fool of crature," muttered Shawn, as he obeyed Peter's commands, and again lay flat—"she's yowlin' to think that she'll be a beggar in her ould days. Whisht!—a second time rising on his knee,—what's that Whaley is sayin' now!"

"Avoch, Shawn!—light it up, light it up, boys, is his word," answered Peter.

"By the Eternal!" said Shawn, at last fully starting to his feet, 'my house is a-fire, blazin' up to give the hell-hounds light!"

"The Lord help you! 'tis blazin', sure enough," said Peter.

"The smith kept a brooding and gloomy silence; his almost savage yet steadfast glare fastened upon the element that, not more raging than his own bosom, devoured his dwelling. Fire had been set to the house in many places, within and without; and though at first it crept slowly along the surface of the thatch, or only sent out bursting wreathes of vapour from the interior, or through the doorway, few minutes elapsed until the whole of the combustible roof was one mass of flame, shooting up into the serene air, in a spire of dazzling brilliancy, mixed with vivid sparks, and relieved against a background of dark-grey smoke.

"Sky and earth appeared reddened into common ignition with the blaze. The houses around gleamed hotly; the very stones and rocks on the hill-side seemed portions of fire; and Shawn-a-Gow's bare head and herculean shoulders were covered with spreading showers of the ashes of his own roof.

"His distended eye fixed too upon the figures of the actors in this scene, now rendered fiercely distinct, and their scabbards, their buttons, and their polished black helmets, bickering redly in the glow, as, at a command from their captain, they sent up the hill-side three shouts over the demolition of the Croppy's dwelling. But still, though his breast heaved, and though wreathes of foam edged his lips, Shawn was silent. And little Peter now feared to address a word to him. And other sights and occurrences claimed whatever attention he was able to afford. Rising to a pitch of shrillness that over-mastered the cheers of the yeomen, the cries of a man in bodily agony struck on the

ears of the listeners on the hill, and looking hard towards a spot brilliantly illuminated, they saw Saunders Smyly vigorously engaged in one of his tasks as disciplinarian to the Bally-breehoone cavalry. With much ostentation, his instrument of torture was flourished around his head, and though at every lash the shrieks of the sufferer came loud, the lashes themselves were scarce less distinct.

"A second group challenged the eye. Shawn-a-Gow's house stood alone in the village. A short distance before its door was a lime tree, with benches contrived all round the trunk, upon which, in summer weather, the gossipers of the village used to seat themselves. This tree, standing between our spectators and the blaze, cut darkly against the glowing object beyond it; and three or four yeomen, their backs turned to the hill, their faces to the burning house, and consequently their figures also appearing black, seemed busily occupied in some feat that required the exertion of pulling, with their hands lifted above their heads. Shawn flashed an inquiring glance upon them, and anon a human form, still, like their figures, vague and undefined in blackness, gradually became elevated from the ground beneath the tree, until its head almost touched a projecting branch, and then it remained stationary, suspended from that branch.

"Shawn's rage increased to madness at this sight, though he did not admit it to be immediately connected with his more individual causes for wrath. And now came an event that made a climax for the present to his emotions, and at length caused some expressions of his pent-up feelings. A loud crackling crash echoed from his house; a volume of flame, taller and more dense than any by which it was preceded, darted up to the heavens; then almost former darkness fell on the hill-side; a gloomy, red glow alone remained on the objects below; and nothing but thick smoke, dotted with sparks, continued to issue from his dwelling. After every thing that could interiorly supply food to the flame had been devoured, it was the roof of his old home that now fell in.

"By the ashes of my cabin, burnt down before me this night—an' I stannin a houseless beggar on the hill-side, lookin at id—while I can get an Orangeman's house to take the blaze, an' a wisp to kindle the blaze up, I'll burn ten houses for that one!"

"And, so asseverating, he recrossed the summit of the hill, and followed by Peter Rooney, descended into the little valley of refuge. Coming to the spot, by the streamlet's verge, where he had left his son, Shawn cast an inquiring look upon the turf, and then sat down by a reclining figure, which he assured himself was the object of his anxiety. But the smith spoke no word. His head sank to his chest, and he remained in moody thought.

"Nearly at the moment he withdrew over the hill, Sir Thomas Hartley came upon the scene Shawn-a-Gow had been regarding. From the windows of his chamber the Baronet had caught the vivid light of the conflagration, and even the shouts of the yeomen reached his ears, so still was the lonely night. He ordered his horse, and soon gained the village.

"Pushing up to the ruins of the smith's house, the yeomen appeared engaged pretty nearly in the same manner as when Shawn had taken his last look of them. One party surrounded a thornbush parched by the recent blaze, to the knotted stem of which was tied Saunders Smyly's victim. The powerful shrieks of the sufferer had sunk into hoarse and feeble cries. His strength had become exhausted from the continuance of the punishment; and as at each infliction his face turned over his shoulder to meet that of his torturer, its expression was such as humanity would weep at, and almost such as misbecame a creature wearing the form of man.

"Sir Thomas's heart sickened, but his usually mild nature also fired at the view. He quickly descended from his horse, and seizing Smyly by the throat—"Desist, scoundrel!" he cried; "the man can endure no more."

"Ballybreehone cavalry! dhraw swords!" exclaimed Saunders, startled at the suddenness and energy of the assault; for, in truth, he was a very coward. His orders were obeyed, and Sir Thomas was rudely pushed away.

"Your captain," he demanded, "where is he?" as the victim, gaining a moment's relief, turned a mournfully imploring eye upon the Baronet, with, "Oh, Sir Thomas, save me, save me! an' bid 'em to bring me one little dhrop o' wather—the dhrooth is choakin' me!"

"Sir Thomas's question was but rudely answered; the men pointed, however, to the group around the lime-tree, and thither he rushed to seek Captain Whaley.

"But here a scene of surpassing horror awaited him. As he approached the tree, the figure which Shawn-a-Gow had seen slowly elevated, was for the second time let down, only half deprived of life, however, in order that Captain Whaley might, if possible, wring from the convulsed lips and bewildered senses of the victim, confessions regarding a conspiracy with which he had no connexion, and also regarding the place to which his father had recently fled. For the smith, when he returned from the hill, did not sit down by the side of his son.

"After having been left alone at the stream in the dell, the boy had looked round to greet his mother; he saw her not. He arose and went among the groups of villagers, inquiring for her. The trembling people informed him that she had turned back to her house, to secure some important papers. Disobeying, or not remembering his father's commands to await his return without stirring, the affectionate and anxious lad set out, by the way all had come to the glen, in search of his mother. The moment he appeared in the village, the yeomen made him prisoner; and the reader knows the result.

"The parent for whom he had unhesitatingly risked his life, now sat on the ground, near to him, as, at Sir Thomas's approach, he was a second time lowered to attend to the questions of Captain Whaley. Though Shawn-a-Gow had indeed heard shrieks, when her darling was first dragged to the tree, the mother did not now utter a cry or a groan. Her knees were crippled up to her mouth, her arms and clasped hands encircled them, and she gazed around

with a vague and unspeculative eye, utterly silent. It was no wonder that her mind, never of a strong cast, should, at the sights she had seen, have quite failed her.

"Captain Whaley was engaged in a critical examination of the lad's spasmed features, in order to ascertain whether or not the vital spark had sufficiently returned to permit of farther appeals to the senses and the understanding of his subject.

"'He's gone in earnest now, Captain, I believe,' said one of the men, while something like alarm tempered the grim smile that accompanied his words.

"'No such thing,' answered the Captain; 'these Croppies have the lives of cats; it takes a long time to kill 'em.'

"His judgment proved correct. Convulsive heavings agitated the boy's bosom; his limbs quivered to the touch of returning life; a long moan escaped him; and when he was placed against the tree, slowly, and with seeming pain, his eyes opened, staring around wildly and haggardly, as if frightful visions met them at every glance.

"At this moment Sir Thomas Hartley came up. 'Gracious God, Captain Whaley!' he cried, starting back; 'is it by such acts as these you hope to bring back the wretched people to a sense of their duty?'

"'I require no interference from you, Sir Thomas,' answered the Captain doggedly; 'mind your own affairs; and I could you before, they will give you enough to do.'

"'This is my affair, Sir; it is the affair of every man who claims kindred with humanity, or who sincerely wishes to keep the peasantry of the country obedient to the laws, and faithful to their King,—but you, Captain Whaley,—you urge them on to ferocious retaliation.'

"'Be d—d, Sir! do you threaten us?'

"'I do not; I merely suggest to you what may be the natural consequences of such scenes, and such acts; and I declare it as my opinion, that the scene and acts which I now behold are sufficient to drive our whole country into insurrection.'

"'O-ho! you'll call up the whole County against us, will you, Sir Thomas? Bear that in mind, men; he promises an insurrection through the whole County of Wexford.'

"As Sir Thomas turned on his heel in disgust, Saunders Smyly ran up to the magistrate-captain, his scourge in his hand.

"'Well, Saunders, does the Croppy-hound give tongue, at last?'

"'He does, plase your honour; touching the instrument to the peak of his helmet, by way of salute, 'but I'll spake in your honour's ear.'

"'Be d—d! do you tell me so? Aha; I knew there was something in his budget—coming against us, you say, ten thousand strong? Well, with daylight to help us, I'd scatter 'em like chaff.'

"'But now to garrison, your honour, till the day comes.'

"'Ay, Saunders; Ballybreehone cavalry, prepare to mount.'

"'There was a general rush to their horses.

"'Tuck up this young rebel again, however, I'll tache him to keep secrets.'

No. 78.—4 Y

"'Before the Almighty, I declare,' said the lad, gasping, when they were preparing once more to obey their captain's orders, 'I know nothing, nothing, about the Croppy business. Oh, Captain Whaley! you ought to bring to mind that I don't; I have been at school with your son.'

"The sound of his voice acted upon his mother's shattered mind, as if the angel of intelligence and of mercy had shot through it a reorganizing spark. With a prolonged and piercing scream she sprang up from her crippled position, darted upon her son, caught his head between her hands, gazed wistfully into his features; and then, shrieking once more, till the rocky hill-side opposite rang to the fearful sound, she locked her arms so closely around the boy, that it seemed impossible to loose them, and both fell to the earth."

"Look there, Captain Whaley, and relent," said Sir Thomas, the tears bursting from him.

"We're ready to march, your honour," put in Saunders, anxious to be away from the threatened danger.

"I won't stir till this Croppy cur gets what's his due," answered Whaley; "tear her from him."

"The man that touches her must first cut me down," said Sir Thomas, bestriding the prostrate bodies of the mother and son.

"Ruffian hands soon removed him, however, and others clutched the wretched woman. She struggled desperately, and her screams rose more terrifically than before. They were suddenly answered by a furious bellowing shout from the hill.

"Does your honour hear? questioned Saunders; 'they're comin' hot upon us.'

"Mount, then," said the Captain, gaining his saddle; and he and the Ballybreehone cavalry were soon beyond the village." ii. p. 131—151.

The story is too complicated to allow of our attempting an outline; which we regret the less that almost the whole merit of the work lies in the interest of the tale, which is admirably sustained throughout, and which an outline would spoil.

From the Forget Me Not.

ON A PORTRAIT.

BY DELTA.

Ut pictura poësis.

As breaks the sunbeam through the storm,
Whose piles have just dissolved in thunder,
Appears to me thy radiant form,
And, scattering gather'd griefs asunder,
Not only brings me heavenly calm,
But bathes my wither'd heart with balm.

Oh brightest image of the past!

And art thou still thy smiles bestowing?
And dost thou deign those eyes to cast,
In their own sunny radiance glowing,
On me, as thou wast wont to do,
When love was warm and life was new?

Alas! alas! thou conjurest up,
From out the past, a glorious vision;

When boyhood sipp'd from Beauty's cup,
And Love rob'd earth in hues elysian,
Making this dull existence seem
Not Care's demesne, but Pleasure's dream!

Yes! 'tis thy very smile, the look,
So sweetly kind, so gently winning,
That first my spirit captive took,
When youth's romance was just beginning;
The eyes of blue, the roseate mouth,
The soft hair of the sunny south.

Behind thee glows the deepening sky;
Above thee hang green branches blooming;
Within thy white hand roses lie,
As 't were around the scene perfuming;—
There standst thou—all about thee wears
The aspect of departed years.

Yes, there thou art; so life-like all
That breathes around and beams about thee,
That almost I could on thee call,
Nor feel that earth is now without thee.
While gazing thus, stern truth would seem
Strange mockery all, and death a dream!

'Neath azure skies, with blooming trees,
The swallow is a constant comer;
While scents, and swarms of birds and bees,
Proclaim the bland return of summer:
Earth reappears in all its grace,
Yet lacks the beauty of thy face.

When gazing on thy semblance now,
That to my smile doth answer smiling,
My heart can scarce the truth allow
(So life-like is thine eye beguiling)
That what I love is only dust,
And shall not wake—but with the just.

All come again—all come again—
Young April's clouds, and July glowing;
The ripe fruits, the autumnal grain,
And ere November's tempest blowing:
But thou art of the past; the grave
Dare let not back and will not save!

At morning, when the little bird
Chirps from the bough to break my slumber,
My widow'd heart for thee is stirr'd,
And in its loneliness will number
The scenes which once it joy'd to prove
With thee of cloudless bliss, sweet love!

And when beneath the evening star
I hear the darken'd waters gliding,
Or, pausing, gaze at Cynthia's car,
O'er the white hills of cloudland riding,
I listen for thy voice—and hear
Alone the night-winds sighing drear!

Yet better far it is that thou,
Now harbour'd safe from grief's commotion,
Art blest in heaven, and sharest now
The seraph's feast, the saint's devotion,
Than, cross'd by cares, that thou shouldst be
Still toss'd on life's tempestuous sea.

Bright shade of love! still beam for me,
Still smile in all thy sinless beauty;
And, warning from impurity,
Preserve me in the path of duty;
Since present joys are all o'ercast
By bright remembrance of the past.

And when a few grief-chequer'd years

Have o'er me flagg'd with heavy pinion,
O'er mine, wing'd from the land of tears,
Thy spirit shall resume dominion;
And I through endless ages be
Blest in communion sweet with thee!

From the *London Weekly Review*.

MR. SHIEL.

WHATEVER nature may have done for the mind of Mr. Shiel, she has given him few of the external qualifications of an orator. He is a man of diminutive size, with dark and uninviting countenance; but the sombre hue of his face is enlivened by an eye of fire. His voice is weak and slender, and totally incapable of sounding the high notes of passion, or the deep bass tones of earnest vehemence. It has been disciplined and cultivated with the greatest care, but will probably never be of that order which can rivet the attention and still the breathing of a crowded assembly. In a small room, or in presence of the Association, where every flash of fancy is welcomed with an applauding cheer, Mr. Shiel gets on well. But when cast among a large and discordant audience, when the passions of the orator should be roused, and the full measures of his powers put forth,—when a look or a tone should silence murmurs and fix every eye,—he sometimes loses self-command, and breaks into a violent and disagreeable scream. Beside his more fortunate fellow actor, Mr. O'Connell, he appears to little advantage. The "great leader" is a tall muscular man, with shoulders as broad as the burden which he has to bear. There is always some ore in the most commonplace of his speeches—some touch of feeling that proves him in earnest, and compensates for a multitude of sins. His manner and himself he seems equally to forget: he wishes to pour all his information upon his subject, and to persuade. Mr. Shiel, with his saturnine visage and flashing eye, insensibly reminds one of an angry spaniel rushing to the attack in company with a noble mastiff. He strains after displays, of which he is incapable; he wishes to be strong, and works himself into a passion—vigorous, and he becomes boisterous. He cannot make so much noise as his companion; but he barks more wickedly—and wo to the unfortunate passenger on whose heels he fastens. If his teeth be small, they are at least sharp, and freely enough applied. One would sooner, however, think of striking him over the ribs with an umbrella, than of grappling him by the neck, and straining every sinew to fling him down. We do not mean to undervalue his powers, or to hang him on the cross of ridicule: we acknowledge his abilities with cheerfulness, but think them overrated by himself and his admirers. Display is the soul of his oratory, the pivot on which all his movements turn. His words are selected with care and marshalled in imposing array; every resource of rhetorical artifice is employed to produce effect;—but still Mr. Shiel is the prominent figure in the group. He labours to strike

and to dazzle—to create a sensation, and be admired. In the highest pitch of excitement, when rising to the summit of his climax—even when trembling on the brink of his beloved *aposiopesis*—he remembers that the reporter for the *Weekly Register* is by his side, and that his speech will appear in the next day's newspaper. Hence there is an appearance of want of feeling—a palpableness of artificial passion and studied rhetoric—which mar the real effect of talents that would otherwise be powerful:—for talents he undoubtedly possesses, and of a high order. He has a clear head and strong fancy, and wonderful command of rich and splendid language. He argues with force and judgment; and though not gifted with much of what is correctly termed imagination, he sprinkles over his speeches abundance of gaudy and glittering ornaments. To his figures we must apply our former observation: they are flashy, and wrought up with great ingenuity and care; but they are all French figures, more ornamental than useful, the offspring of industry rather than genius in the hour of excitation. He allows his fancy to roam too much abroad; it is with him a principle instead of a subsidiary faculty, and is not sufficiently curbed by a correct or polished taste. He seems to be a tolerable classical scholar, and is doubtless indebted for much of his power of language to his acquaintance with the masters of the literary arena. But he has not gone far enough; he has not chastened his mind by the contemplation of the simple grandeur and pure majesty of ancient authors. The gorgeous magnificence of Asia is dearer to him than the austerity of the Roman senate, or the republican orators of the Athenian forum. He has not followed the advice of the poet about the "*exemplaria Græca*."

Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

His quotations are numerous and appropriate; his facility in quoting is scanty proof of classical learning. The man who devotes himself in honest earnestness to the cultivation of an intimacy with the great and gifted of other days—who has a heart to seek, and a mind to appreciate, their friendship—who can think with their thoughts, and feel as they felt—who will not deem the hour misspent when his fancy lingers amidst the breathless listeners of the forum, or hovers around the Academic retreat of poetry and wisdom—who will not stay to watch the running sand, when he holds beneath his eye the page which genius has filled, and time hallowed—such a man will betray the employment of his leisure hours by tokens widely different. It will flow in the stream of his language, and smooth without weakening the current of his eloquence. It will show itself in his taste and judgment, and forbid the flight of fancy to sink into coldness and bombast. It will check the wandering tongue, and pour the rushing stream with more rapid force along its natural channel. Original power, indeed, this learning cannot confer; without considerable power it cannot be even acquired—but it will sharpen and improve. The iron is ground in vain upon the stone to which the steel owes its polished edge. And whilst it enables us to feel and value the merits of contem-

porary writers, it will prevent the danger of being misled by those false meteors "whose light but leads astray."

In these remarks upon the value of ancient literature, we mean of course to embrace the luminaries who have flung the radiance of their genius over the domains of our native language. To undervalue them would betray an absurdity of taste, as gross as that which unfortunately prompts the ignorant of the present day to decry the importance of knowledge which they do not comprehend. We advocate neither the theoretical antiquarian, nor the servile copyist who can sacrifice his individual endearments on the shrine of the ancient giants. We have simply shown our reasons for dissenting from what we consider an unfortunate prejudice, which has probably had more effect than is generally supposed in causing the mediocrity so perceptible in most of our modern writers.

We have, however, wandered so far from the ambitious little gentleman of whom we were speaking, that we must borrow a little of his own abruptness, and get back as best we may. The change in policy which now seems likely to be adopted will soon reduce Mr. Shiel from the eminence on which he stands. If he were once seated in the House of Commons, his inflated style and theatrical arts would be feeble aids in buoying him up, or keeping his name afloat on the tide of popular favour. The breath of party has raised him; he has been an indefatigable champion of a body which sent from its own ranks few who could take a leading part in public and passionate discussions. Called into consequence by the Association, he has endeavoured to gain distinction by a forwardness in violence which O'Connell feels to be unnecessary. Mr. Shiel is always struggling for the mastery; and perhaps the very consciousness of his own deficiencies hurries him beyond the limits of moderation. He would be a disagreeable antagonist for a friendly match at the foils. But he should remember that bitterness is not strength; neither can ribaldry pass by the name of sarcasm. He is the author of several tragedies, which have been consigned to the tomb of the Capulets sooner than might have been anticipated. There were many of the scenes far from deficient in force and pathos; and the language rolled on in a stream of magnificence, well suited for the purposes of declamation. They are less disfigured by bombast than most of his speeches, and are, on the whole, very favourable specimens of his abilities. Yet they are not of that class which we would place under our pillow, or sit eagerly down to peruse for the second time. We remember the manager of a country theatre complaining that the whole rage of fashion was for comedies and farces, and that people seemed to have lost all taste for the tragedies of Shakspeare and Otway and Shiel—that is, as was sarcastically remarked on the occasion, Otus, Ephialtes, and Tom Thumb!

When the committees of Parliament were examining witnesses on the state of Ireland, Mr. Peel pressed the poor poet very hard about an anecdote which he had related in one of his speeches to the Association, accusing the Irish

government of an action at once dishonourable and impolitic: Mr. Shiel was compelled to confess that he had sacrificed the truth for the sake of "rhetorical effect." It will readily be presumed that he returned home not much prejudiced in favour of the minister. When he next addressed the Association, he thus alluded to an attack made on him in the House of Commons. "The sarcasms of the Home Secretary were not wholly unprovoked; for I had ventured to intimate that his language was bald, his reasoning disingenuous, his manner pragmatical and over-weening; and that to his opinions more than to his talents he was indebted for his elevation. Mr. Peel retorted—he spoke of *justian*, and I talked of *calico*: he touched on *Covent Garden*, and I referred to *Manchester*: he alluded to '*Eradne*,' and I glanced at *spinning-jennies*." There is a good deal of point in this. '*Eradne*' is one of Mr. Shiel's deceased tragedies: it is unnecessary to explain the allusions to the Right Hon. Secretary.

We have now done with Messrs. O'Connell and Shiel. The only other speaker in the Association who deserves notice is Mr. Lawless. He is a good declaimer, possesses much fluency, and delivers himself with considerable animation. He is perfectly at home when addressing an assembly of the forty-shilling freeholders, with whom he is a great favourite. But his influence in the Association is rather small; for he wants prudence in steering his course. When O'Connell and Shiel are in a rage, Mr. Lawless is downright mad. Hence, in all his disputes with the leader, he has been uniformly worsted, even when he had common sense on his side. It is not, however, necessary to pursue this subject farther. H. F.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE BOON OF MEMORY.

"Many things answered me."—*Manfred*.

I go, I go!—And must mine image fade
From the green spots wherein my childhood
play'd,

By my own streams?
Must my life part from each familiar place,
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace
Of its lone themes?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget
The welcomes there, the hours when we have
met

In grief or glee?
All the sweet counsel, the communion high,
The kindly words of trust, in days gone by,
Pour'd full and free?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,
To shrine my name in hearts where I would
live

For evermore!
Bid the wind speak of me, where I have dwelt,
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,
A thought restore!

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,
In the dim brooding violet of the dell,
Set deep that thought!

And let the sunset's melancholy glow,
And let the spring's first whisper, faint and
low,
With me be fraught!

And Memory answer'd me:—"Wild wish and
vain!

I have no hues the loveliest to detain

In the heart's core:

The place they held in bosoms all their own,
Soon with new shadows fill'd, new flowers o'er-
grown,
Is theirs no more!"

Hast thou such power, O Love?—And Love
replied,

"It is not mine!—Pour out thy soul's full tide
Of hope and trust,

Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain—
'Tis but to write, with the heart's fiery rain,
Wild words on dust!"

Song! is the gift with thee?—I ask a lay,
Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away
From the still breast;
Fill'd with a tone—oh! not for deathless fame,
But a sweet haunting murmur of my name
Where it would rest!

And Song made answer:—"It is not in me,
Though call'd immortal—though my power
may be

All but divine:

A place of lonely brightness I can give;—
A changeless one, where thou with Love
wouldest live,
This is not mine!"

Death, Death! wilt thou the restless wish ful-
fil?

—And Death, the strong one, spoke:—"I can
but still

Each vain regret:

What if forgotten?—All thy soul would crave,
Thou too, within the mantle of the grave,
Wilt soon forget."

Then did my soul in lone faint sadness die,
As from all Nature's voices one reply,

But one, was given:

"Earth has no heart, fond dreamer! with a
tone,

To give thee back the spirit of thine own—
Seek it in Heaven!" F. H.

From the Oriental Herald.

FRAGMENT.

LET not my life be like the stagnant lake,
For ever sleeping in the sunny beam:
I ask it not—no, rather let it make
A course like that of some fair mountain
stream,

Now rushing on its way with many a beam
Of sunny hope, now gliding through the mead
Of verdant joy, and now, if Heaven deem
More useful, through the lowly valley's shade;—
Though it be lost to sight, it still may verdure
aid.

From the London Weekly Review.

THE POETICAL ALBUM; or, Register of
Modern Fugitive Poetry. Edited by Maria
A. Watts, 1828. London: Hurst, Robinson,
and Co. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

WHATEVER may be the cause, the fact
seems to be undeniable, that poetry is now be-
come a very degraded thing among us. Every
body writes, but nobody reads it: it is out of
fashion. Perhaps, were the inquiry made, it
would be found that this consummation, which
was not so very devoutly to be wished, has
been brought about by the mistaken leniency
of critics, as much as by any thing else. They
have or pretend to have been afraid of nipping
genius in the bud by disclosing their genuine
opinions of books, and, consequently, by adopt-
ing a kind and encouraging tone, have acted
as a species of hot atmosphere in which the
most weak and sickly plants have been forced
into unnatural luxuriance. Another evil has
arisen from this system of criticism. The pub-
lic, accustomed perpetually to hear the voice
of praise, and probably not displeased to per-
ceive how little talent the critics consider ne-
cessary to secure immortality, are now startled,
if they are not shocked and offended, at the se-
vere decisions of truth. Every day furnishes
fresh illustrations of this fact. Persons who
have never studied the principles of poetry,
and to whom the very laws which govern the
mechanism of verse are unknown, set them-
selves up as judges; and, from the tribunals in
which the evil genius of the age has placed
them, deliver opinions which are a blot upon
the times, and would be the scorn of posterity,
were it possible they could ever survive.

For our own parts, we have but little sym-
pathy for mediocrity. We see no use in string-
ing together images which have been strung
together a thousand times before. We care
not to know that Jenny has jilted Hodge, or
that Hodge has forsaken Jenny. Above all
things we abhor the love of mediocre poets:—
the bare mention of the thing is martyrdom.
We fly from it as from the sound of a rattle-
snake. It is a provocative to suicide. The
philosophy of such persons is, if possible, still
worse. You would think they all lived, like
Diogenes, in tubs, and thence moralized upon
the nothingness of all sublunary things, upon
the absurdity of basking in the soul-reviving
ray of beauty, or of eating a beef-steak. In
their view of the matter, the eye of a pretty
woman is mere dirt, because, in a thousand
years' time, it will no longer rival the stars, or
because, if it did, you would no longer be alive
to look at it. The whole world, like the fruit
of the Dead Sea, is a painted outside, hiding
ashes and bitterness within. They have crack-
ed it, and tried it. So, if you admire any thing
earthly, you are a fool. "That's flat!"

Now this, for aught we know, may be very
philosophical, but we are sure it is far from
being new. All persons troubled with indiges-
tion have always said the same thing, and, for-
tunately, to as little purpose. "Dost thou
think, because thou art melancholy, there shall
be no more cakes and ale? Yea, by St. Anne,
—and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth, too!"
We hate the cant and whine of the drivellers,

who seem to fling back the joys and delights and ecstasies of the world in the face of Providence, as if God's gifts were not worth having. The true poet sees the bright footsteps of God upon the whole creation, and is happy in tracing them. He accommodates the shows of things to the desires of the mind, and makes the imagination serve as a glorious supplement to reality. But we must generalise no further.

The "Poetical Album" is a collection of pieces of various degrees of merit, and may, perhaps, without exaggeration, be pronounced to be the best collection of the kind. The Editor is himself a poet, and two or three of his best pieces are inserted in this volume. But we think that in selecting from the compositions of others, he has been much less fastidious, a great many of the poems in the collection being wholly unworthy not only of preservation but of perusal. This, however, is generally the case with all works of the kind, composed of slight fugitive pieces, written for a particular occasion, or thrown off, like the Frenchman's boot, in a moment of enthusiasm, and left to face the gaze of the world "with all their imperfections on their head." There are far too many pieces by Miss Landon, a clever young woman whom the injudicious praises of stupid critics have almost ruined, and who is now falling as rapidly into oblivion as she at first rose into notice. There are some sad things, also, by Mr. Barry Cornwall; and there is one piece by Mr. Jerdan, which, if it has any meaning, has a very indecent one in some places. It is, indeed, remarkable that of the little doggerel which this person has published, the greater part is disgraced by low or nasty allusions. However, to make up for this, there are some very sweet pieces by Mrs. Hemans, and Mr. Moir, and Miss Baillie, and Shelley, and Byron, and Campbell. There is one Ballad, too, by Mr. Thomas Pringle,* which is so full of poetry and simplicity and patriotic feeling, that we cannot resist the temptation to transfer it to our columns, where so many admirable pieces from the same pen have already appeared.

Our native land—our native vale,—
A long—a last adieu!

Farewell to bonny Teviot-dale
And Cheviot's mountains blue!

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song!
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads,
Our hearts have loved so long!

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow!
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe!

The battle mound—the Border tower,
That Scotia's annals tell;
The martyr's grave—the lover's bow'r,
To each—to all—farewell!

Home of our hearts! Our fathers' home—
Land of the brave, and free!—

* We hope our readers have seen the beautiful "Ephemerides" of this author, published the other day.

The sail is flapping on the foam,
That bears us far from thee.

We seek a wild romantic shore,
Beyond th' Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Or view thy cliffs again.

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we, or ours, forget thy name,
Green island of our sires.

Our native vale—our native vale—
A long—a last adieu!—
Farewell to bonny Teviot-dale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

The following song, which first appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, is distinguished by great sweetness and simplicity:

The birds have sung themselves to rest,
That flitted round our bower;
The weight of the night dew has bowed
The head of every flower;

The ringing of the hunter's horn
Has ceased upon the hill,
The cottage windows gleam with light,
The harvest song is still;

And safe and silent in the bay,
Is moored each fisher's prow;
Each wearied one has sought his home
But where, my love, art thou?

I picked a rose, a red blush rose,
Just as the dews begun,
I kissed its leaves, but thought one kiss
Would be a sweeter one.

I kept the rose and kiss, I thought
How dear they both would be;
But now I fear the rose and kiss
Are kept in vain for thee!

There is a tone of melancholy in the following verses, but still they are very good.

THE PAST.

BY JOHN WILSON, ESQ.

How wild and dim this life appears!
One long, deep, heavy sigh,
When o'er our eyes, half closed in tears,
The images of former years
Are faintly glimmering by!
And still forgotten while they go,
As on the sea beach, wave on wave,
Dissolves at once in snow.
The amber clouds one moment lie,
Then like a dream are gone!—
Though beautiful the moonbeams play
On the lake's bosom, bright as they,
And the soul intensely loves their stay,
Soon as the radiance melts away,
We scarce believe it shone!
Heaven-airs amid the harp-strings dwell;
And we wish they ne'er may fade—
They cease,—and the soul is a silent cell,
Where music never played!
Dream follows dream thro' the long night hours,
Each lovelier than the last;—
But ere the breath of morning flowers,
That gorgeous world flies past;

And many a sweet angelic cheek,
Whose smiles of love and kindness speak,
Glides by us on this earth;
While in a day we cannot tell
Where shone the face we loved so well,
In sadness, or in mind!

We dare say our readers have met with the following fine Sonnet before, but perhaps they will be pleased to peruse it again.

SONNET ON PARTING WITH HIS BOOKS.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

As one who destined from his friends to part,
Regrets his loss, but hopes again, erewhile,
To share their converse, and enjoy their smile,
And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart;
Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,
Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,—
I now resign you! Nor with fainting heart;
For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore;
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

At page 23 there is a poetical address to Mont Blanc, in Mr. Southey's style. It is heavy and lumbering upon the whole, but it has the following good passage:

Bright mountain,—Ah! but volumed clouds en-wrap

Thy broad foundations, curtain all thy steep,
And, rising as the orb of day declines,
Brood on the vassal chain that flank thee round,
Then thy whole self involve—save, haply, when
A quick and changing vista may reveal
Some spotless portion of thy front, and show
Thee not unstable, like the earth-born cloud,
Brilliant though hid, abiding if unseen.
Then, as the vale grows darker, and the sun
Deserts unnumber'd hills, o'er that high zone
Of gathered vapour thou dost sudden lift
Thy silver brow, calm as the hour of eve,
Clear as the morning, still as the midnight,
More beautiful than noon; for lo! the sun
Lingers to greet thee with a roseate ray,
And on thy silver brow his bright farewell
Is gleaming:—Mountain, thou art half divine!
Severed from earth! Irradiate from heaven!

In a poem by Mr. James Montgomery, on Night, the following four lines occur:

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose.

We must make room for the following poem:

TO A GIRL THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Thy smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays,
So beautiful approve thee,
So winning, light, are all thy ways,
I cannot choose but love thee:
Thy balmy breath upon my brow
Is like the summer air,
As o'er my cheek thou leanest now
To plant a soft kiss there.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound
Between the child and woman;
And thoughts and feelings more profound,
And other years are coming;
And thou shalt be more deeply fair,
More precious to the heart;
But never canst thou be again
That lovely thing thou art!

And youth shall pass, with all the brood
Of fancy-fed affection;
And care shall come with womanhood,
And 'waken cold reflection;
Thou'lt learn to toil, and watch, and weep,
O'er pleasures unreturning,
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep
Unto the cares of morning.

Nay, say not so! nor cloud the sun
Of joyous expectation,
Ordained to bless the little one,
The freshling of creation!
Nor doubt that He, who now doth feed
Her early lamp with gladness,
Will be her present help in need,
Her comforter in sadness.

Smile on, then, little winsome thing,
All rich in nature's measure;
Thou hast within thy heart a spring
Of self-renewing pleasure;
Smile on, fair child, and take thy fill
Of mirth, till time shall end it:
'Tis Nature's wise and gentle will,
And who shall reprehend it?

There is poetry in the following address to the Planet Jupiter, by Mr. Croly:

I looked on thee, Jove, till my gaze
Sank, smote from the pomp of thy blaze;
For in heaven, from the sunset's red throne
To the zenith—thy rival was none.

From thy orb rushed a torrent of light,
That made the stars dim in thy sight,
And the half-risen moon seemed to die,
And to leave thee the realm of the sky.

I looked on the ocean's broad breast—
The purple was pale in the west;
But down shot thy long silver spire,
And the waves were like arrows of fire.

I turned from the infinite main,
And thy light was the light of the plain,
'Twas the beacon that blazed on the hill:—
Thou wert proud, pure, magnificent still.

A cloud spread its wing over heaven:—
By the shaft of thy splendour 'twas riven,
And I saw thy bright front through it shine
Like a God from the depth of his shrine.

But, planet of glory and awe,
It was not thy lustre I saw,
For my soul was absorbed in the night
When last I had gazed on thy light.

I thought of the hand I had held,
Of the heart by that soft hand revealed,
Of the eye fixed with mine on thy beam,
And the world was forgot in my dream.

Flame on then, thou king of the sky,
For thy brightness is joy to my eye;
For this hour thou art beaming above
The home of my wife and my love.

From the Athenæum.

LONDON—A FRAGMENT.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.)

I HAVE seen what the world can show most remarkable to an astonished spirit; I have seen, and my astonishment is yet unabated. Ever rears itself in my remembrance that stony forest of habitations, and within it that impetuous stream of living human countenances, with all its terrible haste of love, of hunger, and of hatred. I speak of LONDON.

Send a philosopher to London—but, on your life, no poet! Send a philosopher hither, and set him in a nook of Cheapside: he will here learn more than out of all the books in the last Leipsic fair; and, as the human billows rush around him, an ocean of new thoughts will rise within him: the eternal spirit hovering over, will inspire him; the closest mystery of social order suddenly open itself to him; he will audibly catch, and visibly mark, the beating pulse of the world. Then as London is the practical, powerful right-hand of the world, so is that thoroughfare leading from the Royal Exchange to Downing-street, to be regarded as a world's artery.

But do not bring a poet to London! This bare reality in all things, this colossal uniformity, this mechanical movement, this uneasiness of pleasure itself, this over-excited London, crushes the fancy, while it wounds the heart. And would you send a German poet hither, a dreamer, who stops to contemplate every single object, perhaps a ragged beggar-woman, or a polished jewel-case? O, then things soon go badly with him, and he is pushed backwards and forwards upon all sides with a nationally gentle *God damn!* I soon remarked these people had a deal to do. They live on one great foot: though food and clothing in their country are dearer than with us, they must be better fed and clothed than we are. As belongs to ostentation, they have an enormous debt; yet, for the sake of bragging, sometimes they throw their guineas out of window, tell the nations they are ready to box 'em, all round for sport, and give their respective monarchs a handsome *douceur* into the bargain. Wherefore John Bull has to labour day and night to find supplies for such out-goings; day and night must he task his brain for the discovery of new machines, and count his earnings in the sweat of his brow, and run and leap, without much looking about him, from the harbour to the Exchange, from the Exchange to the Strand;* and, therefore, it is very excusable, when, at a corner in Cheapside, a poor devil of a *Deutsch* poet, all agape at a print-shop, stands in his way, he should push him aside out of it, with a not entirely courteous *God damn*.

But the print which I was gaping at in Cheapside, was the crossing of the French over the Beresina.

When roused from this contemplation, I looked again upon the street, where a motley rout of men, women, children, horses, post-chaises,—

amidst them, too, a hearse,—all rattling, roaring, groaning, growling, onward rolled: it seemed to me as though all London were a bridge of Beresina, where each one, in mad eagerness to prolong his little atom of life, would still press forwards,—where the strong horsemen tread down the poor foot-passenger,—where every one who falls to the ground is lost for ever,—where the best comrades, utterly unfeeling, hurry on over each other's corpses,—and where thousands, faint and bleeding, who would vainly cling to the timbers of the bridge, sink down into the cold abyss of death.

On the other hand, how much happier and more habitable is our beloved Germany! In what dream-like tranquillity, in what Sabbath-like repose, things go on there! The guard is mounted quietly; the uniforms and houses glitter in quiet sunshine; about the eaves the swallows flutter; at the windows the jolly lady-justices smile; in the bustle of the streets there is room enough; the hound can stretch itself quietly; men can stand at ease, discourse about the theatre, and bow low when perchance some proud curmudgeon, or bice-curmudgeon, passes.

I expected great palaces, and saw nothing but a wilderness of small houses; but even the uniformity of these, and their interminable extent, are powerfully imposing. These tenements of brick, become, by damp and coal-smoke, alike in colour, namely, a brownish olive-green. They are all of the same style of building, commonly three or four windows broad, three high, and adorned at the top, with little red rows of chimneys, which look like bloody teeth drawn out. Every English family, if it consists only of two persons, must inhabit a whole house, its separate castle; and rich speculators, in order to meet this want, build whole streets, in which they let the houses singly. In the main streets of the city, that part of London, the site of handicrafts and manufactures, where old buildings are here and there scattered amongst new ones, and where the fronts of the houses also are covered with ell-long names and numbers, commonly in gilding and relief, up to the roof,—that characteristic uniformity of the houses is not so striking, and the less so that the eyes of strangers are incessantly kept in exercise by the wonderful succession of new and beautiful objects which are exhibited in the shop-windows. Not merely the objects themselves produce a great effect, since an Englishman delivers all that he manufactures in a state of the highest finish and perfection; but the art of arrangement, contrast of colouring, and variety, impart a peculiar attraction, to English wares; even articles of daily necessity shine with a surprising and magical splendour; common articles attract us with a novelty of aspect; raw fish lie so pleasingly tricked out, that the changeful glitter of their scales allures us; raw flesh is placed, as if painted upon delicate varied porcelain, garnished with gay parsley; yea, all is like a picture, and reminds us of the bright, yet sober colouring of Franz Mieris. Only, the men are not so joyous as in those Dutch pictures: with the most earnest possible visages, they sell the most amusing playthings; and the

* Query.—to Exeter 'Change, or to "The Athenæum" Office?

cut and colour of their clothes is uniform, like their houses.

At the opposite quarter of London, which is called the West End of the town, and where the proud and idle world resides, the same uniformity is still more absolute: the streets are long and broad, the houses large as palaces. One finds, also, in this part of the town, great squares; rows of houses, like the above, which form a quadrangle, in the midst of which there is a garden, inclosed with a black iron railing, with, here and there, a statue. In all these streets and places, the eye of a stranger is nowhere offended with the ruinous hovels of misery. Wealth and pride tower above all, and poverty, pushed back into remote lanes and dark damp alleys, lives, unnoticed, with its rags and its groans.

A stranger who wanders through the principal streets of London, and does not hit exactly on the peculiar quarter of the people, will see nothing, or very little, of the manifold misery which exists in London. Only here and there, at the entrance of a dark alley, stands, silently, a worn-out female with an infant at her agonized breast, and begs with her eyes. Perhaps, if these eyes are yet beautiful, one looks a moment into them, and shrinks from the world of woe one sees there. The habitual beggars are old stagers, principally blackamoors, who stand at the corners of streets, and, what in dirty London is extremely useful, sweep a path for foot-passengers, and expect a copper coin for this service. Poverty in the fellowship of vice and crime, creeps at night-fall from its lurking-places. It shuns the light of day the more anxiously, the more horribly its wretchedness contrasts with the arrogance of wealth which shows itself off every where: only hunger drives it sometimes at mid-day from its obscure dens, and there it stands with dumb yet speaking eyes, and supplicates the rich tradesman, who hastens past, jingling his gains, or the idle lord who, like a satiated demi-god, rides a high horse, and now and then turns a proud, indifferent eye upon the human toil around him, as though they were diminutive ants, or a crowd of inferior creatures, whose joy or woe had nothing in common with his feelings. Above the human rabble which cleaves fast to the clods, hovers England's nobility, like a being of higher race, which looks on little England as a lodging, Italy as its summer garden, Paris as its company-saloon, and the whole world as its property. Without care or cupboard, they wear apart, and their gold is a talisman which magically satisfies their wildest desires.

From the London Weekly Review.

SONG.

This is the scene where we roamed of yore,

On autumn eves so splendid;

These are the meadows we wandered o'er,

With many a sweet thought blended:

Still are the forest-trees fresh and green,

The streamlet is singing, flowing;

And wild flowers on the smooth sward seem,

In their humble beauty blowing.

Museum.—Vol. XIII.

But ah! the bosom—the world hath changed,
Since these bright eves of glory;
Then seldom the spirit from pleasure ranged,
And life was a pictured story:
The blossoms breathed incense, and the brook
Made music as it glided;
And the sun smiled down with so sweet a look
That scarcely could Earth abide it.

Now she I loved is but a shade,
That made sweet things look sweeter;
And quenched is the hope, whose halo made
Illusion's trance completer:
Youth like a swallow hath winged away,
Care's brumal bowers bequeathing,
And I have outlived the fatal day
When she I loved ceased breathing.

Yes! radiant eye, and brow composed,
And cheek's carnation faded,
And the form which faultless grace disclosed,
In Death's drear gloom is shaded:
Sweet be the Memory, soft the rest,
Of her, too early perished,
And light lie the turf upon the breast
Wherein true love was cherished.

From the Forget Me Not.

THE HOURI.

A PERSIAN TALE.

By the late Henry Neale, Esq.

In the 414th year of the Hegira, Shah Abbas Selim reigned in the kingdom of Iraun. He was a young and an accomplished prince, who had distinguished himself alike by his valour in the field and by his wisdom in the cabinet. Justice was fairly and equally administered throughout his dominions; the nation grew wealthy and prosperous under his sway; and the neighbouring potentates, all of whom either feared his power or admired his character, were ambitious of being numbered among the friends and allies of Abbas Selim. Amidst all these advantages, a tendency to pensiveness and melancholy, which had very early marked his disposition, began to assume an absolute dominion over him. He avoided the pleasures of the chase, the banquet, and the harem, and would shut himself up for days and weeks in his library (the most valuable and extensive collection of oriental literature extant), where he passed his time principally in the study of the occult sciences, and in the perusal of the works of the Magians and the astrologers. One of the most remarkable features of his character was the indifference with which he regarded the beautiful females, Circassians, Georgians, and Franks, who thronged his court, and who tasked their talents and charms to the utmost to find favour in the eyes of the Shah. Exclamations of fondness for some unknown object would, nevertheless, often burst from his lips in the midst of his profoundest reveries; and, during his slumbers, he was frequently heard to murmur expressions of the most passionate love. Such of his subjects whose offices placed them near his person were deeply afflicted at the symp-

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toms which they observed, and feared that they indicated an aberration of reason; but when called upon to give any directions, or take any step for the management of the affairs of the nation, he still exhibited his wonted sagacity and wisdom, and excited the praise and wonder of all.

He had been lately observed to hold long and frequent consultations with the Magians. The kingdom had been scoured from east to west in search of the most skilful and learned men of this class; but whatever were the questions which Abbas Selim propounded, it seemed that none of them could give satisfactory answers. His melancholy deepened, and his fine manly form was daily wasting under the influence of some unknown malady. The only occupations which seemed at all to soothe him were singing and playing on his dulcimer. The tunes were described, by those who sometimes contrived to catch a few notes of them, to be singularly wild and original, and such as they had never heard before. A courtier, more daring than the rest, once ventured so near the royal privacy as to be able to distinguish the words of a song, which were to the following effect:—

Sweet spirit! ne'er did I behold
Thy ivory neck, thy locks of gold;
Or gaze into thy full dark eye;
Or on thy snowy bosom lie;
Or take in mine thy small white hand;
Or bask beneath thy smile's bland;
Or walk, enraptured, by the side
Of thee, my own immortal bride!

I see thee not; yet oft I hear
Thy soft voice whispering in my ear;
And, when the evening breeze I seek,
I feel thy kiss upon my cheek;
And when the moon-beams softly fall
On hill, and tow'r, and flow'r-crown'd wall,
Methinks the patriarch's dream I see—
The steps that lead to heaven and thee.

I've heard thee wake, with touch refined,
The viewless harp-strings of the wind,
When on my ears their soft tones fell,
Sweet as the voice of Isra'el.*
I've seen thee, midst the lightning's sheen,
Lift up for me heaven's cloudy screen,
And give one glimpse, one transient glare,
Of the full blaze of glory there.

Oft midst my wanderings wild and wide,
I know that thou art by my side;
For flow'rs breathe sweeter 'neath thy tread,
And suns burn brighter o'er thy head;
And though thy steps so noiseless steal,
And though thou ne'er thy form reveal,
My throbbing heart and pulses hush
Tell me, sweet spirit, thou art nigh.

Oh, for the hour, the happy hour,
When Azrael's wings shall to thy bow'r
Bear my enfranchised soul away,
Unfetter'd with these chains of clay!
For what is he whom men so fear,
Azrael, the solemn, and severe;

* The angel of music.

† The angel of death.

What but the white-robed priest is he,
Who weds my happy soul to thee?

Then shall we rest in bowers that bloom
With more than Araby's perfume,
And gaze on scenes so fair and bright,
Thought never soar'd so proud a height;
And list to many a sweeter note
Than swells th' enamour'd bulbul's throat:
And one melodious Ziralet*
Through heaven's eternal year repeat.

One evening, when the Shah was thus occupied, his prime minister and favourite, Prince Ismael, introduced into his apartment a venerable man, whose white hair, long flowing beard, and wan and melancholy but highly intellectual features, failed not to arrest the attention and command the respect of all who beheld him. His garments were plain and simple, even to coarseness, but he was profusely decorated with jewels, apparently of considerable value, and he bore a long white wand in his hand. "I have at length, oh king!" said the minister, "met with the famous Achmet Hassan, who professes, that if it be in the power of any mortal to procure the gratification of your highness's wishes, that power resides in him."

"Let him enter," said the Shah. The minister made an obeisance, introduced the sage, and retired.

"Old man," said Abbas Shah, "thou knowest wherefore I have sought thee, and what I have desired of thee?"

"Prince," said Achmet, "thou wouldst see the houri, the queen of thy bower of paradise; her who, in preference to all the other dark-eyed daughters of heaven, will greet thee there, and shall be thy chosen companion in those blissful regions."

"Thou sayest it," said the Shah. "Can thy boasted art procure me a sight, be it even transitory as the lightning's flash, of that heavenly being?"

"King of Iran," said the sage, "the heavenly houris are of two different natures. They are, for the most part, of a peculiar creation formed to inhabit those bowers; but a few are sinless and beautiful virgins, natives of this lower world, who, after death, are endowed with tenfold charms, which surpass even those of the native daughters of paradise. If thy immortal bride be of the former nature, she is beyond the reach of my art; but if she be of the latter, and have not yet quitted our world, I can call her spirit before thee, and thine eyes may be gratified by gazing upon her, although it will be only for a moment, transitory, as thou hast said, as the lightning's flash."

"Try, then, thy potent art," said the prince. "Thou hast wound up my spirit to a pitch of intense desire. Let me gaze upon her, if it be but for an instant."

"Prince," said the sage, fixing his dark bright eye upon the Shah, "hope not to possess her upon earth. Any attempt at discovering her abode, or making her thy own, will be disastrous to you both. Promise me that thou wilt not think of any such enterprise."

* A song of rejoicing.

"I promise thee any thing—every thing. But haste thee, good Achmet, haste thee; for my heart is full, even to overflowing."

The sage then with his wand described a circle round the prince, within which he placed several boxes of frankincense and other precious spices, and afterwards kindled them. A light thin cloud of the most odorous fragrance began to diffuse itself over the apartment. Achmet bowed his head to the ground repeatedly during this ceremony, and waved his wand, uttering many sounds in a language with which the Shah was unacquainted. At length, as the cloud began to grow rather dense, the old man drew himself up to his utmost height, leaned his right hand on his wand, which he rested on the floor, and, in a low, solemn tone, uttered an incantation, which seemed to be a metrical composition, but was in the same unknown language. It lasted several minutes; and while the old man was pronouncing it, the cloud, which was spread over the whole apartment, seemed gradually gathering together, and forming a condensed body. An unnatural but very brilliant light pervaded the chamber, and the cloud was seen resolving itself into the resemblance of a human shape, until at length the prince saw, or fancied that he saw, a beautiful female figure standing before him. His own surprise was not greater than that of the old man, who gazed upon the phantom he had raised, and trembled as he gazed. It appeared to be a young female, about fifteen years of age. She was tall, and her form exhibited the most wonderful symmetry. Her eyes were large, bright, and black. Her complexion was as though it had borrowed the combined hues of the ruby and the pearl, being of an exquisite white and red. Her lips and her teeth each exhibited one of these colours in perfection, and her long dark hair was crowned with flowers, and flowed in glossy ringlets down to her waist. She was dressed in a long flowing robe of dazzling whiteness: she neither moved nor spoke, only once the prince thought that she smiled upon him, and then the figure instantly vanished, the preternatural light left the apartment, and the mild moonbeams again streamed through the open lattices.

Before the exclamation of joy which was formed in the prince's bosom could reach his lips, it was changed into a yell of disappointment. "Old man," he said, "thou triflest with me—thou hast presented this vision to my eyes only that thou mightst withdraw it immediately. Call back that lovely form, or, by Mahomet! thou shalt exchange thy head for the privilege which thou hast chosen to exercise of tormenting Abbas Selim."

"Is it thus, oh king!" said Achmet, "that thou rewardest the efforts made by thy faithful subjects to fulfil thy wishes? I have tasked my art to its utmost extent: to call back that vision, or to present it again to thine eyes, is beyond my skill."

"But she lives—she breathes—she is an inhabitant of this world!" said the prince.

"Even so," returned the other.

"Then I'll scour all Iraun, I'll despatch emissaries all over the world, that wherever she be, she may be brought hither to fill up

the vacuum in my heart, and to share the throne of Abbas Selim!"

"The instant," said Achmet, "that your highness's eyes meet hers, her fate is sealed. She will not long remain an inhabitant of this world. It is written in the Book of Fate that she shall not be the bride of mortal man."

"Death, traitor!" said the monarch; "am I not the Shah? who shall gainsay my will?—what shall oppose it?"

"The will of Heaven!" replied the sage, calmly. "The irrevocable decrees of destiny."

"Away! avant! thou drivelling idiot!" said Selim, "let me not see thee more!"

The Shah's maladies, both mental and bodily, increased alarmingly after this event. The lovely phantom haunted him sleeping and waking. He lost all appetite and strength, and appeared to be fast sinking into the grave. At length he bethought himself, that if he could, from memory, sketch the features which he had beheld, he might possibly thence derive some consolation. He possessed some talent for drawing—his remembrance of the form and features was most vivid and distinct—and, guiding his pencil with his heart rather than his hand, he succeeded in producing a most extraordinary likeness. He then summoned into his presence a skilful and accomplished limner, in whose hands he deposited the sketch, and describing to him the colour of the hair, eyes, and complexion, of the original, he desired him to paint a portrait.

The limner gazed upon the sketch, and listened to the description with profound attention and evident surprise. "Surely," said he, "I have seen her whose features are here delineated. Indeed they are features which are not easily mistaken, for she is beautiful as one of the damsels of Paradise."

"Sayest thou so?" said the monarch, starting from his seat, while he tore from his turban some jewels of inestimable value, which he thrust into the painter's hand. "Knowest thou where to find her?"

"She lives in the southern suburbs," answered the limner. "Her name is Selima, and her father is a poor but learned man, who is constantly buried in his studies, and is unconscious of the value of the gem which is hidden under his humble roof."

"Haste thee, good Ali, haste thee! bring her hither—let no difficulties or dangers impede thee, and there is not a favour in the power of the monarch of Iraun to grant which thou shalt ask in vain."

Ali flew rather than ran to the abode of his fair friend, in whose welfare he had always taken a lively interest. He knocked at the door, which was opened by the lovely Selima herself.

"Sweet Selima," he said, "I have strange news for thee."

"Speak it then," she answered smilingly; "be it bad or good, the sooner I hear it the better."

"I have a message for thee from the Shah."

"The Shah!" she said, and her eyes sparkled with a mysterious expression of intelligence and wonder; but she did not, extraordinary as was the information, appear to entertain the

slightest doubt of its veracity. " 'Tis wondrous strange!"

" 'Tis true," said the limner. "He placed in my hands a sketch for a female portrait, in which I instantly recognised your features."

"It is but a few days ago," said she, "that I had an extraordinary dream. Methought I was in an apartment of surprising extent and magnificence. A cloud of fragrant odours filled the room; the cloud became gradually condensed, and then assumed the form of a young man of most majestic form and handsome features. Although I had never seen the Shah, I soon knew, by his pale, proud brow, so sad and yet so beautiful, his bright, sparkling blue eye, his tall, stately form, and his regal gait, that this could be none other than Abbas Selim. He smiled sweetly upon me—he took my hand in his, and as his lips approached mine I woke, and saw only the cold moonbeams gilding my chamber."

"Sweet Selima! why have I never heard of this before?"

"I told it all to my father," she said; "but he frowned upon me, and bade me think of it no more, and to tell my dream to no one. But thy strange message has made me violate his command. I have thought of nothing but Abbas Selim since. How happy ought the nation to be whom he governs; and, above all, how happy the maiden whom he loves!"

"Then art thou, my Selima, supremely happy," said the limner; "for of thee is he enamoured to desperation. Thou must accompany me immediately to the palace."

In the mean time the Shah paced his apartment in an agony of impatience. "Curse on this lingering limner!" he exclaimed; "has he combined with the Magian to drive me to distraction? May every vile peasant press to his heart the being whom he adores, and am I, the lord of this vast empire, to sigh in vain, and to be continually tormented with faint and momentary glimpses of the heaven from which I am debarred?"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when the private entrance to his apartment, to which he had given the painter a passport, opened, and his messenger entered, leading his fair companion by the hand. No sooner did the monarch's eyes encounter those of Selima, than he instantly knew that he was in the real, substantial presence of her whose phantom he had beheld. His wonder and delight knew no bounds, nor will the power of language suffice to describe them. He pressed to his heart the object for which it had so long panted. Health and strength appeared to be suddenly restored to him; new life seemed rushing through his veins; and his buoyant step and elastic tread seemed to belong to a world less gross and material than that in which he dwelt. When the first paroxysm of his rapture was over, he summoned the chief inam into his presence, and gave him orders to follow him into the mosque attached to the palace, for the purpose of immediately celebrating his nuptials with Selima.

The priest gazed intently on the bride, and his features became strangely agitated. "The will of Abbas Selim," he said, "is the law of his faithful subjects; but if I have read the

Koran aright, and if my studies have not been idly pursued, the finger of death is on yon fair maiden, and her nuptials with the Shah will but accelerate the approach of Azrael."

"Dotard!" said the prince; and he gazed upon Selima, whose features glowed with all the hues of beauty and health. "Tell not to me thy idle dreams, but perform thine office, and be silent."

The chidden priest obeyed the last injunction of his prince, and, with head depressed and folded arms, followed him and his bride to the mosque, which was hastily prepared for the celebration of these unexpected nuptials. Heavily and falteringly he pronounced the rites, which were just on the point of being concluded, when a man rushed into the mosque, and, with frantic and threatening gestures, placed himself between the bride and bridegroom. It was Achmet Hassan.

"Forbear, forbear!" he cried, "or Allah's curse light on you!"

"It is the traitorous Magian," said the Shah. "Villain! wouldst thou beard thy sovereign at the nuptial hour?"

As he spoke, he unsheathed his scimitar, and rushed towards Achmet. "Save him! spare him!" shrieked the bride; "it is my father!" and rushing between them, the Shah's weapon pierced her to the heart, and she sunk lifeless to the earth.

All were struck mute and motionless with horror at this fatal event. When they had somewhat recovered from their stupor, every eye was fixed upon the Shah. Still, and cold, and silent as a statue, he occupied the same place as at the moment of this fearful catastrophe. His eyes glared fixedly and unmeaningly. His lips and cheeks were of an ashy paleness. He returned no answer to the inquiries which were made of him, and the import of which it was evident that he did not comprehend. In fact, it was clear that reason had fled from the once highly endowed mind of Abbas Selim, and that the reign of one of the greatest and most highly accomplished princes who had ever filled the throne of Persia was terminated.

In a state of listlessness and inanity he continued for above a twelvemonth. A few apartments of the palace were all that remained to him of his once mighty empire, and the sceptre passed into the hands of his brother. His most faithful and constant attendant was the unhappy Achmet Hassan, whom he had rendered childless, and on whose bosom he breathed his latest sigh. As the hour of death approached, his intellects seemed to return; but his malady had so entirely exhausted his strength, that he could not utter a syllable. Once, from the motion of his lips, it was supposed that he was endeavouring to pronounce the name of Selima; then a faint smile illumed his features, while he pointed to the casement and the deep blue sky which was seen through it, and his spirit fled to the bowers of Paradise.

From the Forget Me Not.

THE SPELL.

THERE'S such a glory on thy cheek,
And such a magic power around thee,
That, if I would, I could not break
The spell with which thine eyes have bound
me.

Though all my stubborn heart rebel
Against the thralldom of thy frown,
The tameless spirit thou canst quell,
And keep the bursting madness down.

I vainly struggle to be free;
I rouse that withering pride in vain,
Whose blight might change my love for thee
To fiery hate, or cold disdain.

I loathe my very soul, that bears
To drink thy poisonous love-draughts up,
Until my frenzied spirit swears
To dash to earth the dazzling cup.

Yet every effort of my heart
To cast thee off but draws thee nearer;
And rage and agony impart
A venom-charm, that makes thee dearer.

F. H.

SUNSET.

BY THE REV. CHARLES STRONG.

My window's open to the evening sky,
The sombre trees are fringed with golden light,
The lawn here shadowed lies, there kindles
bright,
And fragrant roses lift their incense high.

The punctual thrush, on plane-tree warbling
nigh,
With loud and luscious voice calls down the
night;

Dim waters, flowing on with gentle might,
Between each pause are heard to murmur by.

The book, that told of wars in Holy Land,
(Nor less than Tasso sounded in my ears)
Escapes unheeded from my listless hand—

Poets, whom Nature for her service rears,
Like priests in her great temple minist'ring
stand,

But in her glory fade when she appears.
Botham, 1825.

From the Oriental Herald.

THE MILITARY POWER OF TURKEY.

BEFORE the insurrection of the Greeks, and the invasion of the Russians, Turkey, separated from its provinces in Asia and Africa, held the sixth rank among the states of Europe, from the extent of its territory, and the ninth as to population. The number of its inhabitants was almost equal to a third of that of France, the half of the Britannic isles, to the whole population of Spain, and differed little from that of Prussia. But the consequences which this comparison would seem to offer, were rendered illusory by the dissemination of its inhabitants over an immense surface—by the differ-

ence of their origin, their religion, and their particular tenets, which made slaves of some, masters of others, and irreconcilable enemies of all. The following details will give an idea of the influence which the Ottoman empire received from each of its provinces of Europe, and of the extent of the losses which it has suffered, or is about to suffer.

Independent Greece, or, at least, that which is about to become so, comprises Livadia, the Morea, and the Cyclades. Its extent is about 3,227 square leagues; it is larger than the Netherlands, and differs little in extent from Portugal or Denmark, with its German states. Before the war, its population amounted to 1,350,000. Thus the heaths of Hanover or Saxony are now more peopled than the territory which formerly comprised Lacedemonia, Corinth, Argos, Thebes, and Athens. This calculation is the same as that for the wilds of Scotland, only 420 persons for each square league; whilst Attica alone contained fifteen times this number twenty centuries ago. From an attentive study of the ancient histories of Greece, it is found that the population of the Peloponnesus, at the invasion by the Persians, exceeded 1,130,000 persons, of whom a third were free. There were then 965 persons to each square league; whilst, in 1817, the Morea having only 420,000 inhabitants, this number was reduced to 360.

The Cyclades having, it is true, 615 inhabitants to each square mile, their population is half as large again, and they equal Poland, or the empire of Austria, in extent.

It will be seen what efforts the freedom extended to these islands, aided by industry and commercial enterprise, has effected in half a century. If the same causes were to act with the same force upon the Morea and Greece, properly so called, it would even then require a whole century before these unhappy countries could acquire a population equal to what they formerly possessed.

The loss of Livadia, the Morea, and the islands of the Archipelago, exclusively of those of Asia, has reduced the European territory of the Ottoman empire a seventh, and its population nearly an eighth. It was about the same for Turkey, as the dismemberment of Brittany and Normandy would be for France.

But it is almost impossible for the insurrection not to extend to the countries north of Greece, as soon as the Turkish troops shall have been forced to evacuate them, solely by the progress of the Russians beyond the Danube. This event, which seems about to take place, will strike a fatal blow at the Ottoman power. The two immense countries, formerly known by the names of Macedonia and Epirus, but now designated as the Pashalics of Janina, Dalmatian and Albanian Turkey have a surface of 4,463 square leagues. Their population is estimated at 2,650,000 inhabitants, or near 600 to each square mile, which is about the same as the Spanish Peninsula.

The Ottoman empire, reduced as it already is by the loss of Greece, will be much more so if these two provinces are taken from it; they surpass the kingdom of Naples in extent, and Lombardy or Sweden in population. The emancipation of Macedonia, and the Epirus,

joined to that of Northern Greece, will take away from Turkey a territory of 7,690 square miles,—as large as England, and peopled with 4,000,000 of inhabitants, like Belgium; the extent will thus be diminished one-third.

The emancipation of the whole of Greece would be for Turkey the same as the loss of Scotland to England; and for France, as if she were to lose 28 departments. It would reduce its size to that of Norway, and its population to that of Ireland.

Not only has the invasion of the Russians, which has obliged the Ottoman forces to be concentrated in Rumania to cover the capital, insured the emancipation of the northern provinces of Greece, but it has already, in its rapid progress, operated the deliverance of Wallachia and Moldavia, and carried away from Turkey one-third of its territory, and a fourth of its population. These two countries united, form an extent of 5,903 square miles, equal to the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily. A few years ago they contained 1,840,000 inhabitants, as much as Denmark or Switzerland. In 1815, France lost about as much by its wars, as the Ottoman empire will lose by the conquest of these two principalities.

The dismemberment of Wallachia and Moldavia, which, whatever be the ultimate fate of Turkey, seems inevitable, leaves to the Ottoman empire a territory of 10,000 square miles, and a population of 5,400,000 inhabitants. This is about the same extent as Hungary, with a population much inferior to that of the Netherlands, and scarcely equal to the kingdom of Naples.

But among the six provinces which remain to Turkey, the half of them bear but an uncertain allegiance, or, from their situation, cannot be of any assistance to her. Bosnia and Illyria are separated from the theatre of war by so great a distance, besides other obstacles, that three months would be necessary to make the levies, or before an army could be encamped in the plains of Adrianople. Servia, which has fought with so much energy and perseverance, in order to be freed from the Ottoman yoke, is only attached to it by uncertain ties and its hostages.

These provinces, which, at the moment that the fate of the Ottoman empire is about to be decided, cannot give it any assistance, form a third of its European territory. Servia and Bosnia have a surface of 5,213 square leagues, and a population of 1,680,000 inhabitants. The tyrannical and devastating Government which rules them, has reduced them to the lowest scale of the habitable countries of Europe; they have only 322 inhabitants to each square mile, and a population less than that of Sicily, though the territory is more extensive than that of Poland.

The voluntary or forced defection of these provinces reduce the empire of the Crescent to Bulgaria and Rumania. The territory comprised in them does not exceed 5,000 square miles. The number of inhabitants in Bulgaria is about 1,440,000, and 2,280,000 in Rumania. This is 744 for the square mile, as in the mountains of Switzerland, and less than in Hanover; for 60,000 inhabitants live in the cities of Adrianople and Sophia, which reduces the estimate

to 625 individuals per square mile, comprising the towns of the second order. The half-deserted provinces of Spain give a faint idea of the population of the centre of Turkey; but, in the Peninsula, the same religion prevails throughout, whilst the Ottoman empire is peopled by men divided by opinion, and implacably opposed to each other, as well on account of religion, as of their social position, their interests, habits, and the traditions of their ancestors. At Constantinople, the residence of the Sultan, the metropolis of Islamism, a quarter of the inhabitants is composed of Greeks, Jews, Armenians, and Rajahs, who never pass a day without cursing the Turks, and offering prayers for their destruction by a foreign invader. It is supposed that the number of Rajahs in Rumania and Bulgaria exceeds 800,000, so that in the two countries, which, in reality, form the Ottoman empire, there are not three millions of Mussulmans. Excepting in Denmark and the Swiss Confederation, there is no government so weak. Eight of the eighty-six departments of France furnish as large a population as Turkey, or even three only of the northern departments will equal it.

In order to form an idea of the resistance which such a population can oppose to invasion, the largest proportion of military levies in modern times must be taken, as the Ottomans would risk all rather than concede any point. In 1793, France, then peopled with 25,000,000, armed for its defence 3,000,000 of national guards, and organized 1,400,000 of other soldiers. Thus its levy, taking the total, was as one out of eight persons, and its effective army comprised one soldier out of eighteen individuals—about a fifth of the population. No such example of a military effort of this kind is to be found in modern annals; and it is equal to the levies of ancient Greece and Rome, which had war alone for their object. But supposing that the religious fanaticism of the Mussulmans could effect this, the Porte would have 375,000 men, and two armies of 80,000 soldiers each, who might defend the passages of the Danube, or cover the capital, and oppose the operations of the redoubtable fleet in the Black Sea. But in order to effect this, popular excitation alone is not sufficient; it is necessary to organize a military population—to arm them, to instruct them, to provide them with ammunition, and to set experienced chiefs over them. Turkey, however, has deprived herself of all those means of defence, by obstinately opposing all improvements, and wishing to remain in the ignorance of the middle ages. Its population, reduced below that of Portugal, is probably incapable of making greater efforts than that country for its preservation, and cannot put into line an army of more than 60,000 men, which, like the levy of the Portuguese troops, in 1812, is one soldier out of fifty inhabitants. Admitting, against all probability, that this levy could be doubled, it is hardly possible that the Porte could oppose 120,000 Mussulmans to the 300,000 Russians which have passed the Danube, and which have behind them a reserve of 400,000 men.

The accounts from Constantinople have stated the number of effective men under the

command of Itabil Pasha, as under 30,000 men; and thus Turkey has imprudently engaged herself in a contest with an empire whose vast projects are aided by such a colossal force as to leave no chance either for courage or for good fortune. If we compare the two armies which are now in sight of each other, we shall find that six Turkish soldiers are called upon to oppose fifteen Russians; and who, if they escape from the effects of this overpowering superiority, may soon be crushed by six of their internal enemies. Turkey, deprived of the population of its dominions in Asia and Africa, and separated from Greece, only possesses one inhabitant where Russia has fifteen. This numerical fact would seem sufficient to anticipate their inevitable fate, though the courage of the Turks may render the contest most sanguinary. Such is now the state of the Turkish empire, formerly so powerful; its existence depends upon an army of 120,000 men only, and the result of one battle may be the destruction of the old walls of Constantinople, and the conclusion of a barbarous domination, which has lasted four centuries, and extended Islamism in Europe; to expulse into Asia a race whose victories menaced, for a long time, the civilization of the East; to raise Greece from the midst of its burning and sanguinary ruins, and to erect a new eastern empire, more extensive than ancient Rome, and more formidable, perhaps, to the peace and liberty of the world.

From the London Weekly Review.

THE GEM, FOR 1829.

WE have received proof impressions of the engravings of "The Gem," with a few sheets of the letter-press, but too late to notice them. We however copy the following lines by Sir Walter Scott.

THE DEATH OF KEELDAR.

Percy or Percival Rede, of Trochend, in Redesdale, Northumberland, is celebrated in tradition as a huntsman and a soldier. He was, upon two occasions, singularly unfortunate: once when an arrow, which he had discharged at a deer, killed his celebrated dog Keeldar; and again when, being on a hunting party, he was betrayed into the hands of a clan called Crossar, by whom he was murdered. Mr. Cooper's painting of the first of these incidents suggested the following stanzas.

Up rose the sun o'er moor and mead:
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
Career'd along the lea;
The palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound:
They were a jovial three!

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game,
On Cheviot's rueful day;
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Tarras ne'er was stauncher steed,
A peerless archer Percy Rede:
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes,
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream;
And oft, when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear,
Yon thicket holds the harbour'd deer,
The signs the hunters know;—
With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears;
The restless palfrey paws and rears;
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot!—Halloo! Halloo!
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue;—
But wo the shaft that erring flew—
That o'er it left the string!
And ill betide the faithless yew!
The stag bounds scatheless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drench'd the grey-goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a moan or quiver.
Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and hollow ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps forever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
He knows not that his comrade dies,
Nor what his death—but still
His aspect hath expression drear
Of grief, and wonder, mixed with fear,
Like startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favourite bending low,
In speechless grief recline;
Can think he hears the senseless lay
In unreproachful accents say,
"The hand that took my life away,
Dear Master, was it thine?"

"And if it be, the shaft be bless'd,
Which sure some erring aim addressed,
Since in your service, priz'd, caressed,
I in your service die;
And you may have a fleetier hound,
To match the dun deer's merry bound,
But by your couch will ne'er be found
So true a guard as I."

And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance, for when he stood,
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray,
E'en with his dying voice he cried,
"Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—
I had not died to-day!"

Remembrance of the erring bow
Long since had join'd the tides which flow,

Carrying human bliss and wo,
Down dark Oblivion's river;
But Art can Time's stern doom arrest,
And snatch his spoils from Lethe's breast,
And, in her Cooper's colours drest,
The scene shall live for ever.

From the *Athenæum*.

BEAUTIES OF DON JUAN.*

It would be well if men of genius understood more thoroughly that a sacrifice of virtue is a loss of strength; that imagination cannot voluntarily degrade itself from its natural high sphere without abandoning the power as well as the will to soar higher than the steams of the sensual atmosphere around it; and that the exercise of permanent moral influence is incompatible with the denial or neglect of moral distinctions. Some writers, without rectitude of purpose to reform, have been possessed of art sufficient to disguise their vicious tendencies. Others, of a more daring character, have defied the moral force destined finally to crush them; like Mandeville, in philosophy, have exposed themselves to stoning "with little stumpy Bibles with brass clasps," or, like Byron, in poetry, have come forward with such reckless manifestos as the following:

—"Juan was my Moscow, and Faliere
My Leipais, and my Mount St. Jean seems
Cain:

'La Belle Alliance' of dunces down at zero,
Now that the Lion's fallen, may rise again:
But I will fall at least as fell my hero;
Nor reign at all, or as a monarch reign;
Or to some lonely isle of jailors go,
With turncoat Southey, for my turnkey Lowe.'

The poem before us, in its unbaptized original condition, was a tissue of general satire and occasional personality, woven together with warm and lively delineations of animal life, and with natural bursts of almost equally animal feeling. To say that the higher impulses of our nature were made sport with, would, perhaps, be scarcely just, as these were seldom described. The immorality of the work resided simply in its inferences from the proceedings of the profligate to the character of mankind; and it was mischievous, like every work of fiction, exactly so far as it presented voluptuous images to the fancy of its readers. The state of mutilation in which "Don Juan" now appears, exhibits nothing but a scattered heap of disconnected fragments, some of them undoubtedly beautiful in themselves, but the remainder unintelligible or uninteresting without the context. "The form seems woman to the waist, and fair," but must either be exhibited as a mangled torso, or restored in its original limbs, and features—and foulness.

How different, in spite of the vain fancies of impure and anti-social writers, is their morbid delight in the discovery of whatever is degrad-

ing to humanity, from the old and impartial spirit in which perhaps the same vices are discerned and delineated by truly master-minds. In the creations of such minds, it is impossible to discover any bias towards extremes of any kind; the depths of human baseness are displayed with calm fidelity, and the most heroic virtues are embodied and set in action with equal truth and soberness of colouring. Such a genius might be supposed inaccessible to human feelings, if it gave not ample evidence of having passed through them all, or accused of utter indifference to morality, if an unvarnished view of nature were not necessarily the best and least suspicious illustration of the moral scheme of the universe. So far from expecting in a poet thus endowed any thing corresponding to the idiosyncrasies of other men, we find it difficult, whether he be our contemporary or no, to regard him under any individual shape or aspect, or to find for him a set of moral features other than those which animate equally the face of his creations and of nature.

At the right-hand of his throne of highest intelligence, but below it, are a class of poet-moralists who make it their main object

"To justify the ways of God to man,"

who interpret the wisdom of external nature, and express the solemn thoughts and contemplations it inspires, in measures which seem the echoes of its deep and simple melodies, instinct with its pervading spirit of order and beauty. But the modes of feeling admirable in solitudes, where the heart is free to "commune with itself and be still," are inappropriate when infused into descriptions of society, and exalted into an utterly unreal predominance over the mixed mass of passions and pursuits which agitate and employ mankind. Therefore it is that the highest praise of art is unattainable to poets, whose designs, however lofty, are not centered in art itself as its own ultimate end.

At the left of the throne, among the "goats," in a station, in a moral point of view, far lower than the former class, and therefore, as we have seen, less powerful and effective, stand another class directly opposed to the former in the whole sphere and manner of their influence. Their empire is confined in a manner to the region from which the others are excluded by their gentle nature. Yet over this their realm of social life, they only rule like unenlightened and capricious despots, misinterpreting its onward free movements, and aiming, above all, to check the tones of hope and joy which would penetrate the enclosure of their own gloomy pleasures. Not social life, but all that is unsocial in its accidents; not human character, but all that is inhuman in its perversions,—are the matter of their morbid contemplation, and the burden of their misanthropic strains. "Don Juan" only differs from the darker heroes of Byron, as the tiger whelp differs from the full-grown tiger. There is surely a sort of moral and poetical anachronism in the appearance of this young gentleman, after the Harolds and the Corsairs. *Theirs* would have been the fittest manhood for a youth like *his*: his boyish audacity, reckless temper, and animal spirits, would have terminated very naturally in the sullen satiety of the Childe, or, perhaps, still

* The Beauties of Don Juan: including those Passages only which are calculated to extend the real Fame of Lord Byron. 2 vols. 24mo. Cawthorn. London, 1828.

more so in the well-matured ruffianism of the boarding-school favourites, Conard and Lara. But peace to the ashes of the dead! We wish the man of "Beauties" had but left them in peace. This editor of "Don Juan," whom we take to be an avatar of his very reverend tutor, Pedrillo, a simple-hearted, good sort of person,—

"Who means no harm, nor does he often mean,"

—this worthy man, with all his admiration for the "bewildering irregularity of genius," "brilliant wit, caustic satire," and, above all, the "unperverted moral sense" (!) of his author, does not seem at all aware of the perilous deeds which he has done, with his exceedingly well-principled pair of scissors. As we do not wish to frighten the poor gentleman into fits, we shall do our best to break the matter gently to him. Well then, our dear Editor, what was your motive for producing this particularly pure publication? I did it, he replies smartly, in order that "one of the most beautiful poems in the English language (!), and which possesses more exquisite passages than are to be met with in the same compass throughout the whole circle of literature (!!), should not, from the unpruned luxuriance and versatility of the author's powers, remain a sealed volume to the fairest portion of the community." Prettyly turned, our Editor; we hope this will tell in your favour next time you plant your dapper little person in close proximity to the lady whose smiles you principally court with gentle common-places. But *why* is "Don Juan," a sealed volume to our women? What do you mean, without metaphor, by the unpruned luxuriance, &c. &c. of your author's powers? Do you mean that there is here and there a paw-paw passage, such as literary laundresses, like yourself, have washed carefully clean from out "The Family Shakespeare?" Or do you mean, what we assure you is the case, that the whole spirit of the poem is an unclean spirit? In this case, all the difference between the old and new "Don Juan" is between sensuality exposed, and sensuality veiled. Now, none of "the fairer portion of the community," whose modesty is worth a month's purchase, incur the smallest risk of contamination from works which bear the stamp of immorality on their forehead. It is this which makes the "Héloïse" a worse book than "Don Juan;" and which would make the new "Don Juan," if it were not for its dulness, a more dangerous publication than the old. X.

From the Forget Me Not.

SONG.

THERE'S not a word thy lip hath breathed,
A look thine eye hath given,
That is not shrined within my heart,
Like to a dream of heaven!
There's not a spot where we have met,
A favourite flower, or tree;
There's not a scene, by thee beloved,
That is not prized by me!

Museum.—VOL. XIII.

When'er I hear the linnet's song,
Or the blithe woodlark's lay,
Or mark, upon the golden west,
The rosy clouds decay;
When'er I catch the breath of flowers,
Or music from the tree,
Thought wings her way to distant bowers,
And memory clings to thee. R. F. H.

From the Athenæum.

MR. COLBURN'S LIST.

MR. COLBURN has just put forth a list of sixty-five books which he has published in the course of the present season. Whether any other bookseller has produced an equal number of volumes in the same time we do not know: many may have produced separate works of greater worth and durability than he; but there is probably no one whose catalogue would be so good a criterion of the reigning tastes of the British public. In this point of view, it is a prolific subject; and we shall possibly devote more than one paper to it.

At present it is not our purpose to take notice of the different *MEMOIRS* and *DIARIES*, some of them very interesting, and all more or less elucidatory of different portions of English history, which form a portion of the illustrious sixty-five. Many of them have been noticed in our pages already, and on a future occasion we may find an opportunity to make some remarks upon this class of compositions generally, upon the degree of importance attached to them by the world, and upon the real limits of their utility.

Still less is it our intention to bestow a discriminating notice upon the seventy-four volumes of *High Life Literature*, which occupy by far the largest part of this document. It is no part of our vocation to fill up the blanks we meet with in the newspapers, and determine which of two hoods that would fit any one face just as well as another, was meant to conceal the features of Lord C——, and which those of Sir John M——, for either of whose secrecy kind nature herself had already provided the safe mask of utter common-place. Nor is our knowledge of the laws of evidence sufficiently profound to enable us to decide between the well balanced claims of half a dozen masters and half a dozen menials to the authorship of these works—that knowledge only suggesting a rough guess, that, when a novel is pre-eminently and decisively vulgar, it is probably the work of some gentleman who frequents Almack's; and that, when there is only a little limpid stream of vulgar feeling trickling through a book which is remarkable for a cautious avoidance of all coarse phrases, it is very likely that the butler, the footman, the cook, the housemaid, and the scullion, may have assisted in concocting it. Nor, lastly, after wea-

* In this calculation are included one or two works which belong to a much higher class than the ordinary fashionable novel, such as "The Croppy," and "Salathiel," and possibly another.

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thering a long novel season with some success, are we willing to put our critical acuteness again on the stretch to settle which of these books is least undeserving of the public patronage which they have all obtained. On this point we would be indulged with a short explanation. If at any time heretofore we may have expressed approbation of the style and spirit of some of these novels, or if at any time hereafter we may have occasion to utter similar praises of others of them, we wish our panegyrics always to be understood with reference merely to their merit compared with the productions of the same class. When Mr. Soane has succeeded in founding a school of architecture, it will be exceedingly proper, that, without entering into the peculiar merits and virtues of his style, we should consider, gravely and soberly, whether the Bank or the Treasury is the most perfect realisation of it. In like manner, when we are criticising any particular fashionable novel, we do not think it needful to dogmatise about fashionable novels generally: we take the public taste on that subject for granted, and all we inquire is, if "Herbert Lacy," or "Almack's" or "Pelham," fulfils the requisitions for compiling such a novel at the least sacrifice of sound morality, gentlemanly feeling, and good sense.

Our present purpose is not to enter into any particulars respecting any of the works. We wish merely to take notice of one circumstance we have observed in casting our eye over the catalogue, which serves to suggest some curious reflections. Mr. Colburn is a fashionable publisher, and, perhaps, is the best gauger of the public taste in existence. He has thought it for his interest to publish seventy-four volumes of novels. In the same time, how many volumes of poetry do our readers suppose he has judged it expedient to bring into the world? Exactly four. One of them merely a collection of Mr. Campbell's poems,—another, a satire, called "The Man of Ton," affecting the same sort of knowledge as the fashionable novels, and no wise dependent for its success upon its chancing to be in vogue; the third, a tragedy, called "Don Pedro," the recommendation of which consists in its being the production of a respectable young nobleman; and lastly, a tragedy of about fifty pages, by Miss Baillie. This last, therefore, may be fairly pronounced the one poem which has issued from the press of Mr. Colburn during the last season. To what are we to ascribe this circumstance? We believe it will be found not to arise from any remarkable concurrence of accidents in the present day, but to be the result of a general principle, that a novel-reading public never will be a poetry-reading public.

The more we examine the history of English literature, the more striking will this fact be made manifest. The novel had its birth in the most eminently unpoetical of the centuries. Its founders, however, were men of genius, and, therefore, the immediate advantages accruing from their labours were great. They were the monks who, in the dark age of the imagination, hoarded up a little of its learning in books, apparently addressed merely to the senses and the understanding, for the study and consolation of after times. The exquisite

touches in "Amelia," the fine poetry of *Clarrissa's* death-scene, were tolerated in their own age on account of the wonderful worldly experience which no one could deny was exhibited by both Fielding and Richardson. This taste for novel-reading, which prevailed all over Europe in that day, is remarkable from many circumstances. The two most striking are, that Voltaire should have resorted to that instrument as the most powerful for wrenching out old feelings and sympathies, and that Goldsmith, Rousseau, and Goethe, (though each adapting himself to the character of his own nation,) as the most natural means of expressing their own poetical feelings, and of restoring them in the minds of their countrymen, should have written poems in the shape of novels; thus using the armour which had been forged by the Cyclops of the age for the purpose of destroying them.

When that age had passed away, there was an interval, at least in this country, before the men who have stamped their character upon the present one, became known. But, though it was still without form and void, there were floating about in the chaos some elements of poetical feeling, which promised that the new world would be a very different one from the old one. To the existence of these vague and indefinite feelings, we may attribute the rise of that Radcliffe race of novelists, whose works, though at the farthest remove from good poetry, had enough of the semblance of poetry about them to deceive an age just emerged out of the darkness of the previous century. Then came a really poetical epoch, and the novelist instantly drooped and languished. But as the highest class of poetry which exists in any period, seldom acts directly upon the mass of the public, but works upon them through the medium of the second class, which partially reflects its image, it happened, in the present case, that the poets who were most read and most popular, were those who, to many great qualities, united some inferior ones, who, with heads of gold, had feet of clay. *The Corsairs* and the *Giaours*, the *Marmions*, and the *Ladies of the Lake*, and the *Lalla Rookhs*, most of which possessed much original poetical excellence, and none of which could have been produced except in a highly poetical period, had, nevertheless, many grievous sins, which recommended them to popularity, and one of the worst of them was, that their works were a species of poetical novel, in which incident, if not predominant over character, at least possessed a dangerous importance.

The transition from poetry in which there was a great infusion of novel writing, to novels in which there was a great infusion of poetry, was easy and natural; and hence arose Sir Walter Scott's novels. From the moment that these novels began to operate strongly on the public mind, we think we can trace a decline of the interest which was taken in poetry. Till, however, these works began to lose their original interest, the decline was not very observable; for who could affirm that it was a sign of a less poetical mind to admire "Old Mortality," than "Rokeby." The most decided symptom of the change was, the neglect with which Lord Byron's tragedies were treat-

ed by those who admired far inferior productions of his when they were set off by an attractive story; the next was the craving for works which were deficient in all the poetical recommendations of the Scotch novels, and which only resembled them in being novels; and the last is presented to us in Mr. Colburn's Catalogue.

From this last fact, and there are thousands of the same kind which cannot escape the attention of the most incurious, we may form some notion of the honesty of those persons who attempt to throw discredit upon poetry, by including under some vague, general term, the taste which induces men to study it, and that which induces them to read fashionable novels. This trick, which is constantly played off, by grave gentlemen of a certain school, in society, and in their books, would be very despicable, if it were not very mischievous. Any one who has even observed his own mind must know, that he resorts to a volume of poetry from just the opposite motive to that which induces him to resort to an ordinary novel. When the faculties of our minds are in full life and vigour—when, from a conviction that the highest state of mental consciousness is the highest state of happiness, we wish to prolong and increase that vigour—we take up a poem. When, on the contrary, we find the strife and tumult of the faculties painful, and like better even to lose the sense of possessing them than to undergo the effort which their undisciplined activity occasions, we court imbecility and inanition in the pages of a novel. We betake ourselves to the one, because we wish to call forth our emotions, or to harmonise them; to the other, because we want to kill our emotions, or to supply their place by some external and superficial excitement. Every one, we say, who observes his own actions, knows this to be the case; and every such person, therefore, who was endeavouring to improve the mind of another, would recommend him to study earnestly poetry, and never to resort to novel reading, except in certain exhausted states, when the effort to think might be physically injurious, or for the purpose of acquiring some knowledge of the actual world, which he could not arrive at by the far better route of personal experience. To such persons, any attempt to prove the identity of poetry and novel reading must be perfectly futile. But, as this class of reasoners do not observe their own minds, it is fortunate that we can answer them, not upon principles, but by facts. We would speak thus to them.

We need not tell *you*, that all gods, men, and booksellers, have no other motive in this world than their self interest. We need not tell *you*, either, that, where the cost of producing two books is equal, a publisher is certain to produce that which there is most demand for in the market. Now then, taking with you these great principles, look at Mr. Colburn's List. The most popular publisher of the day has sent forth this year about 30*l.* worth of novels, and 4*s.* 6*d.* worth of poetry! And this is not because, if Mr. Colburn had chosen to bid for it, he might not have procured at least as good articles in poetry, as half the novels he has published are, in that class of literature; or, if it should be said, that the same relative excel-

lence which would set off a novel is not sufficient to set off a poem,—this is only arriving at another still more primary and essential difference between them.

Well then—you are convinced that the ratios of bread and sack, which the English public require, are not necessarily the same. But why is this? The more you study others and yourself, the more sure you will be that it is no accidental circumstance which occasions the immeasurable difference. It arises from the nature of the two works. When the novel is made poetical, as in the case of Sir Walter Scott, though unquestionably in a novel sense this is its best state, yet it never can be considered in its purest state; for it ceases to answer some of the conditions which of right belong to it. But the novel, in its simple uncompounded essence, is essentially antipathetic to poetry. It is the object of the one to exalt manners over characteristics, accidents over essentials, circumstances over man; it is the object of the other to describe what is accidental as the shrine and incorporation of what is universal, essential principles as exhibiting themselves in the varieties of changing phenomena, and the FREE WILL of man as victorious over sense and matter. When the principles are so varying, there can exist no real resemblance in the works which manifest them, and there must be an eternal difference in their operations upon the human mind. Even in "Wilhelm Meister," the most daring attempt to poetise and philosophise the novel; the Arimanes of the novel, and the Oromasdes of Goethe's mind, exhibit themselves all along in the most fierce contention. Ever and anon the evil spirit gets the victory, and the poet becomes a sensual and successful novel writer; and ever and anon his mighty genius tears off its fetters, and is away into the seventh heaven, leaving the gross body, to which he had unnaturally joined himself, creeping and crawling below. The German Hercules may not himself be convinced that his endeavours to reconcile the worst and the best part of our natures, was one of the labours which is not given to the mightiest powers to achieve, and which it is profaning the God-given strength to attempt; but his readers, at least, must have made the discovery. They must feel additionally convinced by the failure of his experiment, and by that disposition which the Author of "Waverley," with all his genius has evinced* to make his characters mere creatures of the events which befall them; that the spirit of the novel and of the poem must be hostile; and, what is far more important in a practical point of view, and what therefore should, above all, be laid to heart by the persons whom we are now addressing, that, as in the education of our own minds, few books can be of less use, or more prejudicial, than Novels, so there are very few indeed which can tend so much to call forth and discipline all the capacities of those minds as Poems.

* A disposition which the critics have one and all thought fit to ascribe to something vicious in the constitution of Sir Walter Scott's mind, or to his political bias; but which seems to us to be rendered necessary by his kind of writing.

From the Forget Me Not.

TRUTH, YOUTH, AND AGE.

AN APOLOGUE.

By Charles Swain, Esq.

Truth. WHAT is Immortality?

Youth. It is the glory of the mind,
The deathless voice of ancient Time;
The light of genius—pure—refined!
The monuments of deeds sublime!
O'er the cold ashes of the dead
It breathes a grandeur and a power,
Which shine when countless years
have fled.
Magnificent as the first hour!

Truth. What is Immortality?

Age. Ask it of the gloomy waves,
Of the old forgotten graves,
Whereof not one stone remains;
Ask it of the ruin'd fane,
Temples that have pass'd away,
Leaving not a wreck to say
Here an empire once hath stood!
Ask it in thy solitude,
Of thy solemn musing mind,
And, too truly, wilt thou find,
Earthly immortality
Is a splendid mockery!

THE DESTROYER.

BY MISS ELIZA RENNIE.

He came not with the glittering sword,
He came not with the spear,
Nor brandish'd weapon in his hand
To bid the lovely fear.

The bloom of youth was on his cheek
And sparkled in his eye;
But shrouded in his youthful soul
Were thoughts of darkest dye!

He grappled not with foes, nor sought
The battle's stormy heat,
Where the conquer'd and the conqueror find
A gory winding-sheet;
Oh! better that in combat he
Had hurl'd death's fatal blow,
Than aim'd at woman's trusting breast
The shaft which laid her low!

He came to her with gentle words,
And smiled love's witching smile;
She could not deem 'neath all his vows,
There lurk'd the taint of guile.
For none could look on him, and think
That he too would deceive;
And none could see her angel form,
And think that she must grieve.

But soon, his solemn oaths forgot,
He left her to her doom;
Nor reck'd if wrong and falsehood led
The guiltless to her tomb.
She struggled on, but dark and drear
Her young life crept away;
She saw each hope proved false by time,
Each link with joy decay!

She faded fast, yet silently,
As flowers beneath the blast;
She breathed no murmur, shed no tear,
But loved him to the last.
She cursed not her destroyer—him
Who closed her azure eye;
She loved when death gnaw'd at her heart,
And bless'd with life's last sigh!

From the London Magazine.

THE REV. DR. CHALMERS.

WE have in a former paper stated our opinions touching the pretensions of the Rev. Edward Irving; it may be with some freedom, but we are sure with perfect honesty, and every disposition to do justice to both the moral and intellectual character of the man. Taking a line, however, as we did between the two extremes of indiscriminate invective and outrageous panegyric, and as we trust equally remote from both, it is exceedingly probable that very few of those of our readers, who had previously heard much about Mr. Irving, may have been satisfied with our strictures, or found in them exactly an echo of their own sentiments. We cannot help that. We cannot consent either to talk of Mr. Irving as a person of no talent at all, that we may win the approval of those random calumniators who despise whatever they do not understand; or to descant about him as a very wonder of genius and eloquence, that we may please himself, and the rest of his more blind and insatiable admirers. He is, as we conceive, a man of considerable powers, but much greater pretensions; and as such we have spoken of him. If either the power or the pretension be altogether wanting, we have done him less or more than justice.

Whatever may be thought, however, of this individual, intellectually considered, his deportment, as a religious character, jars frightfully, we confess, with all our preconceptions of the devoted Christian. Just conceive such a personage as Mr. Irving figuring in the New Testament. How oddly would the whole tenour of his movements contrast with those of the lofty-minded but simple-hearted and simple-mannered men whom we there find performing their parts in the grandest drama to which our world have ever served for a theatre, and whose words have throughout so little about them of the inflammation of earthly feeling, that almost by their pure spirituality alone they vindicate their divinity! With these men and their doings we cannot imagine our noisy harangue-monger of the Caledonian mingling his clamour, his rudeness, his systematic eccentricity, and the other tricks and assumptions to which he owes his mob-notoriety, with other feelings than those with which we should listen to a recitation from *Paradise Lost*, broken in upon by a rumble of metrical thunder from Mr. Robert Montgomery's Omnipresence of the Deity, or a ranting stave from some modern drinking-song suddenly interrupting one of the splendid harmonies of Handel or Mozart. Let us not be misunderstood. We mean not to denounce

Mr. Irving as no Christian. We only maintain that many of those peculiarities to which he seems most anxious to call our attention as evidences of his Christianity, are its disfigurements, rather than either its constituents or its decorations. Far be it from us to deny or to disbelieve that, half suffocated as it may be by the vulgar vanity which manifestly forms the natural basis of his character, there may not, nevertheless, live in his heart a fervent and deep-seated sense of that religion of which he makes such vociferous profession with his lips. It were to know but little of human nature to doubt at least of the possibility of this; and for our own part, in the case of Mr. Irving, we believe in much more than its possibility. With the abatements we have already made, we give him all manner of credit for the sincerity of his convictions. We only say that he mistakes, to a considerable extent, what Christianity is, and that it consequently appears in a very different shape in him from that which it seems to us to bear, as preached and practised by its divine Founder, and his earliest followers.

We are now, however, to speak of a luminary of the Christian world in these our days, who is, in all things, most unlike to Mr. Irving, however much their names may, from accidental circumstances, have been associated by the public voice. If ever piety looked altogether beautiful or noble in any one, it does so in Dr. Chalmers. In his case, religion is evidently an influence that has shed itself over the native character of the man, only to soften or subdue whatever about it partook of the harsh or the repulsive, and still more to exalt and refine all its loftier and better tendencies. He is a man of high genius, regenerated by an alchemy which is even more powerful than that of genius. Notwithstanding the generosity and overflowing kindness of nature which have marked him from his birth, his fervid and impetuous spirit was not, probably, originally exempted from that impatience and precipitancy which form the besetting disease of extreme sensibility, especially when excited by the consciousness of extraordinary powers; and some passages in his earlier history, indeed, are not yet altogether forgotten, which prove clearly enough that in those days his feelings were rather more than a match for his prudence. He used, at all events, as is well known, to be one of the most latitudinarian and unscrupulous of clergymen; preaching with his characteristic zeal a very ultra-liberal theology to his flock on the Sunday, and very often, during the rest of the week, throwing off his black coat for a red one; for at that period the military epidemic was universal, and the reverend doctor had caught it in all its virulence. It has even been affirmed that he was wont occasionally to startle the villagers by exhibiting himself in his scarlet attire of a summer afternoon even immediately after descending from the pulpit—a manifestation of warlike ardour which those who know the feelings with regard to the sacredness of the Sabbath that exist among the Scottish peasantry, will readily believe must have excited no common sensation. The spirit of soldiery by which he was animated at this time breaks out with most amusing naïveté,

in a work on the Financial Condition and Resources of the Country, which he composed while under its influence, and gave to the world through the medium of a provincial press. It is eloquently and powerfully written, though in somewhat a different, many will say a better style, than his subsequent works; and abounds in original views developed with infinite ingenuity and plausibility; but the direction of every shilling of the national wealth that can be spared after the population have obtained the absolute necessities of life, to the manufacture and maintenance of soldiers, is not so much advocated by the author by dint of argument, as assumed throughout the volume, without any argument at all, to be the only policy a sane government would ever dream of pursuing. It is a production which we would recommend to the perusal of the coming generation, likely as they are to grow up, it is to be hoped, in the cool atmosphere of peace, in order that they may learn in some degree to conceive what was the state of the general mind in the stirring times of their fathers—in the days when clergymen carried muskets, and every village in the land bristled with bayonets.

This was not, however, Dr. Chalmers's first publication. He had some years before printed an anonymous pamphlet in reference to a matter—the appointment of Mr. Leslie to the mathematical chair in the University of Edinburgh—which agitated for many months the whole clerical and literary world of Scotland; in which he gave still more reckless expression to the views he then entertained with regard to the obligations of his sacred office, by declaring that he knew no other duties a clergyman had to perform, except to write his sermon on the Saturday, and deliver it on the Sunday. But never ought this rash avowal to be alluded to, without mention being made at the same time of the manly and truly noble manner in which it was, many years after, retracted as publicly as it had been uttered.

The General Assembly of the Scottish Church, it may be necessary to inform our readers, is a deliberative body composed of deputies both from the clergy and laity of the country, to the amount of between three and four hundred, which meets every year at Edinburgh, and continues its sittings for about a fortnight, for the final determination of all questions relating to the internal management of the Church that may be proposed by any of its members, or have been referred to its decision by the inferior ecclesiastical judicatories. Sanctioned as are the sittings of this body by the presence of an enthroned commissioner from the sovereign, who is always a Scottish nobleman, and surrounded as its proceedings are with not a little both of civil and military pomp, it presents—both from these external circumstances, and from the rank and talent of many of its members, among whom are always to be found, besides the clergy, a considerable proportion of the aristocracy, the judges, and the most distinguished names from the bar—a spectacle sufficiently imposing at least to the eye of a Scotsman, and not without interest to any over whose sympathies the aspect of popular institutions and the voice of free debate have any

power. The General Assembly has in fact been for ages the Parliament, or House of Commons of Scotland—by far the freest she ever had—and has often well supplied to her in times of peril and oppression, the want of every other *spiraculum libertatis*. It was, we think, in the year 1825, at the close of a warm and prolonged debate in this court, in which Dr. Chalmers had taken a distinguished part, that a member on the opposite side of the house took occasion to twit him in very coarse terms with the change his sentiments had undergone since the commencement of his pamphleteering career, when he had announced his creed upon the subject of clerical duty in the words that have been quoted above. The unmannerly and unfeeling attack was received by the crowded house and overflowing galleries to whom it was addressed, with a general murmur of indignation; and every eye was instantly turned upon its object, who sat with unmoved countenance until the orator had concluded his harangue.

As soon as it was over, he rose; and for a few moments the silence of intense expectation suspended the gazing audience. Dr. Chalmers, we should remark, is not distinguished as an extemporaneous speaker; the ornate and antithetic style of his oratory forbids that fluency which is only compatible with a less ambitious diction; and all his more brilliant addresses, accordingly, are prepared with great care and elaboration. On this occasion, therefore, we dare say, some of his friends, considering the extreme delicacy of his position, and how suddenly and unexpectedly he had been assaulted, awaited his coming defence with some degree of trembling. But never shall we forget the instant and overwhelming triumph of that reply. He acknowledged in the amplest terms the justice of the rebuke that had been administered to him, and expressed his joy that the hour had come, when an opportunity was given him of thus publicly confessing how wrong, how outrageously wrong, had been the estimate he had formed, in those bygone days, of the littleness of time and the magnitude of eternity. It was humbly, and yet proudly spoken; for the speaker felt, while the words fell from his lips, that he was acquitting himself nobly, and lifting himself to an immeasurable height, even while thus assuming the tone and attitude of sorrow and self-condemnation, above his humiliated assailant. We never witnessed any effect of eloquence like that produced by those few solemn sentences, thus firmly and dignifiedly pronounced, in circumstances that would have covered most men with abashment and confusion. They were followed by a universal storm of applause, in the midst of which the ashamed and mortified Thersites, whose vulgar abuse had been so manfully encountered and so splendidly repelled, endeavoured in vain to make himself heard, even in apology for his luckless onset. His voice, repeatedly raised, was as often drowned in an outcry of aversion and disgust.

It is the distinction of Dr. Chalmers's piety,—in an age in which what is popularly called the 'religious world' is so overrun with cant, imbecility, and pretension,—that it is the piety of high intellect, and can never be mistaken for any thing else. It is as impossible for this

distinguished person to throw off his genius as it would be for him to throw off his godliness; and, from this peculiarity of character, he has formed, more perhaps than any other man of his time, a bond of connexion between the two worlds of religion and literature, having a name and a conspicuous rank in each, and being known to give to the one as well as to the other the devotion of all his affections. It is this, after all, that has constituted the secret of the mighty influence he has exercised in his own country especially, where for many years past his name has been with peer and peasant a consecrated sound; and the proudest members of the aristocracies both of literature and of fashion have recognised, in the humble parish minister, their associate and their equal. Still more popular preachers, in the literal sense of the phrase, than he has ever been, have often arisen in past times, and are possibly to be found even in the present, in that land of fervid and overflowing theology. But he alone has been at once both the orator of the people, and the delight of the most cultivated; and searching criticism—the charmer, not less of the appreciating few, than of the merely wondering many. Indeed, placed by the side of his pulpit rivals, his eminence is undoubtedly far more surpassing to the eye of lettered taste than it is, or can be, to that of his plebeian admirers. These last behold in him only a little more, perhaps, than the earnestness and vehemence of any of their other favourites, impaired, however, probably rather than augmented in point of effect, by the admixture of much in the matter of his discourses which they can no more understand or sympathize with than if the words were those of an unknown tongue.

It is not his eloquence, indeed, that has chiefly contributed to make Dr. Chalmers the idol of the multitude, but in some degree the circumstances of his personal history; and, in a far greater, the beauty of his moral character, and his unparalleled exertions, wherever he has gone, as the poor man's pastor and friend. Upon the great body of his auditors, what is richest and best in his eloquence, its originality, its intellectual power, its imaginative glow and colouring, is utterly thrown away. But fortunately for the permanence of his reputation, these high qualities have already lifted him to his proper place in the estimation of those who, though comparatively few in number, are eventually both the only effective diffusers of opinion, and the real makers of fame.

All who have even once heard Dr. Chalmers preach, will acknowledge that the striking and pervading characteristic of his eloquence is its intense originality; and his originality is a very different sort of thing from that elaborate affectation of peculiarity in which Mr. Irving deals. He is all over as natural as he is original; his language, it is true, is not that of any other writer of the day, but neither is it a servile copy of that of any writer of former days. If you discern the individual in every sentence, you discern his living age also. It is the utterance of a man inspired, not by books, but by his own heart, and the kindred humanity that is around him. It is thus only, we apprehend, that the tones of genuine eloquence are ever to

be expressed. You may imitate the sound of another's voice, but its soul you can never catch; and your music will thus, at best, only amuse the ear, but never touch the heart. Mr. Irving may be a far more skilful elocutionist than Dr. Chalmers, but he is not to be named with him in the same sentence as an orator; at least, if it be the business of our bosoms to say what is oratory.

It is not merely, however, by the more dazzling and meteoric qualities of his mind that Dr. Chalmers has made himself what he is, and done what he has done. With all his imagination and excitability, there is a basis of good sense and homely practical wisdom about his character, which for many years past, at least, has admirably balanced and regulated in him the eccentric tendencies of genius. Without this, which Mr. Irving, by the by, seems altogether to want, or to wish to be thought to want, his high powers, instead of the good they have done, would have, comparatively speaking, been valueless, or run to waste. It is this that has given, in a great measure, their stability and might to all of them; invigorating his imagination, even while it seemed to control it; and, while it guided his moral sensibilities away from whatever it would have been perilous for them to approach, providing them, at the same time, both with the healthiest nourishment, and the fittest domain wherein to expatiate.

But we have done—although these few hasty paragraphs hardly more than introduce our subject. We are no subscribers to some of the articles of Dr. Chalmers's theology; but would, nevertheless, that the religious spirit of the age but took in all things the tone that he would give it—but borrowed a portion of his liberality, mildness, charity, and boundless and unaffected love for whatever the Creator has scattered over any of his works of the excellent or the beautiful! To whatever extent he has influenced the feelings of the religious world, the effect he has produced has been an ameliorating and an elevating one; and if it be any service done to Christianity to have awakened to a feeling of her loveliness not a few of the finer spirits of his time, who, but for his eloquent voice, might have lived and died without dreaming that there was aught about her to admire or to care for, few perhaps, of her apostles have, in this department of exertion, in any modern age, more fully earned their reward.

From the Forget Me Not.

THE SONNETEER.

He loves to lean against some aged tree
In forest green, and gaze upon the deer,
Which gaze in turn on him; by fountain
clear,
Trickling from moss-grown rock, oft sitteth he;
Off on some crag o'erlooking the wide sea
He lays him down, the splashing waves to
hear;
Or walks the woodlands when the leaves are
sere,

Listening the stripping blast moan mournfully.

The yellow moon, the floating clouds, the sky,

The twinkling stars, a fair girl's face, eye,
lip,

The fresh flower, whence the bee doth honey
sip—

These loves the sonneteer, these charm his
eye;

And these, in tiny lay and language quaint,
With moral saws inwrought, he loves to
paint. R. J.

From the Forget Me Not.

LOST AND WON.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

"NAV, but my dear Letty—"

"Don't dear Letty me, Mr. Paul Holton! Have not the East-Woodhay Eleven beaten the Hazelby Eleven for the first time in the memory of man? and is it not entirely your fault? Answer me that, sir! Did not you insist on taking James White's place, when he got that little knock on the leg with the ball last night, though James, poor fellow, maintained to the last that he could play better with one leg than you with two? Did not you insist on taking poor James's place? and did you get a single notch in either innings? And did not you miss three catches—three fair catches—Mr. Paul Holton? Might not you twice have caught out John Brown, who, as all the world knows, hits up? And did not a ball from the edge of Tom Taylor's bat come into your hands, absolutely into your hands, and did not you let her go? And did not Tom Taylor after that get forty-five runs in that same innings, and thereby win the game? That a man should pretend to play at cricket, and not be able to hold the ball when he has her in his hands! Oh, if I had been there!"

"You!—Why Letty—"

"Don't Letty me, sir!—Don't talk to me!—I am going home!"

"With all my heart, Miss Letitia Dale!—I have the honour, madam, to wish you a good evening." And each turned away at a smart pace, and the one went westward and the other eastward-ho.

This unlover-like parting occurred on Hazelby Down one fine afternoon in the Whitsun-week, between a couple whom all Hazelby had, for at least a month before, set down as lovers—Letty Dale, the pretty daughter of the jolly old tanner, and Paul Holton, a rich young yeoman, on a visit in the place. Letty's angry speech will sufficiently explain their mutual provocation, although, to enter fully into her feelings, one must be born in a cricketing parish, and sprung of a cricketing family, and be accustomed to rest that very uncertain and arbitrary standard, the point of honour, on beating our rivals and next neighbours in the annual match—for juxta-position is a great sharpening of rivalry, as Dr. Johnson knew, when, to please the inhabitants of Plymouth, he abused the good folks who lived at Duck; moreover, one must be also a quick, zealous,

ardent, hot-headed, warm-hearted, girl like Letty, a beauty and an heiress, quite unused to disappointment, and not a little in love, and then we shall not wonder, in the first place, that she should be unreasonably angry, or, in the next, that before she had walked half a mile her anger vanished, and was succeeded by tender relentings and earnest wishes for a full and perfect reconciliation. "He'll be sure to call to-morrow morning," thought Letty to herself: "he said he would, before this unlucky cricket-playing. He told me that he had something to say, something particular. I wonder what it can be!" thought poor Letty. "To be sure, he never has said any thing about liking me—but still—and then aunt Judith, and Fanny Wright, and all the neighbours say—However, I shall know to-morrow." And home she tripped to the pleasant house by the tanyard, as happy as if the East-Woodhay men had not beaten the men of Hazelby. "I shall not see him before to-morrow, though," repeated Letty to herself, and immediately repaired to her pretty flower-garden, the little gate of which opened on a path leading from the Down to the street—a path that, for obvious reasons, Paul was wont to prefer—and began tying up her carnations in the dusk of the evening, and watering her geraniums by the light of the moon, until it was so late that she was fain to return, disappointed, to the house, repeating to herself, "I shall certainly see him to-morrow."

Far different were the feelings of the children again. Well-a-day for the age of chivalry! the happy times of knights and paladins, when a lecture from a lady's rosy lip, or a buffet from her lily hand, would have been received as humbly and as thankfully as the benediction from a mitred abbot, or the accolade from a king's sword! Alas for the days of chivalry! They are gone, and I fear me for ever. For certain our present hero was not born to revive them.

Paul Holton was a well looking and well educated young farmer, just returned from the north, to which he had been sent for agricultural improvement, and now on the look-out for a farm and a wife, both of which he thought he had found at Hazelby, whither he had come on the double errand of visiting some distant relations, and letting two or three small houses recently fallen into his possession. As owner of these houses, all situate in the town, he had claimed a right to join the Hazelby Eleven, mainly induced to avail himself of the privilege by the hope of winning favour in the eyes of the ungrateful fair one, whose animated character, as well as her sparkling beauty, had delighted his fancy, and apparently won his heart, until her rude attack on his play armed all the vanity of man against her attractions. Love is more intimately connected with self-love than people are willing to imagine; and Paul Holton's had been thoroughly mortified. Besides, if his fair mistress's character were somewhat too impetuous, his was greatly over-firm. So he said to himself—"The girl is a pretty girl, but far too much of a shrew for my taming. I am no Petruccio to master this Catharine. 'I come to wive it happily in Padua;' and let her father

be as rich as he may, I'll none of her." And, mistaking anger for indifference—no uncommon delusion in a love quarrel—off he set within the hour, thinking so very much of punishing the saucy beauty, that he entirely forgot the possibility of some of the pains falling to his own share.

The first tidings that Letty heard the next morning were, that Mr. Paul Holton had departed over-night, having authorized his cousin to let his houses, and to decline the large farm, for which he was in treaty; the next intelligence informed her that he was settled in Sussex; and then his relations left Hazelby—and poor Letty heard no more. Poor Letty! Even in a common parting for a common journey, she who stays behind is the object of pity: how much more so when he goes—goes, never to return, and carries with him the fond affection, the treasured hopes, of a young unpractised heart,

"And gentle wishes long subdued—
Subdued and cherish'd long!"

Poor, poor Letty!

Three years passed away, and brought much of change to our country maiden and to her fortunes. Her father, the jolly old tanner, a kind, frank, thoughtless man, as the cognomen would almost imply, one who did not think that there were such things as wickedness and ingratitude under the sun, became bound for a friend to a large amount; the friend proved a villain, and the jolly tanner was ruined. He and his daughter now lived in a small cottage near their former house; and at the point of time at which I have chosen to resume my story, the old man was endeavouring to persuade Letty, who had never attended a cricket-match since the one which she had so much cause to remember, to accompany him the next day (Whit-Tuesday) to see the Hazelby Eleven again encounter their ancient antagonists, the men of East-Woodhay.

"Pray come, Letty," said the fond father; "I can't go without you; I have no pleasure any where without my Letty; and I want to see this match, for Isaac Hunt can't play on account of the death of his mother, and they tell me that the East-Woodhay men have consented to our taking in another mate who practises the new Sussex bowling—I want to see that new-fangled mode. Do come Letty!" And, with a smothered sigh at the mention of Sussex, Letty consented.

Now old John Dale was not quite ingenuous with his pretty daughter. He did not tell her what he very well knew himself, that the bowler in question was no other than their sometime friend, Paul Holton, whom the business of letting his houses, or some other cause, not, perhaps, clearly defined even to himself, had brought to Hazelby on the eve of the match, and whose new method of bowling (in spite of his former mischances) the Hazelby Eleven were willing to try; the more so as they suspected, what, indeed, actually occurred, that the East-Woodhayites, who would have resisted the innovation of the Sussex system of delivering the ball in the hands of any one else, would have no objection to let Paul Holton, whose bad playing was a stand-

ing joke amongst them, do his best or his worst in any way.

Not a word of this did John Dale say to Letty; so that she was quite taken by surprise when, having placed her father, now very infirm, in a comfortable chair, she sat down by his side on a little hillock of turf, and saw her recreant lover standing amongst a group of cricketers very near, and evidently gazing on her—just as he used to gaze three years before.

Perhaps Letty had never looked so pretty in her life as at that moment. She was simply drest, as became her fallen fortunes. Her complexion was still coloured, like the apple-blossom, with vivid red and white, but there was more of sensibility, more of the heart in its quivering mutability, its alternation of paleness and blushes; the blue eyes were still as bright, but they were oftener cast down; the smile was still as splendid, but far more rare; the girlish gaiety was gone, but it was replaced by womanly sweetness;—sweetness and modesty formed now the chief expression of that lovely face, lovelier, far lovelier, than ever. So apparently thought Paul Holton, for he gazed and gazed with his whole soul in his eyes, in complete oblivion of cricket and cricketer, and the whole world. At last he recollected himself, blushed and bowed, and advanced a few steps, as if to address her; but, timid and irresolute, he turned away without speaking, joined the party who had now assembled round the wickets, the umpires called "Play!" and the game began.

East-Woodhay gained the toss and went in, and all eyes were fixed on the Sussex bowler. The ball was placed in his hands; and instantly the wicket was down, and the striker out—no other than Tom Taylor, the boast of his parish, and the best batsman in the county.

"Accident, mere accident!" of course, cried East-Woodhay; but another, and another followed: few could stand against the fatal bowling, and none could get notches.—A panic seized the whole side. And then, as losers will, they began to exclaim against the system; called it a toss, a throw, a trick; any thing but bowling, any thing but cricket; railed at it as destroying the grace of the attitude, and the balance of the game; protested against being considered as beaten by such jugglery, and, finally, appealed to the umpires as to the fairness of the play. The umpires, men of conscience, and old cricketers, hummed and hawed, and see-sawed; quoted contending precedents and jostling authorities; looked grave and wise, whilst even their little sticks of office seemed vibrating in puzzled importance. Never were judges more sorely perplexed. At last they did as the sages of the bench often do in such cases—reserved the point of law, and desired them to "play out the play." Accordingly the match was resumed; only twenty-seven notches being gained by the East-Woodhayians in their first innings, and they entirely from the balls of the old Hazelby bowler, James White.

During the quarter of an hour's pause which the laws allow, the victorious man of Sussex went up to John Dale, who had watched him with a strange mixture of feeling, delighted to

hear the stumps rattle, and to see opponent after opponent throw down his bat and walk off, and yet much annoyed at the new method by which the object was achieved. "We should not have called this cricket in my day," said he, "and yet it knocks down the wickets gloriously, too." Letty, on her part, had watched the game with unmingled interest and admiration. "He knew how much I liked to see a good cricketer," thought she; yet still, when that identical good cricketer approached, she was seized with such a fit of shyness—call it modesty—that she left her seat and joined a group of young women at some distance.

Paul looked earnestly after her, but remained standing by her father, inquiring with affectionate interest after his health, and talking over the game and the bowling. At length he said, "I hope that I have not driven away Miss Letitia."

"Call her Letty, Mr. Holton," interrupted the old man; "plain Letty. We are poor folks now, and have no right to any other title than our own proper names, old John Dale and his daughter Letty. A good daughter she has been to me," continued the fond father; "for when debts and losses took all that we had—for we paid to the uttermost farthing, Mr. Paul Holton, we owe no man a shilling!—when all my earnings and savings were gone, and the house over our head—the house I was born in, the house she was born in—I loved it the better for that!—taken away from us, then she gave up the few hundreds she was entitled to in right of her blessed mother to purchase an annuity for the old man, whose trust in a villain had brought her to want."

"God bless her!" interrupted Paul Holton.

"Ay, and God will bless her," returned the old man solemnly—"God will bless the dutiful child, who despoiled herself of all to support her old father!"

"Blessings on her dear generous heart!" again ejaculated Paul; "and I was away and knew nothing of this!"

"I knew nothing of it myself until the deed was completed," rejoined John Dale. "She was just of age, and the annuity was purchased and the money paid before she told me; and a cruel kindness it was to strip herself for my sake; it almost broke my heart when I heard the story. But even that was nothing," continued the good tanner, warming with his subject, "compared with her conduct since. If you could but see how she keeps the house, and how she waits upon me; her handiness, her cheerfulness, and all her pretty ways and contrivances to make me forget old times and old places. Poor thing! she must miss her neat parlour and the flower-garden she was so fond of, as much as I do my tan-yard and the great hall; but she never seems to think of them, and never has spoken a hasty word since our misfortunes, for all you know, poor thing! she used to be a little quick-tempered!"

"And I knew nothing of this!" repeated Paul Holton, as, two or three of their best wickets being down, the Hazelby players summoned him to go in. "I knew nothing of all this!"

Again all eyes were fixed on the Sussex cricketer, and at first he seemed likely to ve-

rify the predictions and confirm the hopes of the most malicious of his adversaries, by batting as badly as he had bowled well. He had not caught sight of the ball; his hits were weak, his defence insecure, and his mates began to tremble and his opponents to crow. Every hit seemed likely to be the last; he missed a leg ball of Ned Smith's; was all but caught out by Sam Newton; and East-Woodhay triumphed, Hazelby sate quaking; when a sudden glimpse of Letty, watching him with manifest anxiety, recalled her champion's wandering thoughts. Gathering himself up he stood before the wicket another man; knocked the ball hither and thither, to the turnpike, the coppice, the pond; got three, four, five, at a hit; baffled the slow bowler James Smith, and the fast bowler Tom Taylor; got fifty-five notches off his own bat; stood out all the rest of his side; and so handled the adverse party when they went in, that the match was won at a single innings, with six-and-thirty runs to spare.

Whilst his mates were discussing their victory, Paul Holton again approached the father and daughter, and this time she did not run away: "Letty, dear Letty," said he; "three years ago I lost the cricket-match and you were angry, and I was a fool. But Letty, dear Letty, this match is won; and if you could but know how deeply I have repented, how earnestly I have longed for this day! The world has gone well with me, Letty, for these three long years. I have wanted nothing but the treasure which I myself threw away, and now, if you would but let your father be my father, and my home your home!—if you would but forgive me, Letty!"

Letty's answer is not upon record; but it is certain that Paul Holton walked home from the cricket ground that evening with old John Dale hanging on one arm, and John Dale's pretty daughter on the other; and that a month after the bells of Hazelby church were ringing merrily in honour of one of the fairest and luckiest matches that ever cricketer lost and won.

From the Forget Me Not.

ON A CHILD KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

BY JOHN CLARE.

As fearless as a cherub's rest
Now safe above the cloud,
A babe lay on its mother's breast,
When thunders roar'd aloud.
It started not to hear the crash,
But held its little hand
Up at the lightning's fearful flash,
To catch the burning brand.

The tender mother held her breath,
In more than grief awhile,
To think, the thing that brought its death
Should cause her babe to smile.
Ay, it did smile a heavenly smile,
To see the lightning play;
Well might she shriek when it turn'd pale,
And yet it smiled in clay.

O woman! the dread storm was given

To be to each a friend:

It took thy infant pure to heaven,

Left thee, impure, to mend.

Thus Providence will oft appear

From God's own mouth to preach;

Ah! would we were as prone to hear

As Mercy is to teach!

From the Monthly Review.

AMERICA: or a General Survey of the Political Situation of the several Powers of the Western Continent, with Conjectures on their future Prospects. By a Citizen of the United States. 8vo. pp. 356. London: Murray 1828.

The motto which the author has chosen to prefix to his work—*Matre pulchra filia pulchrior*—at once discloses the main object which it has in view. To probe and expose the vulnerable parts in the political condition of England; to show that its present ascendancy is raised upon an artificial foundation, which sooner or later must give way; to shadow out the opening glories of North America, and to demonstrate that each succeeding century to the end of time, is likely only to widen the circle of her national opulence and power;—in a word, to convince the world that the daughter is fairer and destined to be greater than the mother, who is, however, admitted to have some claims to beauty and to station—these are the leading points, which through a dense array of argument and conjecture, this citizen of the United States exerts himself to establish.

We must do him the justice to acknowledge that his essay, however objectionable it may be to an Englishman in several respects, is marked by ability of the very first order. Since the publication of those admirable dissertations which were collected in "The Federalist," we have not seen any political composition from the pen of an American, that can at all be compared with this. The style is idiomatic and thoroughly English, formed in our best school. It is, indeed, occasionally verbose, but still the language is good, and musically arranged; and we are often compelled to admire the beauty of the periods, when we are most disposed to differ from the sentiments which they convey.

As a matter of course, this work will appear to Englishmen as overcharged in every page which touches on the present or prospective position of the United States. We dare say the author thinks that he is a mere matter of fact writer when he treats of that subject, and that he really intended to separate himself from those boasters, who have made the world sick with their nauseous exaggerations, and visions of American grandeur. It is necessary, however, only to turn over a few leaves of his book in order to perceive that, whatever may have been his prudent designs on setting out, he is soon carried away with his absorbing theme, and becomes quite as enthusiastic upon it as any of his countrymen. It is amusing to observe how calm and rational he can be when he speaks of France, or Germany, or Russia, and how rapidly he glides into what he himself

justly designates as *fanfaronade*, when it is necessary to underrate the fortunes of England, or to magnify those of his own country. This is the universal characteristic of American writers, and is just as conspicuous, though not perhaps as offensive, in the author before us, as any author that has ever existed. He has a courteous method of expressing his notions, which in some measure veils their deformity, and palliates their erroneousness; but as a genuine Yankee braggadocio, he differs in no respect from Mr. Cooper.

Information, and that commanding knowledge which arises from much study and reflection, as well as experience in the world, the writer of this volume possesses in an eminent degree. There is scarcely any fact unproduced by him to be found in ancient or in modern history, which tends in any way to illustrate his arguments, or to give them plausibility. He is a capital rhetorician, and under an outward appearance of great candour, exercises occasionally a degree of discretion which sinks into cunning. His views are certainly very often comprehensive, and treated in a statesman-like manner. But he is a diplomatist by profession, and seems generally to have in his contemplation, an antagonist whom he sometimes wishes to bully, and sometimes to overreach.

His essay comes very seasonably after that of Colonel Evans, which we reviewed in our last number. It is impossible for a British minister of the present day to take up both, or either of these works, and not to feel that they contain matter for his most serious reflections. In order to restore legitimacy upon the continent, and to save Russia from being a province of France, England has burdened herself with a tremendous debt, which must cripple her energies for centuries. And yet no sooner have the European powers begun to enjoy that independence which she had secured for them, than they apply their renovated strength to projects of their own;—projects which, particularly in one instance, are calculated on a basis of self-aggrandizement, that must disconcert all the hopes she had fondly entertained of the future repose of the world. This is for England a new and an unexpected position. How she is to extricate herself from it without making new sacrifices, and at the same time without hazarding that supremacy which she has long enjoyed and beneficially exercised, is a problem which it will very soon be necessary for our government to solve. We recommend to their grave attention the work before us. It will place not only Europe but the Americas under their view, considered in those relations which it is the business of politicians to inquire into, and understand in all their bearings.

It is easy to perceive that it is a darling object of ambition with the author, to connect the political system of the United States with that of Europe. He wishes that the influence of their councils should be felt here; that the acts and words of their government should command as much attention in the Old World, as those of the cabinet of England. He has no wish that America should borrow any institution or custom from Europe; but that on the contrary Europe should imitate America in every thing, and adopt not only her form of

government, but submit to all the suggestions of her envoys. To render the "Union" the great and principal leader of the Christian nations, is the longing desire which pervades every sentence of this work; and so fondly does its author cherish this idea, that it is sufficiently apparent before he terminates his task, that he seems to himself at least to have realized his glorious vision. In more than one passage he styles his country the head of the Christian system. Beyond this even American enthusiasm cannot soar. The fledged eagle now looks at the sun itself undazzled.

It was the advice of the illustrious Washington, that the United States should form a political system of their own, "entirely distinct and separate from every other." This recommendation was strongly urged in his farewell address, and has been hitherto considered as a presiding and invariable principle with the different presidents who have succeeded him. Our author, however, thinks that the season is arrived when it ought to give way before his better doctrine; it was sufficiently suitable to the time when it was first propounded; but it would never comport with the new destinies of the Union.

With respect to the states of Europe, it cannot be denied that they have risen with the enlargement of their colonial possessions, and have sunk again to their original station, as soon as they lost their dependencies. Thus Spain, Portugal, and Holland, which in turn held the rank of eminent powers, in proportion to their distant conquests, have resumed their secondary rank since their colonies have been lost to them. In the same way it is contended England must consent to be a subordinate power, as soon as she shall have lost her colonial possessions—an event which our author believes likely to occur in the course of two or three centuries. Meanwhile he considers the British empire as the second of the three principal elements composing the general political system which prevails throughout Christendom: the continent of Europe, with its dependencies in other parts of the world, he considers the first of these elements, and America, including its whole extent, he enumerates as the third. The continent of Europe, however, he looks upon as entirely under the control of Russia, in consequence of the immense physical force that is wielded by that state; and in the American world the United States take the lead, by reason of their priority of political existence. "Russia, Great Britain, and the United States, are therefore he contends, now the three prominent and first-rate powers of the civilized and Christian world. All the rest stand at present in an order secondary to one or the other of these." Having thus complacently fixed the United States beside Russia and England, our author may be excused for setting down Austria and France as second-rate powers, which are destined to be mere satellites of the northern Bear.

The author then institutes a comparison between the forms of government existing in the three grand divisions which he has just arranged.

"The United States are admitted by all to furnish the most finished model of a popular

government that has yet been seen; and they afford indeed the first instance, in which purely popular institutions have ever existed tranquilly for any length of time in a great community. The British constitution, on the other hand, is undoubtedly the most favourable specimen that has ever been exhibited of the mixed or intermediate system of government; while the Russian empire, although the aspect of its administration varies very much, like that of all despotic states, with the changes in the person of the despot, has displayed on the whole, since the time of Peter the Great, one of the best examples, as it certainly has the most imposing and remarkable one ever known, of the worst description of political institutions. Here then we have a vast and splendid panorama, in which those persons whose attention is directed by curiosity or habitual pursuits to the science of politics, may study the practical operation of the three great systems, developing themselves under every possible advantage and on the most extensive scale. Such a spectacle is surely well fitted to attract the observation of all those, who feel an interest in the fortunes of the human race, and have duly considered the permanent influence of political institutions upon their condition and happiness.

"If the object were merely to settle in the minds of the impartial inquirers, the question of the comparative advantages of liberal and arbitrary governments, it would perhaps be quite sufficient to survey, however superficially, the present situation of these different sections of the Christian world, especially of the continents of Europe and America, in which the two forms present themselves respectively in a pure and simple shape. Under the operation of the liberal system, we see throughout America an exhibition of prosperity, national and individual, such as probably the world never witnessed before upon the same scale; a substantial equality of property and of personal and political rights, a high degree of intellectual and moral activity pervading and animating the whole mass of society, a general diffusion of the material comforts of life, of knowledge and virtue, and, as a necessary consequence, of happiness; an increase of population and a progress of improvement, unheard of, unthought of, in any former age or region; gigantic enterprises in the way of internal development and foreign commerce, of which monarchs never dreamed, conceived and executed by states and individuals; tens of millions of busy, proud, and wealthy men, governed and defended almost without either armies or taxes; and finally, as if in mockery of the idle fears and vain pretences of the adversaries of this system, the whole movement going on in uninterrupted tranquillity, while at the same time the empires which are ruled upon the opposite principles, and whose professed object, and only supposed advantage, is tranquillity, are constantly convulsed with revolutions, and given up for ever to the standing curses of foreign and domestic war.

"The despotic system, as exemplified on the continent of Europe, presents us with a picture in every respect precisely the reverse of this. We there see a few individuals in each separate state monopolizing all the property, and enjoy-

ing exclusively the material comforts of life, somewhat happier of course, but, from the vice of their position, not much wiser or better than their fellow citizens; the mass of the community poor, abject, and wretched; no intellectual or physical activity; no generous expansion of social feeling; no circulation of thought or diffusion of knowledge; no virtues but those of instinct, and all the vices which ignorance and misery constantly engender; wealth and population declining, or at best stationary; the useful and liberal arts at a stand; manifest improvements, familiar in more favoured regions, rejected and prohibited; loathsome and inveterate abuses in morals and politics retained and cherished, with a sort of affectation; we see, in short, in consequence of the very peculiar situation of these nations, the spectacle, altogether new I believe in the history of the world, of a number of contemporary governments voluntarily shutting their eyes upon the lights of the age in which they live; spurning in practice, at truths which they cannot dispute in theory, and regulating their public conduct agreeably to known and acknowledged errors. Such is the singular condition of the vast communities professing the Greek and Catholic religions, which occupy so extensive a portion of the ancient continent, and whose policy, as I have already stated, is now preponderant through the whole of it, and unresisted except by the vain wishes and stifled complaints of a few individuals. It may be proper, however, to add that the Protestant countries, and also to a certain extent, France and some parts of Catholic Germany, though moving in our order secondary to the great military power of the continent, are yet governed, as respects internal affairs, on a better system, commonly called the mixed or intermediate one, and which is also established in the British empire, or at least that part of it, (not by any means the largest) which is subject to the British constitution.

"This intermediate system exhibits the principle of liberty and that of despotism or arbitrary power, co-operating together, or rather contending for the mastery, within the compass of the same body politic. Institutions of this description have found, like those of despotism, their apologists and even their admirers; and have sometimes been extolled by men of high discernment, under the name of mixed governments, as the most finished products of political wisdom. In reality, however, although they argue a better state of society than that which exists of necessity in despotic governments, they may perhaps, when considered in the abstract, be fairly ranked as inferior to both the simple forms; or, to speak more properly, they should be described, not as a distinct class of governments, having a separate principle of their own, but as a sort of transition or passage from one of the simple forms of government to the other. This is the light under which they are now viewed by some of the most intelligent European writers, as for example, M. de Chateaubriand; and we find in fact, that, in all the countries in which we see them established, they have been the effect of accidental circumstances, which have planted the seeds of liberty and encouraged its growth, in a soil before appropriated to despotism. If this notion of

the system be correct, it would seem that it can hardly be in any case a very durable one. When the new occupant becomes strong enough to display his character, a struggle must ensue between the two pretenders to the mastery, which, though it may endure for a considerable period of time, must apparently terminate in the complete triumph of one or the other. The intervening epoch of confusion and collision is the one through which the constitutional monarchies of Europe appear to be now passing; and the incongruous forms of legislation and administration, naturally produced by this conflict of principles, constitute, at least on this view of it, the celebrated system of mixed governments.

"We find accordingly, upon examining this system as exemplified in England, the only country where it ever grew up spontaneously, and where, if any where, it must be supposed to exhibit itself in its natural and proper shape, that it displays a combination of contraries, which no ingenuity can reconcile in theory, and no art or skill unite in harmonious action. We find institutions existing together, which suppose the truth of directly opposite principles, and which, if they retain any real force, must lead of necessity to continual collision:—a king reigning by the grace of God, and a parliament claiming and exercising the right of deposing him at pleasure;—an established church, with universal liberty of conscience and worship;—equality of rights and hereditary privileges;—boundless prodigality in the public expenses, with a strict accountableness of all the agents;—with a thousand other incongruities of the same description. The administration of these countries presents in fact the appearance, which we should naturally expect from the view here taken of their political forms. We see in their proceedings and condition something of the favourable influence of liberty, and something of the ruinous effect of arbitrary government; but their most remarkable and distinctive feature is a continual collision between the two principles, and a ceaseless fluctuation in the public measures, as one or the other predominates in turn."—pp. 12—17.

We do not mean to controvert any of the assertions which are made in this eloquent and striking passage. It contains many truths which it may be disagreeable to our Tories to hear; and which it is occasionally useful for us all, of every party, to reflect upon. We cannot, however, agree with the author in thinking that there was any inconsistency between the encouragement which the British government has given to the independence of Spanish America, and its long and relentless opposition to the Revolution of France. It was not against the *principle* of revolution that Great Britain waged war, when it proceeded to hostilities against republican France; that would have been an error which no British statesman would be allowed by the country to commit, seeing that the house of Brunswick sits on the throne of England by virtue of an acknowledged revolutionary compact. It was against the spirit in which the French revolution was conducted, the firebrands which it scattered over all Europe, the enormous crimes

which it perpetrated, the destruction of all the land-marks of society which it avowedly contemplated, and the military tyranny which was its offspring, that our country rose in arms. Had the French conducted their revolution with a proper temper, Great Britain would have been among the first to recognise their new system of government. In acknowledging the young states of Spanish America, she acted upon a principle too long and too well established in her history to be departed from with impunity.

From the comparison which our author has made between the three great empires above enumerated, he, of course, concludes that the pre-eminent station is to be conceded to the United States. He shudders, with due diffidence, at the vast responsibility which such a position imposes upon his country; but he assumes it to be one which she cannot, even if she would, avoid; and, therefore, he proceeds to a survey of her institutions, policy, and prospects, in order that her citizens may clearly understand their rights, together with their corresponding duties.

In order to make this part of his essay the more intelligible, our author offers a rapid sketch of the principal political events of the last five years. The first of these was the recognition of the Spanish American Republics by the United States and by England. The author is mistaken in considering that this recognition afforded the earliest decisive indication of the separation of England from the Holy Alliance. The first step towards that separation was taken at Verona, when the Duke of Wellington, as the representative of Great Britain, gave every opposition in his power to the expressed intention of the Allied Powers to interfere with the constitution then established in Spain. The recognition of the Spanish American States was the consequence of that act; and, as Mr. Canning very truly said, the New World was by him called into political existence, to repair the errors of the Old. The most important of those errors was, the overthrow of the constitution of Spain by France, at the mere dictate of Russia. From the day that M. de Villele declared that unless he made war in the South, he should have to meet one in the North, and showed his fear of the latter by preferring the former, he may be said to have surrendered France to the Autocrat. It was not the loss of her colonial possessions that reduced France to the station of a secondary power, but this timid and disastrous policy on the part of the French ministry. Had they taken their stand on that occasion, and declared that no foreign government whatever should interpose in the affairs of Spain, what a point of support would not the liberty of Europe now have possessed against the designs of universal domination which Russia scarcely affects to conceal!

The opposition of England to the invasion of Spain commenced, and her subsequent recognition of the Spanish American States completed, her separation from the Holy Alliance. She was destined thenceforth to move, as Mr. Canning more than once expressed it, in an orbit of her own; and whatever vacillation may be perceptible in the councils of our present

ministers, it cannot be doubted that her true policy is to be found in that orbit, and no other. We do not therefore understand the point of our author's assertion, that the recognition of South America was to England "almost equivalent in its consequences to a geographical removal from one quarter of the globe to the other. Distrusted by the continental powers, as a false friend, and deserter of the common cause; banished from their markets, excluded from their councils, and an alien from their principles, Great Britain seems to have lost her hold on the other world in which she is situated, and to have become an American rather than a European state." We have no objection to the cultivation of the warmest feelings on both sides between America and England; on the contrary, we are confident that the true interests of both countries require that amity the most cordial and unreserved should subsist for ever between them. But England wants no geographical removal, nor any thing equivalent to it, we trust, in order to be enabled to preserve her independence, and to pursue her own policy. If she be but thoroughly English, that is to say, true to her own glory, and to the spirit that first raised her from being a petty island to be the mistress of the seas, the geographical position which she now holds is the very one that is best suited to her wishes. But if she much longer continue to permit her influence to be trampled under foot by Russia, and to be scorned even by the contemptible usurper of Portugal, the sooner she is sunk in the sea, the better for her memory.

The death of the late Emperor Alexander, is another fact that has occurred within the last five years, upon which the author makes some just reflections. It is evident that that monarch was a great favourite with him. He calls the Autocrat "the Titus of the age, and the delight of the human race." "He felt a real sympathy in the fortunes and concerns of other men, and was fond of mingling with them on equal terms. I have seen him repeatedly in the streets of St. Petersburg, walking unattended, by the hour together, and conversing familiarly with persons of all classes, whom he happened to meet." Had the author deferred closing this chapter until he had learned that the troops which Alexander had so long detained behind the Pruth, were now actually investing Shumla, and on their march to Constantinople, he would probably have devoted a considerable portion of it to the policy of the new Emperor. He concludes with the following grandiloquent observations:—

"During this interval, the boundless regions of Spanish America have completed their emancipation from the government of the parent country; and our own United States have taken the stand which they are henceforth and for ever to occupy, in the political system of Christendom. What volumes of detail are comprehended in these lines! How insignificant do the events of former times appear by the side of those which this new epoch must bring to light! How confined the sphere on which the most distinguished actors in those events performed their parts, compared with the present political theatre, which has no limits but those of the globe! It is too much to

anticipate that the minds which are to figure upon this more extended field of action, before this enlarged circle of observers, will be moved by purer and nobler views, and rise to loftier heights of patriotism and virtue, than those which preceded them! May we not hope at least that the new world will continue to produce Washingtons instead of Cromwells and Buonapartes; and Adamises, Franklins, and Jeffersons, instead of Machiavels and Mirabeaus? Certainly the present appearances tend to encourage very strongly these ideas, and to cheer the hearts of the lovers of our race with delightful visions of the future."—pp. 58, 59.

The remainder of the volume is engaged in commentaries upon these two events—the emancipation of Spanish America, and "the stand which the United States have taken, and are for ever to occupy, in the political system of Christendom." The latter topic is treated first in point of order, as it seems to be a matter of course that the United States are to take the lead in every thing. In noticing this over-ambitious, not to say inordinate arrogance of our author, we wish to be clearly understood as having no desire whatever to undervalue the political institutions, the domestic prosperity, and the legitimate foreign influence of that great Republic. To talk, however, of the stand which it has taken in the political system of *Christendom*, simply because its President lately said, that it would not view with indifference any attempt that might be made to restore the Spanish States of America to the mother country, seems at least evidence of a desire to infer the largest possible consequence from a very narrow, and not to say it disparagingly, a very equivocal premise. The phrase, "not to view with indifference," might, if circumstances required it, be construed to mean absolutely nothing. For ourselves, we doubt extremely whether the people of the United States would ever undertake a war, the sole object of which would be to defend the freedom of South America. A war even for their own preservation, when it affects their commerce, is not very agreeable to them, as their history shows; and to suppose that they would contract a new debt, and shed the blood of their children, for the sake of securing independence to Mexico or Colombia, is far more than any man who knows the people of New York or Massachusetts, would ever expect from them. It is all very well for the President to use fine words, which may admit of any meaning which future circumstances might render necessary; but it is a little too much for an American writer to place his own construction upon them, and then to erect them into a great and permanent principle of action, upon which his country has taken a stand in "the political system of Christendom!" The thing looks ridiculous, and is, in fact, mere bombast. If by Christendom, Europe be chiefly meant, we assert, without fear of contradiction, that America has taken no stand here, and that when her councils are not confined to her own hemisphere, they are treated with no degree of respect.

In the author's commentaries upon the general and local constitutions of the United States, he adopts uniformly the fantastic and

absurd language of M. Chateaubriand, that the representative republic of America is "the most splendid discovery of modern times." Could the author, or the author whom he quotes, have been ignorant that a commonwealth once existed in England, which was in a great measure representative, although its forms were abused? Could they have been ignorant that since the revolution, at least the democratic branch of the British constitution has been treated by our best lawyers as a representative republic, and as the first one of the kind that ever endured for any considerable period? The states of Holland also, what were they but a rather less perfect picture of what the United States of America now are, in their mode of government; and yet are we told that a representative republic is "the most splendid discovery of modern times!" Our author, not contented with this, gives a long and elaborate history of the discovery of the representative principle, as if it had never been known or reduced to practice, save in the new hemisphere! There is a want of candour, and of fairness towards England, in this part of his work, which we much regret to perceive in the pages of so able a writer, who cannot be supposed ignorant of the history of the country which gave all the models of her free institutions, and what is better, the spirit that produced and defended them, to his own.

With the exceptions just noticed, the explanation which our author has given of the federal, and the States' constitutions, is clear, copious, and satisfactory. They are rather more complicated in their relations, and at the same time more distinct from each other in their practical application, than most foreigners, even Englishmen, are apt to imagine. To those who wish to understand them, we recommend the essays in the "Federalist," and the third and fourth chapters in the book before us. They will see in the former the plans traced out by Madison and Hamilton; they will see in the latter the manner in which their theories are carried into operation, as well as very able biographical sketches of those two justly celebrated persons. In these chapters there are also some remarks on the internal economy of the United States, in which we find great encouragement given to the establishment of manufactures. So anxiously does the author feel on this point, that he even recommends a minister of trade to be added to the cabinet, for the purpose of superintending and promoting this branch of industry.

The fifth chapter is taken up with the political condition of the new States of Spanish America. The author looks upon the emancipation of those states as completing in one of its principal parts, the "development of a new universal system," and as forming "one of the leading circumstances, in the most interesting crisis in the fortunes of Christendom, that has occurred since the first establishment of the European commonwealth upon the ruins of the Roman empire." The causes both immediate and remote of that revolution, are treated in a masterly manner. In the author's observations on the political institutions of the new States, we are not altogether disposed to ac-

quiesce. They are founded on the plausible principle that "the material virtue of a good constitution is its conformity to the condition of the people who are to be governed by it." Speaking generally, this rule may no doubt be received as a good one; but it admits of exceptions. As for instance, in the case of the Spanish Americans, what condition could be said to appertain to them, to which a constitution of any kind could be considered as strictly conformable? They were not rich enough to support a despotic government, still less a mixed government, which would be much more expensive. In selecting a republican form of government, they sought to enjoy the practical advantages of that liberty, for which they had so long and so heroically struggled; and if they were at first untutored in the theory and practice of legislation, and in the exercise of the franchises which are necessary for the support of a general system of freedom, is it therefore to be contended that they ought to remain slaves for ever? A few years will give them all the experience of which they can stand in need under their circumstances; and although the constitutions on which they fixed cannot be said to have been in conformity with the condition of the men of the revolution, they will be perfectly in consonance with that of their children. Liberty is always worth an experiment, and if it only be permitted to have fair play, it cannot fail in due time to knit itself into the hearts of those who are within the sphere of its influence.

The author does not tell us what form of government he would have given to the Spanish States, if they had consulted him on the subject. He thinks, indeed, that they all possessed in common one element—that of *religion*—of which they have made too little use as a means of union and strength for their political systems. It might, he says, have been rendered with great propriety and utility the principal basis of their institutions. In other words, perhaps he would have them governed as the Indians of Paraguay formerly were by the Jesuits, or by patriarchs, who would be at once the law-givers and executive officers of the new theocracies. In strict reasoning, perhaps, a government of this sort would have been more conformable to the condition of the Spanish Americans than any other, for in point of religion their condition was universally the same. But although we set as high a value as any person can set on the utility of religion, yet we apprehend that no greater injury can be done to it, than by converting it into a political instrument. When mixed up with the government of a nation, its sacred name is often assumed as a mark for hypocrisy and vice of every description. A political system, solely founded on religion, would not be practicable, and certainly not at all conformable to the present usages of the world. We may add, that if governments supported entirely by religion, had been established in South America, there is not one of the new States that would not at this moment have been again under the dominion of the Peninsula.

The author's notions on this subject are eminently absurd and paradoxical. "Religion,"

he says, "wherever it can be employed in this way, seems in fact to be the proper corner stone of every political fabric; the theory of the natural separation of the church and state, which grew up at the time of the Reformation, and has since gained so much currency that the Catholics themselves have found it necessary to admit it, has, in fact, no foundation whatever in truth." It is not true that the theory of the natural separation of the church and state, grew up at the time of the Reformation. It was established by HIM who said that his kingdom was not of this world, and the innovation commenced with Constantine, who for the first time allied the Christian church with the state. Far from the theory of separation growing up at the time of the Reformation, it was then violated more vigorously than ever, in England, in Saxony, in Prussia, in Holland, in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, in Scotland, and in Ireland, in each of which kingdoms the doctrine of the natural union of the church and state was enforced by law, and often by persecutions of the most flagitious character. If there be any one thing more enviable than another in the system of the United States, it is its total want of an established religion. This is a matter which it has wisely left to every individual to take care of for himself, and we hope that sooner or later the same practice will prevail all over Christendom. No church can be the true one which requires to be bolstered up by human laws.

In treating of the European colonies in America, (to which the author devotes his sixth chapter,) he takes it for granted, as indeed he may, that the Spanish Islands will soon abandon their dependence on the mother country. He cautiously avoids going into any details about Cuba, which already exercises a virtual sovereignty as to its foreign trade. He thinks this a delicate subject; he knows that the United States are, in fact, suspected of looking upon that fair island with an eye of desire, and rather than dissipate the visions which are fostered concerning it, he rapidly passes it over. The British dependencies, he need hardly inform us, will also fall off from the parent empire in due season. We disagree with him in thinking that the Canadas will be the last to cling to us. On the contrary, they will be the first to claim, or at least to obtain, their independence. Indeed, every one who has read the debate that incidentally arose concerning them in the last session of Parliament, must have seen that the retention of them was a matter concerning which the government is not, and need not be, very anxious. The West Indies will remain with us to the last, because the proprietors of the soil require all the protection we can give them.

We have been much pleased with the tone in which the author touches in this chapter on the question of Hayti. He properly enough considers that island as a European colony, since it holds its independence "by a somewhat doubtful tenure, (the price that is to be given for it being not yet paid)." It is well known that the successive governments of the United States have declined to acknowledge the *de facto* independence of Hayti, from a fear

of encouraging a spirit of revolt amongst the numerous slaves who are spread over their own territories. The greater the measure of praise, therefore, that is due to our author for the manly and generous language in which he expresses himself on this subject. He shows in a very satisfactory manner, from the history of the Ethiopians, the Egyptians, and the Moors, that the natives of Africa instead of being that inferior and degraded race which they are generally represented to be, were the original authors of much of the civilization, and many of the arts which are now so highly appreciated in Europe. He insists that it is most unjust to derive arguments against all the inhabitants of the African continent, from the unhappy specimens of them who are carried away from their native shores in the slave ships, and suddenly transferred to a distant land, of the language and usages of which they are totally ignorant. The whole of his reasoning on this interesting subject proves that he has given it great attention, and his mode of handling it is novel and engaging.

In the seventh chapter we have a dissertation on the foreign policy of the two Americas.—The author considers the relation between them and the Continent of Europe, so far as it is represented by the Holy Alliance, as one of "hostility actual in some parts, and only virtual in others, but real and effective in all." The causes of this hostility resolve themselves, as was remarked by the President Monroe, "into the opposition that exists between the principles of government that respectively prevail in the two great divisions of the Christian system. The Spanish Americans are contending for independence and liberty, and the United States sympathise with them, because they have not long since passed through a similar struggle, by means of which they acquired and are now enjoying those great blessings. The continental powers of Europe sympathise with Spain, because their governments are all organized on arbitrary principles, and because they are naturally led by this state of things, to disapprove the extension of liberal principles in any part of the world, and to apprehend the reaction of such extension upon their own subjects at home." The author gives the continental governments some very good advice upon this subject, which we much fear will be lost upon them, at least for the present century. The position of the British empire, as respects the two continents, is by no means so obvious. It was certainly placed "in a friendly attitude towards America, and in a hostile one towards the continent of Europe," since our recognition of the South American States; it continued to be so until the Russian armies crossed the Danube; but to what new changes of policy, to what new alliances in Europe that important event may give rise, it is difficult at this moment to ascertain. If Great Britain, Austria, and France, shall unite to oppose the ambitious designs of Russia, it is manifest that the European system must be altogether altered, and that the Holy Alliance must give way to a tripartite league against the Autocrat of the North. This league, however, cannot affect the friendly attitude of England towards America. Upon

this subject we cheerfully extract the following observations. They are somewhat acidulated in their spirit, and want that very tone of cordiality which they profess to encourage; but they are nevertheless well intended, and we are happy to second their object.

"It has so happened, therefore, by a somewhat singular effect of the course of public events, that Great Britain and the United States, who but a few years since were at war with each other, upon grounds, as it then appeared, of a permanent and essential character, who for a long time previous had been in a state of continual and bitter collision, and had never since the war of independence, one may say, in fact, since the first settlement of the colonies, had a single moment of real cordiality, have now, without any sacrifice of pride or principle on either side, without concession and indeed without concert, been brought by the mere force of circumstances, into a situation of virtual alliance and amity, so deeply and broadly founded in the interests of both, and in the established political system of Christendom, that it cannot well fail to supersede all the old motives of contention, and to endure as long, perhaps, as the national existence of either. This relation is so far from having been the effect of any reconciliation of feeling, between the countries and their governments, or of any artificial arrangements, digested by leading individuals, who might be supposed to rise above the low sphere of national animosity, that it has taken place, as it were, against the will of the parties, whose sentiments are even now less friendly than their position, and who seem to glare on each other with eyes of hatred and suspicion, at the very moment when they are exchanging good offices of high importance, and taking the field, in fact, together against a common enemy. It is known indeed that the British government, though often requested, has constantly refused, through the whole period during which this new relation has been growing up, to act in concert with the government of the United States. They declined the proposition made by the latter, that the two governments should recognise, by a simultaneous act, the independence of the American states, although such a proceeding would have been perhaps upon the whole even more honourable to them, than to follow step by step, and at short distances, in the course marked out and pursued by us. They also affected to consider as hostile to them the declaration made by President Monroe, that the American continent was no longer open for colonization, although the obvious purpose was to discourage a cession by Spain of any part of her American colonies to any other power, a purpose that had already been distinctly and formally avowed by England. There is, therefore, this rather singular difference in the form and spirit of the relations now existing between the British empire, and the two continents respectively; that with that of Europe a feeling of deeply-seated animosity is veiled by a semblance of apparent good-will, while in regard to us, the new sentiment of amity has hardly yet begun to beam out brightly, in the countenance of either party, through the sour and gloomy expression, which had been so

long worn by both, that it had become habitual and in some degree natural. But this is a matter of little consequence. The terms in this, as in most other cases, accommodate themselves, after a while, to the substance; and we have reason to expect that the two governments, after they shall have stood by each other faithfully, for half a century, in regard to their most important interests, will not refuse at last to exchange a few civil speeches and good-humoured looks. Mr. Canning indeed, whose decision and talents have done so much in fixing the new position of the British empire, in regard to the continent, has been also among the first to perceive the bearing of this position upon the direct relations between that empire and the United States. His address to Mr. Hughes, at the Liverpool dinner, is conceived in the true spirit of these relations, as they now exist. The tone being thus given by the leading voices, the minor performers will of course in due season join in the chorus; and it would not be surprising if we should, after a while, be as much surfeited by the gross adulation of the inferior British presses, and second-rate politicians, as we have heretofore been disgusted by their causeless and tasteless satire."—pp. 243—245.

We cannot reconcile this passage, however, with one which follows it at the interval of two or three pages. We shall give it without commentary, as at the conclusion the author pretty well accounts for it, by almost admitting it to be a mere effusion of national pride.

"In the progress of future events, we may anticipate that America will become every year more and more important to England, and that England, on the other hand, will gradually cease to render any essential service to America. Such is the rapid growth of our continent in population, wealth, and political power, that it must at no distant period be entirely secure in the extent of its own resources, not merely from conquest, which it is already, but from any apprehension or danger of attack. The adherence of Great Britain to our system will then be to us of no utility; while the same causes will render the connexion, in an economical point of view, to her constantly more and more valuable. Add to this, that while our continent is yearly developing new resources of every kind, it is altogether probable that the British empire will be gradually brought within smaller dimensions, by the successive falling off of its distant appendages, and will ultimately be reduced to its primitive possessions on the north-western coast of Europe. The United States, having thus become the most populous and powerful nation of English origin, will naturally take the place of the British islands, as the commercial and political centre of the English settlements in every part of the globe; while the original, but then exhausted parent soil, will lose her present high standing as a constituent member of the great system of Christendom, and finally sink into a dependency on the continent. But without dwelling too much in anticipations, which may appear to some to be dictated by national pride rather than just political foresight, it is sufficient for our immediate object to remark, as I have done before, that the existing friendly relation be-

tween the British empire and the continent of America is, for the present at least, whatever it may be hereafter, equally as well as highly beneficial and honourable to both the parties."—pp. 248, 249.

We have left ourselves no room to notice an excellent proposition, which the author has taken much pains to recommend to the attention of the governments of Europe; its object is to establish as a maxim of international law, that upon the seas, as upon land, in time of war, all private property should be held sacred. The two cases are not, perhaps, in all points parallel; but the proposition certainly deserves the most serious consideration. Any thing that tends to civilize the ancient ferocity of war, ought to be received in these enlightened times with the utmost attention.

The eighth and ninth chapters are employed on subjects peculiarly American—the international relations of the northern and southern portions of the continent, the abortive congress of Panama, the fiftieth anniversary of the declaration of the independence of the United States, and the death of Messrs. Adams and Jefferson. The tenth and concluding chapter, which treats of "the prospects of the future situation of America, and its influence on the fortunes of the world," is little more than a repetition of all the dreams of grandeur which the wildest of American visionaries have already imagined. The following paragraph will perhaps be deemed a sufficient specimen of its contents.

"With a territory equal to that of the greatest empires of ancient or modern times, with a government far superior, as we think, to any one that was ever tried before, unless the auspices under which we have entered on our march of national existence should, contrary to every reasonable anticipation, prove fallacious, we must become, and that at no very distant period, a more populous, wealthy, and powerful community, than any the world has ever seen. Supposing the number of our citizens to increase as it has done, from the first settlement of the country up to the present day, (and as it must continue to do, unless arrested by disastrous political events,) it will amount at the close of the present century, to about eighty millions, a population twice as large as that of Russia at present. By the middle of the next century, it will reach three hundred millions, and will then be equal to the most exaggerated estimates of the population of China, and much exceed those of later date and more authentic character. Continuing to advance on the same principles, it will arrive, in less than two centuries, at the sum of twelve hundred millions, and will then considerably exceed the present estimated population of the globe."—pp. 339, 340.

Thus it will have been seen that amid many wise and admirable reflections on the present political condition of Christendom, some gleams of the American visionary now and then break out. We take leave of him, however, with unfeigned respect for his talents, which are calculated to raise him to distinguished eminence in his own country.

From the Forget Me Not.

REASON'S VICTORY.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

O'er Youth's ardent season,
While yet in its prime,
Came cold joyless Reason,
The sister of Time.

She scann'd every feeling,
She weigh'd every thought,
While sternly revealing
The light that she brought.

That light gave no gladness,
It show'd but too plain,
That Laughter was madness,
And Pleasure was vain.

And Grief, who was sleeping,
Awoke in that hour,
And bright eyes were weeping,
Fond hearts rued her power.

O'er Fancy's dominions
She came like a blight,
And Hope spread her pinions
And fled from her sight.

Then Love, who had longest
Disputed her sway,
Confess'd her the strongest,
And vanish'd away.

But Doubt, Fear, and Sorrow,
With him took their flight,
And peace on the morrow
Shone cloudless and bright.

Then Hope, sweetly smiling,
Returning was seen;
Not false and beguiling,
But mild and serene.

Like a spirit of healing
And gladness she rose,
Divinely revealing
A balm for all woes.

All lovely and glorious,
She proved to the wise
That her wing was victorious
When plumed for the skies.

TO POESY.

THIS is a solitude where I may hold
Sweet intercourse with thee, young Poesy!
And, vex'd not by the tumult of the world,
Bend o'er my solitary harp, and gem
Its chords perchance with joys melodious
tears.

Silence is on the mountains, and the vale,
Speechless, upturns the beauty of its face,
To catch the steady foldings of her robe.
That floats, without a noise, upon the hill!
How dark yon western woodlands! How serene
Yon crystal mirror, slumbering at their feet!
How still the meadows, garlanded with streaks
Of golden light, and gemm'd with shining dew!
And oh, how rich the crimson of the sky!
Come, loved of Heaven, delightful Poesy!

And take thy seat upon this lofty rock :
So will I braid thy tresses in a wreath
Of sable beauty, twining them around
The fibres of my harp, and chanting forth
Snatches of song ! Oh ! then shall Silence start
As from a slumber, and enamour'd list
The sweeping melody, inspired by thee !

How many a year unknown to thee I spent,
Enchanting Poesy ! Thy verdant haunts
Were interdicted regions, and thy springs
Waters whereof I might not drink. Behold !
At length I knew thee for the mourner's friend :
I heard thy sweet voice on the summer gale,
And felt thy blessed influence in the stars,
And all bright things. The meadows and the hills,

The purple skylight, and the gurgling brooks ;
The untought nightingales, that love to sing
When all is sleeping ; the umbrageous groves,
Sacred to thought and meditation deep ;
Yea, and the wild birds in the forest shade :
Even the sunbeams (those connecting links
From heaven to earth), each spoke immortal truths,

And fill'd my spirit with thy holy lore !
Then came the magic of a poet's name,
Like light, upon my fancy ; and I sat
Brooding for hours, amid sequester'd nooks,
On all the mighty masters of the lyre
That, in the horoscope of mind, create
An arch of glory like the milky way !
Oh, then I bless'd thee, calm-brow'd Poesy !
Yea, like a child, I bless'd thee in my prayers,
And woo'd thee with my harp ! 'Twas feeble
song,

Yet withal grateful.—I, thy votary,
Since then have wander'd in thy pleasant
paths

Not seldom, musing in umbrageous spots
And haunts of deep retirement, far away
From aught that whispers of a world unkind ;
Teaching my heart to find in solitude
Its sum of earthly happiness, convinced
That thence alone true pleasure is derived !

R. F. H.

NOVELS OF THE DAY.

An Extract from the Monthly Review.

THERE are as many distinct kinds of novels as there are of poems, and these, if we believe poetical theorists, are almost infinite in number. There is one bad consequence in this, as it regards works of fiction, and it is, that the good become confounded with the bad—the true, genuine productions of inventive genius, and knowledge of human nature, with the weak, puerile, and noxious imitations of feeble and uncultivated minds. The bold and hardy descriptions of manners and character by Fielding and Smollet, have been followed by details confined to one small and narrow province of human life. The character and habits of mankind, the darkly-shadowed picture of society, are pretendedly set forth in a set of weakly-drawn sketches, representing the summer fashions of lords and ladies. The rich and splendidly-illustrated romances of Sir Walter Scott

—the very magic mirror of the magician—the record that best enables us to hold intercourse with the generations that are gone ; these have been mingled in their character of historical romances, with others as little fit to be their companions, as those we have before mentioned are fit to be named with the productions of Fielding and Smollet. Richardson, again, has had his imitators ; but instead of the pure and determined morality which his pages exhibit, his followers have attempted to inculcate virtue by the whinings of a false sentimentality, or an indecorous mixture of religion with the separate province of fiction. Novels of all these kinds, therefore, are in continual danger of being unfairly judged, and of being condemned without a hearing, by readers of a particular class. A most plentiful, and frequently very pure, source of amusement is thus frequently cut off from the young and the unemployed of both sexes ; and the name of a romance or novel is made a bugbear to all prudent fathers and mothers, who imagine their daughters are sure to elope, and their sons to marry without a fortune, if they become addicted to this kind of reading. But this confusion with respect to novels of the same class, is not, perhaps, so fruitful in error, as confusion in regard to the different kinds of fictitious composition. We are very doubtful whether any class or portion of society, depicted very closely, and in all its variety of manners, pleasures, and occupations, could afford what may properly be considered a direct and obvious moral. If, also, on the other hand, amusement be the chief object in a work of fiction, it is very certain that a novel of manners must be vastly inferior to one which depends upon its plot and characters for interest. The class of novels, therefore, which come under the title of fashionable, we have always regarded as occupying the lowest place in the list of fictitious works. Their morality, with a very few exceptions, is more than doubtful, not perhaps from any indifference or design on the part of the writers, but from the very subjects which form the foundation of their plots ; and as tales they very seldom exceed in interest a common Magazine story. Turning, then, from these to the historical romance, we enter upon a new and more promising field of fiction. It is worthy of remark, that in this class of novels, description of manners, which in those of a fashionable character, is generally a mere vehicle for caricaturing, or a rapid detail of commonplace occurrences, is a most interesting and highly valuable feature in the composition. In the quick and stirring narrative they give of by-gone events, nothing can be more entertaining than to see the living picture in all its first vividness and freshness of colour. It is like obtaining for the time an exemption from the common lot of our race, which forbids our seeing more than the objects of the present moment ; and the knowledge we thus obtain of old customs and habits, gives us an additional clue to that labyrinth of past ages, in which the olden history of mankind is treasured up. Historical romances have, in this respect, a considerable claim upon attention ; and even supposing their story to be unimportant, or even trifling, as some rigid critics may frequently decide it to be, they can seldom be read with-

out leaving many agreeable impressions and glowing images in the mind. But their near affinity to the highest species of poetical composition, was acknowledged long before they attained that popularity in the reading world which they now enjoy. They succeeded the works which shone with the full and noontide brightness of ancient and yet unweakened imagination. They supplied the place of those half-heavenly offsprings of earthly natures, which had, as it were, grasped hold of the human mind with a force that was never to decay; and they were sent into the world as evidences that the spirit of poetry was yet awake, under the ruins of the gorgeous temple which had been raised to its divinities.

It is, in fact, a curious point in literary history, and well worthy of consideration—this transition from poetry to romance—or rather this change which took place in the form and style of early imaginative composition. The old Grecian romances partook very essentially of the spirit of poetry. They presented many errors, and were imperfect throughout in the plan of their fable; but these were defects attributable to the newness of the experiment; and they were formed rather on the models of poems, than on a plan similar to that which guides the modern romancer in his labour. As, however, this kind of works became more and more popular, as first the old classical style of poetry was forsaken, and then the legendary ballad became enlarged into the prose romance, they assumed a different form, were less confined to one particular kind of subjects, and became such as we see them in our own day.

The historical romance, consequently, traces its descent from a source which gives it a legitimate rank above the other species of prose fictitious works; but it has an additional merit besides those already noticed, and it is, the superior opportunities it affords a writer of talent for the delineation of the most powerful and the most complicated passions of our nature. The author of an historical romance, in choosing his subject from the great book of the world's history, not only finds the outline of his plot, but the characters which he is to delineate in life and action. He has not to make guesses as to the manner in which they would act under certain circumstances; but to judge relatively by the knowledge he already possesses. He has data for his imagination to act upon, and while he keeps them in view there is no danger of his offending against the laws and measure of probability. The characters, therefore, which he presents, the situations in which they are found, and all the collateral circumstances which make up the picture, may be relied on; and what is fictitious in the detail is to be regarded but as the filling up of some part which accident has left deficient. A similar observation may be made with regard to the interest of the story. In an historical romance, if the subject be at all well chosen, there is a verisimilitude throughout which gives an air of consistency and probability to the story, which cannot be possessed by a work, the foundation of which is entirely fictitious. This results from two causes. In the first place, the very knowledge which a reader has of one part, or the ground-work of the plot being founded in

truth, is a sufficient aid to the imagination to give, during the perusal, an implicit credence to the whole. In the next place, as it is with respect to the characters, the key-stone of the work being truth, the parts which are the result of pure invention, will wear an appearance of consistency, all events generally possible being connected together by some principal circumstance in the series, which, if true in the details of a romance, makes the writer follow throughout the guidance of nature, or fail altogether. From these causes it results, that an historical romance, when written with talent and according to the just rules of such a species of composition, is a work of no ordinary merit, and deserves a much higher place even among the solid productions of literary genius, than it is always allowed to claim. To be well written, however, it requires the union of no common talents in an author. It is harder to fill up the dim outlines of an historical picture, drawn by an artist of eminence, and to give the impression which we may suppose he would desire to the different figures in the piece, than it is to paint a picture after fancy, where any character may be given to the party and to the whole, which the taste of the artist may be able to exhibit with the most effect. Another difficulty, again, in the composition of a work of this sort, and one which only a writer of real ability can overcome, is the formation first of his counterplot, or rather the purely *romantic* part of his work, and then of the fictitious characters which must necessarily be introduced to carry on the action. To any author of genius, the having truth for the foundation of the plot is of incalculable advantage, but to one of inferior ability it is sure to prove his most dangerous stumbling-block. It is only a powerful mind that can so penetrate into the secret heart of nature and humanity, as to make truth its possession and subject, so as to be able to exhibit her whenever and under whatever forms it pleases. But this the writer of the historical romance must be able to do. If he be confined to the page of history, his work will be but a sort of disarranged record. If he have imagination only for his guide, there will be only a mixture of shadows with the substance, which will fail of giving the impression desired. It is only a strong and intuitive perception, therefore, of truth in all its different modes, that can enable him to form that one full, flowing, and compact fable, which every historical romance should present—the failure in which, consequently, renders so many imitations of the best works we possess of the kind miserably abortive.

Of the historical romance there are many off-sets. Of these the numberless novels "founded on fact" form one; but that which comes the nearest to it in respectability, and value, and which requires an almost equal degree of literary ability, is the kind of novel which takes the form of personal memoirs; and which, under that shape, describes men and things, and relates adventures and events in a free and picturesque style.

From the *Forget Me Not*.

THE MATRIMONIAL RULE.

INSCRIBED IN THE ALBUM OF A YOUNG LADY ON
THE EVE OF MARRIAGE.

'Tis morning!—o'er the new-waked earth
The sun his brightest radiance flings,
And nought is heard save sounds of mirth,
And all around with gladness rings,
Anon light clouds begin to rise,
While eddying breezes sweep along;
Dark, and more dark, they veil the skies,
And storm-winds drown the voice of song.

So, lady, do we often see
The morn of matrimonial life
All smiles, all joy, all gaiety,
Its noon obscured by feuds and strife.

But would you know a charm of power
To assure the sunshine of the heart,
To break the tempests that will lower,
To blunt the point of discord's dart—

BEAR AND FORBEAR!—no wiser given
Than this short rule, which, practised well,
Makes marriage e'en on earth a heav'n;
Neglected—turns it to a hell.

F. S.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

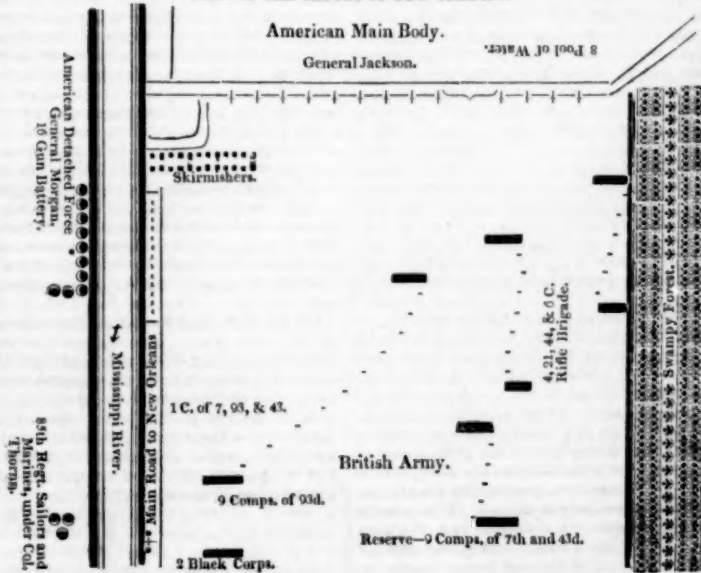
BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS, 8TH JANUARY, 1815.

SIR EDWARD PAKENHAM, a brave, young,
and eminently distinguished soldier, who had
studied the profession of arms in the camp of
the British Fabius, having arrived in Louisiana

to assume the command of the British troops
to be employed in that State, and having been
joined by his expected reinforcements, pre-
pared to attack the American army in position
on both banks of the Mississippi, about five
miles below New Orleans. On the right bank
they had a force under General Morgan, and
had constructed a battery of heavy cannon,
which enfiladed the approach to their main
body, stationed on the left of the river, and
commanded by General Jackson. At this point
the river is about nine hundred yards wide, and
it was intended that, previous to the grand at-
tack, this battery should be taken possession
of; accordingly, after exertions almost incredi-
ble, and in which the navy took a most zealous
and praiseworthy share, a passage was opened
from the creek in which we landed, by deepening
a canal to the Mississippi. During the
night of the 7th, a number of boats having been
dragged into the river, on the morning of the
8th, the 85th regiment, under the command of
Colonel Thornton, and a body of sailors and
marines, were embarked, and reached the op-
posite bank without being opposed. In short,
the preparations for the passage of the river
were conducted in a manner so judicious, that
the American General was not at all aware of
the intention of the British leader; but as it al-
most invariably occurs, that in such operations
there are delays, which the most skilful combi-
nations cannot at times guard against, the
morning was far advanced before this attack
could commence, although it was the most an-
xious desire of the lamented commander of the
forces, that it should have been made before
daybreak.

The following sketch will give an idea of the
position of the opposing armies:—

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.



The main body of the enemy, consisting of the 7th and 44th regiments, and a numerous force of every description of troops, were drawn up on a position of nearly a mile in extent; their right rested on the embankment of the river, along the side of which runs the main road to New Orleans; and the extreme left was a little thrown back in a swampy forest; from the river to the forest is a space of about three quarters of a mile, over an open plain; but along the entire front of this position, the American General had thrown up a strong breastwork, and there was a ditch of moderate depth and breadth; and to add to the security of his line, upon which he had placed a powerful artillery, he had constructed on the main road a formidable redoubt, so connected, that the ditch and breastwork of the grand entrenchment formed an enclosure for its rear, and by its fire it enfiladed the entire approach to his line, and upon the whole, presented as good a position as one could possibly meet with in a flat country. The main road, besides, is protected from the inundation of the river, by a broad earthen *embankment*, from which, to the usual bed of the river, is a mud bank, sufficiently wide for the march of a column section in front.

The British army was drawn up in the following order: the 4th, 21st, 44th, and six companies of the rifle-brigade, formed our right wing; the light companies of the 7th, 93d, and a company of the 43d light infantry, were in column on our left, and destined to storm the redoubt on the main road; a company of **** carried their scaling ladders and fascines; the remainder of the 93d were in position near the road, and their movements were to be regulated by the progress made by the troops on the opposite bank; the nine companies each of the 7th and 43d, formed the reserve, and were to be employed as affairs might render expedient; several small batteries were placed along the line, and two black corps were a short distance in rear.

At daybreak, the signal rocket having been thrown up, our batteries opened, and the troops stationed on the left bank moved forward to the attack; the left* column preceding a very little the right wing, on purpose to engage the enfilading fire of the redoubt, as well as that of the battery on the opposite bank, and having at its head the company of the 43d light infantry, advanced along the main road to storm the redoubt, under a very deadly fire of grape-shot and musketry from the main line of entrenchments, as well as from the redoubt. This small body of men, however, continued to press forward, and with such rapidity, that they passed along the front of the powerful battery placed on the opposite bank without suffering from its fire, and although Captains Henry of the 7th, and, Hitchens of the 93d light companies, and other officers, had already fallen by the grape-shot and musketry fire from the batteries on

this side of the river; and in spite of the good conduct of the troops defending the redoubt, who, after the head of the column had descended into the ditch, continued their fire upon its rear; and although their scaling-ladders and fascines were not brought up, forced themselves, after a short but very severe contest, into the redoubt, which was defended by part of the 7th American regiment, the New Orleans rifle company, and a detachment of the Kentucky riflemen. But Lieutenant-Colonel Renny,* of the 21st, who, from his singular intrepidity, had been selected to command this attack, was killed in ascending by the first embrasure, two rifle balls entering his head; and it was only when the British soldiers were on the parapet and in the embrasures that the redoubt was yielded to us, and for a time the guns were in our possession: thus rendering the defence very honourable to the enemy, and the more creditable to the brave troops, who, under circumstances of very great difficulty, had succeeded in carrying the work. At this moment the contest was in our favour, the capture of the redoubt thus early having prevented its enfilading fire from being brought against the columns composing our right wing, in which was placed our principal force. But the right wing, being about to engage, on finding themselves, in consequence of the conduct of ****, deprived of the materials they considered absolutely necessary for the passage of the ditch, hesitated; and this being under the enemy's fire, was changed first into confusion, and afterwards into almost general retreat, causing a loss, in all probability, out of proportion to what would have been sustained, had they in a determined manner rushed forward in a body and stormed the entrenchments, crowning the crest of the glacis with light infantry; for, protected by their fire, it was quite possible to have accomplished the passage of the ditch without the assistance of either scaling-ladder or fascine. As these, however, were not brought up, confidence was lost, by even the very same soldiers who, under obstacles in a tenfold degree more difficult to be surmounted, had triumphantly planted the British standard on the ramparts of Badajos and St. Sebastian. The feeling of regret at this failure was not a little increased, by the knowledge that there were intrepid men upon this point, who in an isolated manner passed not only the ditch, but gained even the parapet. Among other instances of conspicuous gallantry, Captain Wilkinson, of

* Mr Withers, a respectable Kentucky farmer, having decided upon an attempt to kill Lieutenant-Colonel Renny, placed a second ball in his rifle, and taking post behind the first gun in the redoubt, shot the lieutenant-colonel the moment he reached the embrasure; and possessing himself of his watch and snuff-box, presented them to me, by whom they were forwarded to the lieutenant-colonel's relations, agreeably to the request of Mr. Withers.

† This observation is made in consequence of the whole of the defences having been passed by me, partly as conqueror, and partly as a wounded prisoner.

‡ An American officer stated to me that Captain Wilkinson leapt across the ditch to

* The left column, composed of one company of the 7th, 93d, and 43d, were considered a forlorn hope; they had, in killed and wounded, eight officers, and one hundred and eighty soldiers.

the staff, nobly fell on the slope of the parapet upon which he had at that moment gained a footing.

The brave and heroic Sir Edward Pakenham, who, in the fields of the Peninsula, and of the South of France, had acquired all the reputation that a soldier could desire, and who had, by the most skilful combinations, secured a most important conquest on the right bank, and, by the well-timed attack along the main road, protected the columns of his grand attack from the enfilading fire of the redoubt on the left bank, while endeavouring to restore order, received a mortal wound; and about the same time, Generals Gibbs and Keane, two very distinguished officers, fell, the one mortally, the other severely wounded. To add to the mortification caused by these deplorable events, from the difficulties connected with the passage of the broad and rapid Mississippi, to conquer which the whole energies of the gallant men employed upon this point were brought into exertion, the attack on the opposite bank had not yet commenced; and the 93d therefore moved towards the right wing, only to share in the disaster of that ill-fated wing. Had circumstances admitted of support being moved to the left column, affairs, even yet, might have terminated differently on the left bank. By being in possession of the redoubt, an opening was gained between the *embankment* and the usual bed of the river, by which troops could have been thrown on the right flank of the enemy, and advantage taken of the want of discipline in a numerous body of men, thousands of them without bayonets. But, unfortunately, all having been thrown into confusion on our own right, and no support arriving, the few soldiers in the redoubt, the remnant of the only troops who had been engaged with the enemy's right, who were not rendered incapable by wounds, made their escape in the best manner they were able, the whole of their own immediate commanding officers being killed or disabled by wounds, and the enemy preparing to attack them with such means as they had no power of resisting.

But notwithstanding the recapture of the redoubt, had it not been for the fall of the lamented Commander of the Forces, we were very far from being, even at this advanced period of the contest, abandoned by fortune. Soon after this sad event, the troops on the opposite bank, commanded by Colonel Thornton,* commenced

the commencement of the slope of the parapet; he survived his wound two or three days, and was buried by the enemy with those honours his gallant conduct gave him so high a claim to.

* Having remained during the whole day in the American field hospital, I had an opportunity of observing the consternation caused to the enemy by Colonel Thornton's attack on the opposite bank, which was totally unexpected, and, in the British shout of victory, I anticipated a speedy release from captivity. It cannot be but proper to express gratitude for the courteous civility of General Jackson, who, on causing a staff officer to express regret for the misfortune which had made me a prisoner, begged my acceptance of a bottle of choice claret,

rendered at that time, in consequence of the British blockade, of rare value in that part of America.

ret, rendered at that time, in consequence of the British blockade, of rare value in that part of America.

Having been withdrawn from the Mississippi, detachments from regiments composing the right wing distinguished themselves in the capture of the battery commanding the entrance of Mobile Bay.

There are always opportunities by which a knowledge of the defences of a regular fortress can be obtained; but at New Orleans the works had been only just constructed, and the vigilance of the enemy rendered it perfectly impossible to reconnoitre the ditch; had its dimensions been known to the soldiery, the star of the American general would not on that day have shone with such splendour.

R. S.

From the London Weekly Review.

LOVE AND MAMMON

I WAS in company the other evening with the master of an African trader. He was a communicative man, and related several interesting anecdotes. The following particularly struck me. I will not pretend to describe the localities, but merely attempt an outline of the story. The captain had for several years traded to Sierra Leone and the coast adjacent, for gold-dust, ivory, &c.; and about six years since, in an outward voyage, he had called at

Sierra Leone, had disposed of a part of his cargo at that colony, and from thence had sailed to another part of the coast, for the purpose of traffic with the natives. In a considerable village, with the inhabitants of which he had previously dealt, he encountered a young Englishman. When he questioned him as to the chance that had thrown him upon that shore, and his motives for remaining among the savages, he gave some slight evasive answers, and the captain from thence considered it probable that he was a seaman who had committed some depredation, and had fled from his ship; he was a well-looking intelligent man, and had received some education. He stated his name to be William Smith. He had taken to wife an only daughter of one of the chiefs, a mild interesting girl, and for a negress, pretty. Before the captain's next voyage she had become the mother of a fine little boy, who bore no resemblance to her, except that his skin was dark; its features and air were decidedly European. At that period, the young Englishman tendered a considerable quantity of gold-dust, for which he demanded either specie, or something of intrinsic value, the gaudy trifles for which the natives would have bartered it being of no importance in his eyes; and the captain was compelled to accede to his terms. Next voyage his demand was different; he required for the gold he presented to the captain, a cabin passage to England for himself and his little son. "What will you do with your wife?" asked the captain; "Leave her behind," was the reply; "what could I do with such a wife in England? I cannot possibly have a better opportunity for escape than the present; a fortnight ago she gave birth to a child, that has since died, and as she is still confined to her hut, I can make preparations without exciting her jealous curiosity." The captain felt the truth of his remark; the agreement was made, and Smith desired that four men should be sent after nightfall to a retired spot he named, for the purpose of conveying his chest on board, which the captain was firmly persuaded contained something more valuable than clothes or books. When every thing was arranged for their departure, one of the sailors contrived to get the child on board without observation, and Smith, disguised in a sailor's jacket and trowsers, was equally fortunate. It was evening—the breeze arose, the sails were spread, and the vessel receded from the land. They had not proceeded far, and there was still sufficient light to distinguish objects, when some of the men observed a figure spring from the shore they had left into the sea, and swim in the direction they were sailing. Presently, as the figure gained upon them, they heard wild shrieks and deep lamentations; which the captain discovered, by a hasty exclamation that escaped from Smith, who was then on deck, to proceed from his wife. The wailings of agony became more distinct as the poor creature, with incredible swiftness, followed them; but still as the vessel kept sailing on, there seemed little chance of her reaching it. For an instant the wailings would cease, and all would be silent; again the piercing shrieks and heart-rending exclamations would smite the ear, and touch even the hardest heart. The captain, from being accus-

tomed to the language, could distinguish that she reproached her husband, and called vehemently for her child, by every expression of maternal affection. The captain turned to Smith, and asked if he should send off the boat and bring her on board; Smith answered with an impatient negative, and went below. The captain stood gazing a few minutes after Smith had left him, irresolute how to act; one instant he resolved she should come on board, and the next he considered that if Smith abandoned her, as it appeared probable he would, how should he provide for the wretched woman in England. As he stood thus considering, the voice grew fainter, there was no intermission of the cries, but it was now only a murmuring sound, that was borne upon the breeze. The captain's resolution was fixed, his orders were given, and the next moment the boat was lowered, but it was too late; suddenly the murmuring sound was hushed, and nothing was presented to the seaman's view but the motion of the restless waves.

It is not a month, continued the captain, since I met Smith in Finsbury-square: I immediately recognised him, but passed without speaking; he had a lady on his arm, whom I had before seen, she is the daughter of—but no matter, perhaps it would be as well not to mention the name. However, her father is highly respectable, and I dare say has been imposed upon by some false story. I have since heard that he has been married to the young lady about three months, and that he has been some time a partner in a respectable house in the city; so there is no doubt but my conjectures were correct, that the chest contained something of value.

C. O'N.

From the *Forget Me Not*.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

BY THE REV. GEORGE WOODLEY.

Thou gorgeous insect! flow'r of air!
Whose velvet robes, of brilliant dye,
Transcend the trappings monarchs wear
To captivate the vulgar eye;
Canst thou—whose elegance bespeaks
Life that might Eden's bow'rs adorn—
Whose dainty dots and graceful streaks
The pow'rs of imitation scorn;
Canst thou—still in the solar ray
Fluttering confused—thy journey miss?
And (born 'midst loveliest scenes to stray)
Gaze on a spot so wild as this?
Here are no buds to court thy sight;
No blossoms, redolent and pure;
No balmy shrubs—no verdure bright—
That may thy curious search allure:
A barren soil—a stunted heath,
Are all this dreary tract supplies:
Where genial zephyrs never breathe—
Where Ceres pines, and Flora dies!
Away then! trifer!—Fly in haste
To scenes more fit for joy and thee;
And leave the unproductive waste
To desolation—and to me!
St. Mary's, Scilly.

From the Oriental Herald.

BEBUT THE AMBITIOUS.

A PERSIAN TALE.

"Hear this true story, and see whether you may be con-
 ducted by ambition."—*Hafiz, the Persian Poet.*

In one of the suburbs of Ispahan, under the reign of Abbas the First, there lived a poor working jeweller. In his neighbourhood he was known by the name of Bebut the Honest. Numberless were the proofs of probity and disinterestedness which had gained for him this title.

In all disputes and quarrels, he was the chosen arbiter. His decisions were generally as conclusive as those of the Kazi himself. Laborious, active, and intelligent, and esteemed by all who knew him, Bebut was happy; and his happiness was still enhanced by love. Tamira, the beautiful daughter of his patron, was the object of his attachment, which she returned. One thought alone disturbed his felicity; he was poor, and the father of Tamira would never accept a son-in-law without a fortune. Bebut, therefore, often meditated upon the means of getting rich. His thoughts dwelt so much on this subject, that ambition at length became a dangerous rival to the softer sentiment.

There was a grand festival in the harem. In the midst of it the great Schah Abbas dropped the royal aigrette, called jigha, the mark of sovereignty among the Mussulmans. In changing his position, that it might be sought for, he inadvertently trod upon it, and it was broken. The officer who had charge of the crown jewels knew the reputation of Bebut; to him he applied to repair this treasure. None but the most honest could be trusted with an article of such value, and who was there so honest as Bebut? Bebut was enraptured with the confidence. He promised to prove himself deserving of it.

Now Bebut holds in his hands the richest gems of Persia and the Indies. Ambition has already stolen into his bosom. Could it be silent on an occasion like this? It ought to have been so, but it was not.

"A single one of these numerous diamonds," said Bebut to himself, "would make my fortune and that of Tamira! I am incapable of a breach of trust; but were I to commit one, could Abbas be the worse for it? No, so far from it, he would have made two of his subjects happy without being aware. Now, any body else situated as I am, would manage to get aside a vast treasure out of a job like this; but one, and that a very small one, of these many gems will be enough for me. It will be wrong, I confess, but I will replace it by a false one, cut and enchased with such exquisite taste and skill, that the value of the workmanship shall make up for any want of value in the material. It will be impossible to see the change: God and the Prophet will see it plain enough, I know; but I will atone for the sin, and it shall be my only one. Some time or other I will go a pilgrimage to Mashad, or even to Mecca, should my remorse grow troublesome."

Thus, by the power of a "but" did Bebut the Museum.—VOL. XIII.

Honest contrive to quiet his conscience. The diamond was removed; a bit of crystal took its place, and the jigha appeared more brilliant than ever to the courtiers of Abbas, who, as they never spoke to him but with their foreheads in the dust, could, of course, form a very accurate estimate of the lustre of his jewels.

One day during the spring equinox, as the chief of the sectaries of Ali, according to the custom of Persia, was sitting at the gate of his palace to hear the complaints of his people, a mechanic from the suburb of Julfa broke through the crowd; he prostrated himself at the feet of the Abbas, and prayed for justice; he accused the kazi of corruption, and of having condemned him wrongfully. "My adversary and I," said he, "at first appealed to Bebut the Honest, who decided in my favour." Being informed who this Bebut was whose name for honesty stood so high in the suburb of Julfa, the Schah ordered the kazi into his presence. The monarch heard both sides and weighed the affair maturely. He then pronounced for the decision of Bebut the Honest, whom he ordered the kalantar, or governor of the city, immediately to bring before him.

When Bebut saw the officer and his escort halt before the shop where he worked, a sudden tremor ran through his frame; but it was much worse when, in the name of the Schah, the officer commanded him to follow. He was on the point of offering his head at once, in order to save the trouble of a superfluous ceremony which could not, he thought, but end with the scymitar. However he composed himself, and followed the kalantar.

Arrived before Abbas, he did not dare lift his eyes, lest he should see the fatal aigrette, and the false diamond rise up in judgment against him. Half dead with fright, he thought he already beheld the fierce rikas advancing with their horrid hatchets.*

"Bebut, and you, Ismael-kazi," said Abbas to them, "listen. Since, of the two, it is the jeweller who best administers justice, let the jeweller be a judge, and the judge be a jeweller. Ismael, take Bebut's place in the workshop of his master: may you acquit yourself as well in his office, as he is sure to do in yours."

The sentence was punctually executed; and I am told that Ismael turned out an excellent jeweller.

Bebut-kazi, on his side, took possession of his place. He was quite determined to limit his ambition to becoming the husband of Tamira, and living holly. He immediately asked her in marriage, and was immediately accepted. Bebut thought himself at the summit of his wishes. He was forming the most delightful projects, when again the kalantar of Ispahan appeared at his door. Still, full of the fright into which this worthy person's first visit had thrown him, he received him with more flurry than politeness. He inquired confusedly to what he was indebted for the honour of this second visit. The kalantar replied, "When I went to the house of your patron to transmit to you the mandate of the magnanimous Abbas, I saw there the beautiful Tamira with the ga-

* Guards of the King of Persia.

zelle eyes, the rose of Ispahan, brilliant as the azure campac which only grows in Paradise. Her glance produced on me the magical effect of the seal of Solomon, and I resolved to take her for my wife. I went this very morning to her father, but his word was given to you; and Bebut-kazi is the only obstacle to my happiness. Listen! I possess great riches, and have powerful friends; give up to me your claim on Tamira, and, ere long, I will get you appointed divan-beghi; you shall be the chief sovereign of justice in the first city in the universe; I will give you my own sister for a wife, she who was formerly the nightingale of Iran, the dove of Babylon. I leave you to reflect on my offer; to-morrow I return for the answer."

The new kazi was thunderstruck. "What! yield my Tamira to him for his sister! Why, she may be old and ugly; 'tis like exchanging a pearl of Bahrein for one of Mascata; but he is powerful. If I do not consent, he will deprive me of my place; and I like my place; and yet I would freely sacrifice it for Tamira. But were I no longer kazi, would her father keep his promise? Doubtful. I love Tamira more than all the world; but we must not be selfish; we must forget our own interest, when it injures those we love. To deprive Tamira of a chance of being the wife of a kalantar would be doing her an injury. How could I have the heart to force her to forego such a glory, merely for the sake of the poor insignificant kazi that I am! I should never get over it; 'tis done! I will immolate my happiness to hers! I shall be very wretched; but—but—I shall be divan-beghi."

If Bebut the Honest, misled by dawning avarice, fancied he committed his first fault for the sake of love, and not of ambition, he must have been undecieved when these two rival passions came into competition, and he could only banish the first. If his eyes were not opened, those of the world began to be; for, from that moment he lost, (when he had more need of them than ever,) the esteem and confidence he had hitherto inspired, and became known by the name of Bebut the Ambitious.

Not yet aware that the higher we rise in rank, the harder we find it to be virtuous, he was for ever flattering himself with the future. Now, his conduct was to be such as should edify the whole body of the magistracy of Ispahan, of which he was become the head. He would not be satisfied with going to Mecca to visit the black stone, the temple of Kaaba, and purifying himself in the waters of Zimzim, the miraculous spring which God caused to issue from the earth for Agar, and her son Ismael. He would do more; he would distribute a double zekath* to the poor, and win back for the divan-beghi the noble title which the people gave to the mechanic of the suburb of Julfa.

The first judgment which he pronounced as divan-beghi, bore evidence of this excellent resolution; but an unfortunate event occurred, which proved the truth of the following verse

* Zekath is the Persian name for the tithe of alms which the Koran enjoins to be distributed among the poor.

of the renowned Ferdusi, in his poem of the "Schah-nameh."

"Our first fault, like the prolific poppy of Aboutie, produces seeds innumerable. The wind wafts them away, and we know not where they fall or when they may rise; but this we know, they meet us at every step upon the path of life, and strew it with plants of bitterness and poison."

The royal aigrette of Schah Abbas was again broken, and immediately confided to an old comrade of Bebut. He had not, however, the surname of "Honest," and his work was consequently subjected to a cautious scrutiny. Now, it was discovered that a very fine diamond had been taken from the jigha and fraudulently replaced; the unfortunate jeweller was arrested and dragged to the tribunal of the divan-beghi. The ambitious Bebut felt that there was no chance for him if he did not hurry the affair to an immediate close. He forthwith condemned his innocent fellow-labourer to the punishment due to his own iniquity, and the sentence was executed on the instant.

His conscience told him that a man like him was unworthy to administer justice to his fellow-citizens. A pilgrimage to Mecca would now no longer suffice to appease his remorse; his ambition told him it could be lulled by nothing but luxury and splendour. By severe exactions, he amassed large sums; and by gifts contrived to gain over the most influential members of the divan; he thus got appointed Khan of Schamachia, and, from the modest distinctions of the judicature, he passed to the turbulent honours of military power,—a change by no means rare in Persia.

Abbas was then collecting all his forces to march against the province of Kandahar, and to reduce the Afghans, who have since ruled over his descendants. In the battles fought on this occasion, Bebut the Ambitious gained the signal favour of one equally ambitious; for Abbas was an indefatigable conqueror, whose fortune, with all his favours, could never assist.

The Khan of Schamachia was so thoroughly devoted to his master, so blindly subservient to his will, that he presently became his confidant. He was the very man for the favour of a despot; he had no opinion of his own, and could always find good reasons for those to which he assented. This, in the eyes of Abbas, constituted an excellent counsellor.

The monarch triumphed. Conqueror of the Kurdes, the Georgians, the Turks, and the Afghans, he re-entered Ispahan in triumph. He had already made it the capital of his dominions, and now proposed to himself to enjoy there quietly, in the midst of his glory, the fruits of his vast conquests: but the heart of the ambitious can never know repose. The grandeur of the sovereign crushed the people. Abbas felt this; he knew that, though powerful, he was detested; he trembled even in the inmost recesses of his palace. In pursuance

* Schah-nameh signifies the royal book. It was composed by order of Mahmoud the Gannevide, and contains in 60,000 distichs, the history of the ancient sovereigns of Persia.

of the Oriental policy which has of late years been introduced into Europe, he resolved to give a diversion to the general hatred, which, in concentrating itself towards a single point, endangered the safety of his throne. With this design, he established, in the principal towns, numerous colonies from the nations he had conquered, and gave them privileges which excited the jealousy of the original inhabitants. The nation immediately divided into two powerful factions, the one calling itself the Polenks, the other the Felenks party. Abbas took care to keep up their strength; by alternately exciting and moderating their violence, he distracted their attention from the affairs of government. The disputes between them sometimes looked very serious; but they were kept under until the festival of the birth-day of the Schah; on that occasion, the contenders were at last permitted to show their joy by a general fight. Armed with sticks and stones, they strewn the streets with bodies of the dying and the dead. Then the royal troops suddenly appeared, and proclaiming the day's amusements at an end, with slashes of their sabres drove back the Polenks and the Felenks to their homes.

But no sooner had this great politician ceased to fear his people, than he began first to dread his court, and next, his own family. Of his three sons, two had, by his command, been deprived of sight. By the laws of Persia, they were consequently declared incapable of reigning, and imprisoned in the castle of Alamuth.* He had only one now remaining. This was the noble and generous Safi Mirza—the delight of his father, and the hope of the people. His brilliant qualities, however, were destined only to be his destruction.

Abbas was one day musing, with some uneasiness, on the valour and popular virtues of his son, when the young prince suddenly appeared. He threw himself at his father's feet. He presented him a note which he had just received, and in which, without discovering their names, the nobles of the kingdom declared their weariness of his tyranny. They proposed to the youth to ascend the throne, and undertook to clear his way to it. Safi Mirza, indignant at a project which tended to turn him into a parricide, declared all to the Schah, and placed himself entirely at his disposal. Abbas embraced him, covered him with caresses, and felt his affection for him increase; but, from that moment, his fears redoubled. His anxiety even prevented him from sleeping. In order to get at the conspirators, he caused numbers of really innocent persons to die in tortures; and feeling that every execution rendered him still more odious, he feared that his son would be again solicited, and would not again have virtue to resist.

This state of terror and suspicion becoming insupportable to him, he resolved to rid himself of it at any cost. A slave was ordered to murder the prince. He refused to obey, and

presented his own head. "Have I, then, none but ingrates and traitors about me, to eat my bread and salt?" cried Abbas.—"I swear by my sabre and by the Koran, that, to him who will remove Safi Mirza, my generosity and gratitude shall be boundless." Bebut the Ambitious advanced, and said,—"It is written, that what the King wills cannot be wrong. To me thy will is sacred—it shall be obeyed." He went immediately to seek the Prince. He met him coming out of the bath, accompanied by a single akta or valet. He drew his sabre, and presenting the royal mandate,—"Safi Mirza," said he, "submit! Thy father wills thy death!" "My father wills my death!" exclaimed the unfortunate prince, with a tone "more in sorrow than in anger." "What have I done, that he should hate me?" And Bebut laid him dead at his feet.

As a reward for his crime, Abbas sent him the royal vest, called the calaata, and immediately created him his Etimadoulet, or Prime Minister.

Paternal love, however, presently resumed its power. Remorse now produced the same effect upon the King, as terror had done before. His nights seemed endless. The bleeding shade of his son incessantly appeared before him, banishing the peace and slumber to which it had been sacrificed. Shrouded in the garb of mourning, the Monarch of Persia dismissed all pleasure from his Court; and, during the rest of his life, could not be known by his attire from the meanest of his subjects.

One day he sent for Bebut, who found him standing on the steps of his throne, entirely clothed in scarlet, the red turban of twelve folds around his head,—in short, in the garb assumed by the Kings of Persia when preparing to pronounce the decree of death. Bebut shuddered. "It is written," said the Schah, "that what the King wills cannot be wrong. Give me to-day the same proof of thy obedience which thou didst once before. Bebut, thou hast a son—bring me his head!" Bebut attempted to speak. "Bebut, Etimadoulet, Khan of Schamachia—is, then, thy ambition satiated, that thou hesitatest to satisfy my commands! Obey! Thy life depends on it!"

Bebut returned with the head of his only child. "Well," said the father of Mirza, with a horrid smile, "how dost feel?"—"Let these tears tell you how," answered the unhappy Khan: "I have killed with my own hand the being I loved best on earth. You can ask nothing beyond. This day, for the first time, I have cursed ambition, which could subject me to a necessity like this."—"Go," said the monarch: "you can now judge what you have made me suffer, in murdering my son. Ambition has rendered us the two most wretched beings in the empire. But, be it your comfort, that your ambition can soar no higher; for this last deed has brought you on a level with your sovereign."*

* That is to say, the *Castle of the Dead*. It was situated in the Mazanderan, (the ancient Hircania,) and had been the abode of the Old Man of the Mountain, the Prince of Assassins.

* A king coolly ordering one of his subjects to cut off the head of his own child, and being obeyed, is a circumstance so monstrous, that it would appear beyond all possibility, if it were not supported by numerous examples. But, incredible as it may seem, it only paints the

Abbas received from his subjects and posterity the surname of THE GREAT. Bebut the Ambitious was presently known only by the title of Bebut THE INFAMOUS! It is said, he was a short time after stabbed by the son of the unfortunate jeweller, whom he had so unjustly condemned to death when divan-beghi. Thus were the words of the poet Ferdusi verified. His first fault was the cause of all the others, and their common punishment.

common manners of a court, where tyranny, and the vices which it engenders, altogether extinguish the influence of nature. I will cite some instances in proof of what I allege, from the Reign of Safi the First, the successor of Abbas, and son of the same Safi Mirza mentioned in this narrative.

The Schah Safi, after having with his own hand put to death a part of his family—(for, at that time, in the court of Persia, there were no regular executioners—the Sovereign either executing his sentences himself, or charging the first person he saw to do it for him,)—he next resolved to rid himself also of the three sons of Isa-Khan, his uncle; and, after the murder, ordered the three bloody heads to be served up at the table of their father and mother! The latter remained for a moment thunderstruck at this horrible sight; but soon throwing herself at the feet of Safi, she kissed them, and said,—“All is well. May God give the King a long and glorious life!” Isa-Khan added, that, far from feeling displeasure at such a spectacle, had he known that Safi desired the heads of his children, he would have anticipated his orders, and brought them to him himself.

Some time after, Schah-Safi put to death the Grand Master of his Guard, by the hand of one of the particular friends of that officer, who did not suffer his intimacy to induce him to decline the commission. Having afterwards called to him the son of the victim, he inquired what he thought of the death of his father. “Why do you call him my father?” cried the monster. “I recognise no father but my Sovereign. Blessed be he in all his actions!” How fond the people of these countries must be of life!

Chardin and Tavernier abound with similar accounts, which prove to what a degree the words vice and virtue vary in their value and signification among these nations with the varying characters of their different kings. The ambitious, once in the path of shame and distinction, for they were there always synonymous, were forced to proceed in the same course to the end of the chapter; as those once initiated in the mysteries of Isis, could never retrace their steps. In these royal dens, where humanity was treated as high treason, and pity as sedition, twenty crimes were often necessary to procure forgiveness for a single good action. Thevenot relates, that a young Akhta of Safi, having turned his head that he might not see that of a Persian noble cut into pieces, the Schah remarked,—“Since your sight is so delicate, it must be useless to you;” and immediately commanded his eyes to be torn out.

From the Forget Me Not.

REMORSE.

THREADING the dance along the merry green,
No more gay crowds of villagers are seen;
The drowsy bells have ceased their jingling
chime:

The watch-dog's bark, and hoarse, from time to
time,

The owl's moan from high Saint Ebro's
tower,

Alone disturb the calm and solemn hour.
Soft o'er that spire the trembling moon-beams
fall,

And silver o'er the abbey's old gray wall;
The tombs gleam white: what form is seen to
pass,

Silent and slow, along the shadowy grass?
Broad waves his plume, and dangling hangs
his sword—

'Tis the gay heir of yonder high-born lord.
What doth he here? He seeks the grave of one
Who died, alas! by his false love undone.

No gentler maid, can each fond rustic tell,
Than Juliet, lived in Ebro's peaceful dell;
Beside the stream her father's cottage rose;
There pass'd her days of stillness and repose.
To lead her kids along th' enamell'd plain,
Cull the wild flowers, or wake the lute's sweet
strain,

Her sole employ: her foot ne'er wished to
roam;

A world enough that vale and cottage-home.
Lovely and innocent her years stole by,
Like some smooth stream, o'er whose breast
never fly

The ruffling winds, till, ah, too fatal hour!
Her beauties caught the wanton gaze of power.
From the first moment proud Valerio eyed
Her charms, late hid like pearls beneath the
tide,

He mark'd her his, and swore, 'neath passion's
sway,

Nor earth nor heaven should bar him from his
prey.

Tow'rd's his warm suit at first her scorn was
shown;

But, ah! to her the false world's arts unknown,
Each day more weak, less cold, the maiden
grew:

She listened—sigh'd—thought all he said was
true.

“And wilt thou raise me from my humble lot,
Make me thy bride, and in yon lowly cot
Shall my poor aged father toil no more?”
The false one smiled, and faith eternal swore.
Thus was her heart enslaved by that gay lord.
Wildly she loved him, passionately adored,
And, unsuspecting, to his guileful arms
Consign'd her hopes, her innocence, her
charms.

His aim was won. Another blooming flower
His wasteful hand had torn from beauty's
bower.

From him he cast the maid with scornful brow
Her sighs, her tears, were nothing to him now.
His fancy changed. He left his native land
For other climes, and other pleasures plann'd.
Time pass'd. In fight Valerio's sire was slain,
And he's returned to claim his wide domain.

Sleeping her last sleep in that quiet vale
 He finds poor Juliet, hears her mournful tale;
 Hears how she sigh'd and wept the weary day,
 Forsook her flocks, and slowly pined away.
 Ah! doth he feel? A flashing pang comes o'er
 His hard, cold bosom; now she is no more,
 He cannot rest, though striving thought to
 brave,
 And here to-night he seeks her lonely grave.

The moon-beams play upon a pale gray stone,
 Arising near, his glance is tow'rd it thrown;
 'Tis hers!—he stops—with fix'd and ardent
 stare,

Like a still statue stood he gazing there.
 What maddening thoughts alternate throng'd
 his breast!

Crime ne'er before had his dark soul oppress'd.
 He call'd to mind the happy, innocent hours,
 Juliet once pass'd in sweet Saint Ebro's bowers;
 Gathering gay broom, she strays along the dell,
 While softly tolls the distant vesper-bell;
 Now 'mid her kids, before the cottage door,
 She smiling sits, and bends some light page
 o'er.

Oh, that her life's sweet vision should be broke!
 Such beauty marr'd! and he should deal the
 stroke!

Then, how she loved him! e'en when from his
 arms

He rudely spurn'd her, mock'd her weeping
 charms,

She did not curse him, speak one angry word;
 And when in death, from stander-by he heard,
 She only wept, and sigh'd his cruel name,
 Said hers was all the weakness, all the blame,
 Va'rio started. Thwart his feverish brow
 Pass'd his damp hand, that trembled ne'er till
 now.

What tore his bosom with such racking force?
 'Twas thy keen pangs, dark child of crime,
 Remorse!

His feelings soften'd. O'er the quiet grave
 He calmly bent; his plumes the light winds
 wave.

His arm lay resting on the humble stone,
 Where, graven rude, her gentle name was
 shown.

"Poor Juliet!" faint he uttered with a sigh;
 Again recall'd days past for ever by.

"Alas, poor Juliet!" For long, rolling years,
 He had not wept, but now gush'd forth his
 tears.

NICHOLAS MICHELL.

From the Monthly Review.

A VIEW OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

By Israel Worsley. 12mo. pp. 197. London. 1825.

WE shall probably surprise most of our readers when we state the object of this little volume, which is nothing less than to show that the Indians of America are, in all probability, the descendants of the lost Ten Tribes of Israel. This is an idea which has, it seems, of late years occupied some attention on the other side of the Atlantic, the Rev. Dr. Elias Boudinot having published a work in support of it in 1816, entitled *A Star in the West*, which was

followed, in 1825, by another, written by a Mr. Smith, pastor of a church in Poultney. The object of the present writer is chiefly to condense and arrange the facts and reasonings that have been advanced by his predecessors; and to add such additional matter in support of the views which they have advocated, as he has been able to collect in the course of his own reading.

We extract a few sentences from his concluding chapter, in which he gives a summary of his argument. After contending that the tribes in question must have an existence somewhere, and remarking that in the book of Esdras they are mentioned as having journeyed to a land where no man dwelt, he proceeds in reference to the Indians as follows:

"They are living in tribes, with heads of tribes—they have all a family likeness, though covering thousands of leagues of land; and have a tradition prevailing universally, that they came into that country at the north-west corner—they are a very religious people, and yet have entirely escaped the idolatry of the old world—they acknowledge One God, the Great Spirit, who created all things seen and unseen—the name by which this being is known to them is *ale*, the old Hebrew name of God; he is also called *yehorah*, sometimes *yah*, and also *abba*—for this Great Being they profess a high reverence, calling him the head of their community, and themselves his favourite people—they believe that he was more favourable to them in old times than he is now, that their fathers were in covenant with him, that he talked with them and gave them laws—they are distinctly held to sing with their religious dances, *hallelujah* and praise to *jah*: other remarkable sounds go out of their mouths, as *shilu-yo*, *shilu-he*, *ale-yo*, *he-rah*, *yoherah*: but they profess not to know the meaning of these words; only that they learned to use them upon sacred occasions—they acknowledge the government of a providence overruling all things, and express a willing submission to whatever takes place—they keep annual feasts which resemble those of the Mosaic ritual; a feast of first fruits, which they do not permit themselves to taste until they have made an offering of them to God; also an evening festival, in which no bone of the animal that is eaten may be broken; and if one family be not large enough to consume the whole of it, a neighbouring family is called in to assist: the whole of it is consumed, and the relics are burned before the rising of the next day's sun: there is one part of the animal which they never eat, the hollow part of the thigh—they eat bitter vegetables and observe severe fasts, for the purpose of cleansing themselves from sin—they have also a feast of harvest, when their fruits are gathered in, a daily sacrifice and a feast of love—their forefathers practised the rite of circumcision; but not knowing why so strange a practice was continued, and not approving of it, they gave it up—there is a sort of jubilee kept by some of them—they have cities of refuge, to which a guilty man and even a murderer may fly and be safe."—pp. 181, 182.

Another account, we observe, of the lost Ten Tribes has lately been given in a German pub-

lication, which, on highly probable grounds, makes at least a large portion of them to have established themselves in the district of the great Plain of Central Asia, called Bucharia, where, it appears, they amount even at this day to a third part of the population. The traditions preserved among this remnant of the chosen people might perhaps assist in determining whether or no the American Indians are descendants of the same stock.

From the London Weekly Review.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT, and Juvenile Souvenir. Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts. Longman.

THIS work, we should think, is pretty sure of an extensive popularity among the little folks, for whose amusement and instruction it has been so judiciously prepared. Mrs. Watts is the lady of the poet of that name, who has edited with such peculiar success an Annual of more pretensions. The little volume before us, however, is calculated to prove as interesting and useful in the circle for which it is intended, as any thing of the kind we have ever met with. No mother need have any hesitation in placing it in the hands of her children, for it is filled only with various little poems and stories, remarkable for their moral tendency, and the clear and simple style in which they are written. We shall not enter into a minute criticism of its contents, but merely allude to those articles that most struck our fancy. "The Little Boy's Address to his Rocking Horse," by M. J. J., will probably seize the attention and memory of the juvenile reader as much as any thing in the volume. "The early wed and early dead," an historical tale, by Mr. Wiffen, will render the fate of the two young princes who were put to death in the Tower, familiar to many a fervent little heart. But the sweetest story in the book is that of "Rosalie," by the author of "Solitary Walks through many Lands." Its only defect is the occasional introduction of French phrases, which are not in keeping with the general simplicity of the style, nor likely to be intelligible to many of its readers. The "Spider and the Fly" is an excellent little fable. The poem of "The Children of the Wood" is very pleasing, and will not be less attractive from the antiquity of the story. But if novelty is required, there is also a prose story of "The new Children of the Wood," that is likely to become very popular. A better little story than the "Reward of Truth," could hardly be repeated to a child, and the "Spanish Widow" is also good. The "Consequences of bad Spelling" will be very advantageously remembered. We cannot particularize further, but shall give Mrs. Hemans' verses, entitled "The Child's first grief," as a specimen of the poetry.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Oh! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;

The summer comes, with flower and bee,—
Where is my brother gone?

"The Butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track:
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh! call my brother back!

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden-tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me!

"He would not hear thy voice, fair child,
He may not come to thee,
The face that once like spring-time smil'd,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief, bright life of joy—
Such unto him was given;—
Go! thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven.

"And has he left his birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long long summer hours
Will he not come again?

"And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?—
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had lov'd him more!"

There is also a sweet poem, "To a dear little Boy," by Mr. Alaric Watts, which is full of tender domestic feelings, and which should grace our columns if we had more space at our command.

There are twelve engravings in the volume, and many of them are pleasing. The first, entitled Rosalie is incomparably the best.

From the Forget Me Not.

THE WISH.

'Tis sweet along the pebbled shore
The solitary path to trace,
To list the billows' endless roar,
To witness their eternal chase.

'Tis sweet—how sweet!—at dewy eve,
'Neath jessamine and woodbine bow'rs,
Where fancy loves fair scenes to weave,
To muse away the moonlight hours.

But sweeter far to gaze, I ween,
On Woman's soul-illumin'd eye,
When heav'nly thoughts light up her mien
With more than earthly ecstasy:

To watch the gems of pity start,
And on that eye's soft fringes hang—
Mute language of the tender heart,
Pure as the fount from which they sprang:

To drink with greedy ear the stream
Of music from her witching voice,
That melts the soul to sorrow's theme,
Or bids its ev'ry nerve rejoice:

To find in pain, in weal, in woe,
A pillow on the one-loved breast—
Let me, ye Fates, such transport know!
Take wealth, and fame, and all the rest!

F. S.

From the *Literary Gazette*.

THE CHRISTMAS BOX. *An Annual Present to Young Persons. Edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. London. J. Ebers & Co.*

WHEN Annuals, originally of a middling size, were so prosperous as to induce a multiplication of the species, it might readily have been anticipated that both bigger and smaller breeds (large paper and children's) would be produced. In the latter race *The Christmas Box* took the lead with a good name and many merits. It is, therefore, with pleasure that we hail the successor of Number First; though, for the present, we can have but very little to say to it. But if we only say that nearly a fourth of its space (viz. some 55 out of 240 pages) is occupied by Garry Owen, or the Snow-Woman, a tale by Miss Edgeworth,—we imagine the intimation will be enough to set all our young readers and their mammas' teeth on edge till they read "that same." Besides this brief hint (which is nevertheless well worth attending to), we may state, that the book is very neat, the cheapest of the infantile school of Annuals, and superb in characteristic and grotesque wood-cuts. A Visit to the Zoological Gardens, by Mrs. Markham, is another of its most attractive features; and the Ambitious Primrose, by Miss Dagley, is a simply beautiful apologue. As we have neither time nor room for a farther notice, we shall conclude with a hearty recommendation of this volume, which has not one syllable to which even fastidiousness could object in its composition, as unfit for the rising generation; and with "The Progress of Zoology," one of its pleasant ingredients, suggested, we dare say, by Mrs. Markham's excellent paper.

"What a fashionable place
Soon the Regent's Park will grow!

Not alone the human race
To survey its beauties go;
Birds and beasts of every hue,
In order and sobriety,
Come, invited by the Zo-
Ological Society.

Notes of invitation go

To the west and to the east,
Begging of the Hippopo-
Tamus here to come and feast:
Sheep and panthers here we view,
Monstrous contrariety!

All united by the Zo-
Ological Society.

Monkeys leave their native seat,
Monkeys green and monkeys blue,
Other monkeys here to meet,
And kindly ask, 'Pray how d'ye do?'
From New Holland the emeu,
With his better moiety,
Has paid a visit to the Zo-
Ological Society.

Here we see the lazy tor-
Toise creeping with his shell,
And the drowsy, drowsy dor-
Mouse* dreaming in his cell;

* "The dormouse is a gentleman who chooses to sleep all the winter, which I hope

Here from all parts of the U-
Niverse we meet variety,
Lodged and boarded by the Zo-
Ological Society.

Bears at pleasure lounge and roll,
Leading lives devoid of pain,
Half day climbing up a pole,
Half day climbing down again;
Their minds tormented by no su-
Perfluous anxiety,
While on good terms with the Zo-
Ological Society.

Would a mammoth could be found,
And made across the sea to swim!
But now, alas! upon the ground
The bones alone are left of him:
I fear a hungry mammoth too,
(So monstrous and unquiet he),
By hunger urged might eat the Zo-
Ological Society![†]

From the *London Weekly Review*.

OPENING OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

ALL our readers are by this time aware from other sources, that on Wednesday last at three o'clock the University of London, without a bull from the Pope, without a blessing from the Church, and without a beam of favour from the King, was opened for the first Session by a lecture from Mr. Charles Bell, its Professor of Physiology. We pass over the beauty—the capaciousness—and the conveniences of the building;—we leave unnoticed the animating spectacle of eight hundred gentlemen sitting, all ear, in amphitheatric order. We omit also to commemorate the long array of gowned professors, rich with the spoils of lore, who, headed by their Warden, took their seats in the area below—we must even pretermit the coat of many colours and the dazzling splendours of the hat which adorned the person of the rubicund Janitor at the gate. We had intended, however, to enrich our columns with one or two extracts from the excellent, though brief address, which was delivered by Mr. Bell on this uncommon and interesting occasion; but we find that the daily papers have already disseminated through the country all that we wished to record. The Professor having concluded his opening address, which was received throughout with marked attention and applause, proceeded to the proper business of his ensuing course, and instituted a luminous comparison between the vascular parts of the animal system and the principles of hydraulic machines, showing their identity in many respects, and thence deducing proofs of design and exquisite art in the works of Creation—but we cannot afford space here to do justice to his well-chosen illustrations,

my readers do not, though it may be as well to sleep as to get up and do nothing. Our friend dormouse *does* work when he is up, and gathers into his nest a fine magazine of nuts and acorns."

and must devote the remainder of this column to the Professor who delivered his introductory lecture on Thursday.

On Thursday Dr. Donolly, Professor of Medicine, to an audience equally crowded and respectable, delivered one of the most eloquent and appropriate lectures we ever heard, and, though yet a very young man, at once stamped himself a master of elegant diction—lofty sentiment—and chaste and impressive elocution. The lecture, though it lasted an hour and a half, was listened to with the most profound attention, not uninterrupted, however, by frequent applause, and was greeted at the conclusion by three distinct rounds of unanimous and cordial approbation. We cannot afford space for any thing like a report of this admirable production—but we hope its accomplished author will honour himself and the University, to which he belongs, and gratify the public by consenting to its early publication.

From the Forget Me Not.

TO BEAUTY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES STRONG.

BEAUTY! when intellectual charm is thine,
And kindling features eloquently speak
Soft sensibility and temper meek,
I fondly turn and worship at thy shrine.

But when these gifts, that make thee all
divine,

Ennoble not the soul, nor bloom of cheek,
Nor radiant eye, nor skin as damask sleek,
Shall win a single wreath from hand of mine.

Nor mean my service, nor though chasten'd,
cold,

To gaze unseen, unknown, wakes more delight
Than misers feel when brooding o'er their gold.

Then the attempt to picture thee aright!

To shape thy absent form in fancy's mould!

Imagination takes no sweeter flight.

ON THE RECITATION OF "PALESTINE."

A Prize Poem, by Reginald Heber, in the Theatre at Oxford, on the 15th of June, 1803.

BY MISS LETITIA JERMYN.

None who heard Reginald Heber recite his "Palestine" will ever forget his appearance. His old father was among the audience, when his son ascended the rostrum; and the sudden thunder of applause so shook his frame, weak by long illness, that he never recovered it, and may be said to have died of the joy dearest to a parent's heart.—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Mag.* v. xxii. p. 619.

Hush'd was the busy hum; nor voice, nor
sound,

Through the vast concourse mark'd the mo-
ment near;

A deep and holy silence breathed around,
And mute attention fix'd the listening ear.

When from the rostrum burst the hallow'd
strain,

And Heber, kindling with poetic fire,
Stood 'mid the gazing and expectant train,
And woke to eloquence his sacred lyre.

The youthful student with emphatic tone,
(His lofty subject on his mind impress'd,)
With grace and energy unrivall'd shone,
And breasted devotion in each thoughtless
breast.

He sang of Palestine—that holy land,
Where saints and martyrs, and the warrior
brave,

The cross in triumph planting on its strand,
Beneath its banners sought a glorious grave.

He sang of Calvary, of his Saviour sang,
Of the rich mercies of redeeming love;
When through the crowd spontaneous plaudits
rang,
Breathing a foretaste of rewards above.

What means that stifled sob, that groan of
joy?

Why fall those tears upon the furrow'd
cheek?

The aged father hears his darling boy,
And sobs and tears alone his feelings speak.

From his full heart the tide of rapture flows;
In vain to stem its rapid course he tries;

He hears th' applauding shouts, the solemn
close,

And sinking, from excess of joy, he dies!

Literary Intelligence.

Lord Londonderry's Campaigns.—Some facetious persons have been at pains to circulate paragraphs to the effect that Lord Londonderry's book was, in fact, the work of Mr. Gleig, the well-known author of the *Subaltern*, and *Campaigns in North America*; but we have had an opportunity of beholding the most satisfactory evidence of the absurdity of this story, in the shape, to wit, of five quarto volumes of MS., all in Lord L.'s hand-writing,—his letters, in fact, to his late brother, Lord Castlereagh; which Mr. Gleig merely threw into the form of a continuous narrative, by leaving out "my dear Robert," "yours affectionately," and so forth, and substituting "he" for "I." The truth of the case is told exactly and fully in Lord Londonderry's preface. How many gentlemen are there, not of professed *authorly* habits, that ever did publish any thing without receiving at least as much assistance? and how well would it have been for most others of the same class if they had? To correct the press of a new book, with an accurate eye, is a business which no man can hope to master at once. In the days of the *Bonapartes*, to go no farther back, the printer always did such work, and nothing, of course, was heard of it; but now, thanks to the "March of Intellect," another course must be pursued.

In a Cork paper, we observe as announced for speedy publication, the *Memoirs of Charley Crofts* (written by himself), illustrative of *Characters and Manners in the South of Ireland for the last twenty years*. This is, we have reason to know, a genuine publication, and one from which we anticipate no ordinary amusement. Mr. Crofts is the gentleman who is said to have put upon his table, when a late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and suite honoured

him with their company at dinner, a turkey for each guest; and sticking his fork in that before him, commenced operations with the speech of "No ceremony, gentlemen, but every man to his bird."

A Sacred Poem, to be entitled the Opening of the Sixth Seal, has been announced.

A new edition of Salathiel, a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future, is on the eve of publication.

Preparing for publication, the Reformer of the Catholic Church.

A new Edition of Woodrow's History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland is in the press, with an original Memoir of the Author, and Notes, by the Rev. Robert Burns, D. D.

A second series of "The Casquet of Literary Gems," is preparing for publication.

The Bijou.—The ensuing volume of this annual is nearly ready, and will, it is said, possess more than common attractions. Some of the most distinguished writers of the day have contributed to its pages, and the embellishments are from Pictures by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A.; Stothard, R. A.; Turner, R. A.; Stephanoff, A. R. A.; and also by Claude, Primaticcio, and Holbein.

Mr. Peter Buchan, of Peterhead, has in the press, in two volumes, octavo, "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, chiefly Historical and Legendary," and hitherto unpublished.

On the 1st of December will be published, in Monthly Parts, No. I. of "Eminent Women: their Lives and Characters." Designed for the improvement of female youth. By Miss Jane Porter. This work is intended to set the characters of Women, whom History has distinguished from the rest of their sex, in those just points of view which may exhibit their respective conduct through life in the light of example or of warning.

R. Ackermann has in the press, to be published at the same time with the other Annals, "Le Petit Bijou," written entirely in French, by Monsieur D'Emden, embellished with seven engravings, from drawings made purposely for the work. Dedicated, by permission, to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

The "Time's Telescope," for 1829, will, we understand, appear on the 18th of November, and will contain a variety of new and interesting matter, original poetry, &c. &c. It will be embellished with an illustrative frontispiece.

A Cyclopaedia, on rather a novel plan, has been announced for publication by Mr. J. Taylor and Messrs. Longman & Co. The work is placed under the management of Dr. Lardner, who is said to have secured the co-operation of some of the most eminent literary and scientific characters in these countries.

Dr. Shirley Palmer has in the press, a work entitled "Popular Illustrations of Medicine and Diet." Part I. is expected to appear in November.

Museum.—VOL. XIII.

The Rev. J. B. S. Carwithen is about to publish a "History of the Church of England," to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. The first two volumes will appear in November.

Another volume (in quarto) of Dr. Lingard's "History of England" will be ready for publication in November.

Fisher's Grand National Improvements, or Picturesque Beauties of the British Empire in the Nineteenth Century, commencing with Liverpool, Manchester, &c., in the county Palatine of Lancaster, will shortly be published.

In a few days, Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholics, and other matters, selected from the columns of "The Times."

We hear that M. Ventouillac has in the press a work which will be of immense assistance to all who are engaged in the study of French Literature. It will comprise, in the space of a moderate-sized octavo, a view of all the standard works in every department of literature, which have appeared in France during the last four centuries, with remarks upon them, carefully selected from the most eminent English and foreign publications.

At the end of last year the number of periodical works published in South America, was as follows: Spanish America, (the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico,) two; the Mexican Confederation, twenty-five; the Confederation of Guatemala, seven; the Confederation of the Rio de la Plata, twenty-one; the Republic of Chili, fourteen; the Republic of the Upper Peru, one; the Republic of the Lower Peru, twenty-one; the Republic of Colombia, seventeen; the Empire of Brazil, twenty-one; making together one hundred and thirty-three.

The Dublin Evening Mail affirms that a boy of thirteen years of age, named James Graham, residing at Mount Charles, in Donnegal, has resolved the famous problem of the quadrature of the circle.

Of the inhabitants of America it is reckoned that 11,647,000 speak English, 10,584,000 Spanish, 7,593,000 Indian, 3,740,000 Portuguese, 1,242,000 French, and 216,000 Dutch, Danish, and Swedish.

We hear that the long abandoned excavations of the buried city of Herculaneum, are to be resumed by order of the present King of Naples. Meantime the Canonico De Iorio, well known for his antiquarian learning, has published a new work, *Sugli Scavi di Ercolano*, in which he gives a correct account of the former excavations, and of the valuable objects which have been recovered from the earth, and which are now placed in the Museum of Naples. The public buildings of Herculaneum appear to have been on a more splendid scale than those of Pompeii. The forum of the former city was certainly the larger of the two; but it unfortunately lies very deep, and precisely under the present village of Resina. The ancient villa where the papyri were found, is the richest building that has been discovered yet in any of the three buried cities. The other structures of Herculaneum, viz. the theatre, three temples, the basilica,

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the curiæ, and the tombs, are all described by De Iorio. It is a curious fact that three strata of tombs belonging to various ages, should be lying one above the other on one spot; first the cemetery of the present inhabitants of Resina, then, about fifteen feet lower, Roman tombs made of brick, and lower still, at the level of the ancient town, the sepulchres of the former people of Herculaneum. De Iorio has also published a useful little work on the proper method for discovering and searching ancient tombs, in which, after deploring the loss which is daily occasioned by unskilful management in breaking up those monuments, he gives proper directions for proceeding in similar cases.

Purcell's Sacred Music.—Purcell, one of the most original of English composers, died in 1695, and two years after a collection was made of his secular music, and published under the title of "Orpheus Britannicus." Up to this day, however, his ecclesiastical compositions have remained scattered through different works, or slumber in unpublished manuscript; and it is with much pleasure we learn that an attempt is at last making to collect them. The editor is a foreigner, Vincent Novello, organist to the Portuguese embassy; and he has succeeded in obtaining several MS. anthems from the very rare collection of the late Mr. Bartleman. The work will be published periodically in numbers.

Nollekens the sculptor.—Artists, collectors and lovers of art, will be glad to hear that a Life of the above very distinguished, though eccentric personage, is nearly ready for publication. It is the production of Mr. Smith, the Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, and one of the executors of the Sculptor.

An Historical Romance, chiefly illustrative of the public events and domestic manners of the Fifteenth Century, entitled, "The Last of the Plantagenets," is in the press, and will shortly be published.

Preparing for publication, "The Musical Bijou," being a collection of Songs, Rondos, Dances, Poetry, and Tales, by popular Authors and Composers, illustrated with engravings.

The fourth and concluding volume of Mr. Godwin's valuable "History of the Commonwealth of England," will appear in a few days.

A new Novel, illustrative of a very striking portion of British society, is on the eve of appearance. It is entitled, "Life in India," and will depict the pursuits and festivities of the fashionable ranks of Calcutta.

Mr. Hass, of Berners-street, is about to publish a splendid and original New Year's Gift, printed in gold, entitled "The Golden Lyre," consisting of the finest passages from the poets of England, France, Germany, and Italy; selected by Mr. Macray, author of "Stray Leaves," &c.

The "Memoirs of General Miller," a book to which we have been indebted for much valuable information, is, we hear, about to be translated into the French language. Indeed the work is entitled to extensive publicity.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

- Watkin's Electro-Magnetism, 8vo. 3s. bds.
Britton's Picturesque Antiquities of English Cities, No. I. medium 4to. 11. 4s.; imperial 4to. 2l.
Walker's General Atlas, 8vo. half-bound 12s.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Life of Sir Francis Drake, imperial 8vo. 10s. boards.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

- Quain's Elements of Descriptive Practical Anatomy, 8vo. 16s. bds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- An Epistle from Abeldar to Eloise, by Thomas Stevens, Esq. 1s. 6d.
Earl Stanhope's Letter to the Owners and Occupiers of Sheep Farms, 1s. 6d.
Tablet of French Pronunciation, 18mo. 3s. boards.
Evidence on the Wool Trade, 2s. 6d.
Trimmer's Second Footstep, 18mo. 2s. 6d. half-bound.
Panizzi's Italian Extracts, Prose, 12mo. 10s. 6d. boards.
Yehring's Progressive German Lessons, 2s.
Lewis's Games of the Match at Chess, demy 8vo. 8s. bds.; royal 8vo. 12s. bds.
Boy's Own Book, second edition; 8s. 6d.; ditto in case, 10s. 6d.
Pope's Customs, 14th edition, 11. 10s.
Olio, vol I. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Robertson's Catechism of Criticism, 1s.
Pretty Postern of Windsor Lodge, 1. 2mo. half-bd. 2s.
Combe's Elements of Phrenology, 3d edition, 4s.
Sequel to Wanoostrocht's Recueil, 12mo. 4s. sheep.
Fabe's French Orthoëpy, 12mo. 8s. bds.
Otley's First Principles of Arithmetic, 12mo. 2s. sheep.

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

- Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick, post 8vo. 9s. bds.
La Petite Française, by M. A. Allison, 2s. half-bd.

POETRY.

- Sister's Poems, 18mo. half-bd. 2s. 6d.
Cursham's Martin Luther, 8vo. 6s. bds.

THEOLOGY.

- Rev. R. H. Carne's Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards.
Antichrist; an Estimate of the Religion of the Times, by the Rev. John Riland, A. M. 12mo. 5s. bds.
Robertson's Prayers, 1s. sewed; 2s. bound.
Robertson's Bible the Standard of Taste, 6d. bound.
The Last Days, by the Rev. E. Irving, 8vo. 12s. bds.
Jesus, the Messiah, by a Lady, 5s. bds.
Fry's Scripture Reader's Guide, 18mo. 2s. 6d. bds.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

- Dr. Granville's Travels to St. Petersburg, 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 5s. bds.

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